WEEK
ENDING
SEPT. 19, 1931

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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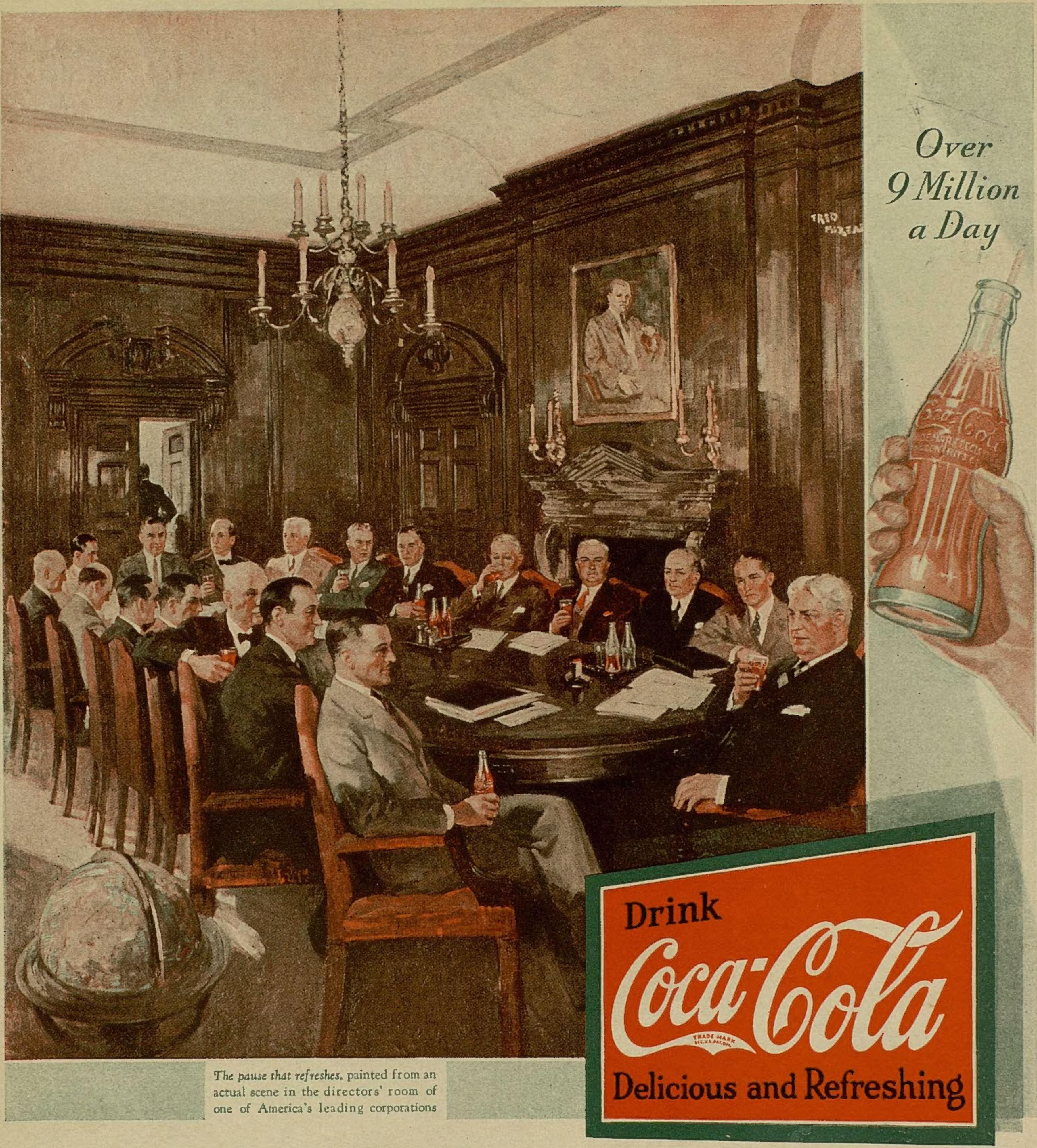
Leslie Thrasher

VIÑA DELMAR ~ **ALICE DUER MILLER** ~ **OTTO HILLIG** ~ **EDWARD L. McKENNA** ~ **ROBERT BENCH**



The pause that refreshes, painted from an actual scene in the directors' room of one of America's leading corporations

THE NATION'S BUSINESS WELCOMES

the pause that refreshes

All baseball fans know the seventh-inning stretch. Golfers relax at the refreshment stand on the fairway. Offices and workshops have a little minute that's long enough for a big rest. And ice-cold Coca-Cola makes all these *the pause that refreshes* ᐟ ᐟ ᐟ As naturally as night follows day, this national custom has reached thousands of executive offices. "Time-out" for ice-cold Coca-Cola relieves tenseness—of mind or muscle. After that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment, you come up smiling for a fresh start. You find whatever you're doing is better done after *the pause that refreshes*. Treat yourself right. Try it! The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN

Grantland Rice — Famous Sports Champions — Coca-Cola Orchestra
Wed. 10:30 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time — Coast-to-Coast
N. B. C. Network.

T HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

National Salesmen's Training Assn.
Dept. M-234, N. S. T. A. Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship."

Name..

Address..

City..............State.............

Age........Occupation.................

CUT HERE

They Laughed When I Mailed This Coupon

..But It Brought Me The Book That Showed Me How to Make $10,000 a Year!

As I walked up to the mail box, Joe nudged Ed and winked broadly for my benefit.

"Sh!" he hissed in a loud stage-whisper. "This is going to be the big turning point in Frank Parker's life! He's writing for a book that tells how to get into salesmanship. Pretty soon he'll be earning so much that he'll make the rest of us look like pikers!"

Ed snickered.

"Won't it be grand!" he grinned. "Now he can quit punching time-clocks and eating 40-cent lunches." He raised his voice. "Drop me a postal some time when you get out into big business and start making $10,000 a year, will you, Frank?"

They both laughed uproariously. And probably it DID seem like a joke to them that a $30 a week clerk would have the nerve to think he could ever get anywhere or make real money without some special "gift" or "pull."

But they laughed too soon. They never dreamed that their prophecies spoken in jest would ever come true. Yet stranger things happen in real life than in all the fiction ever written. Just yesterday I sat down and wrote to Ed, who is still at the shop, dragging along at the same old job.

"Dear Ed"—I wrote. "Perhaps you remember the 'runaround' you and Joe Gibson gave me one day not so long ago. You asked me to send you a card when I 'got into big business and started making $10,000 a year.' Well, here's your card. Yesterday I was promoted to the job of Assistant Sales Manager of the Western Metal Works, at a salary that goes with it. So laugh THAT off! If you are ever over this way, drop in and see me! I'll loan you my copy of that book on salesmanship you used to think was such a joke."

Only a book! Just seven ounces of paper and printers' ink—but it contains one of the most vivid and inspiring messages that any ambitious man can read. Between its covers are disclosed hundreds of surprising facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It reveals the real truth about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending a moment on the road—without losing a day or a dollar from his present position.

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

Reason it out for yourself. Salesmanship offers bigger returns and delivers them quicker than any other line of work under the sun. But many people have subscribed to the foolish notion that a man has to be "born" with some sort of "gift" for salesmanship. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Just like any other profession, salesmanship is governed by certain fundamental rules and laws—laws which you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet.

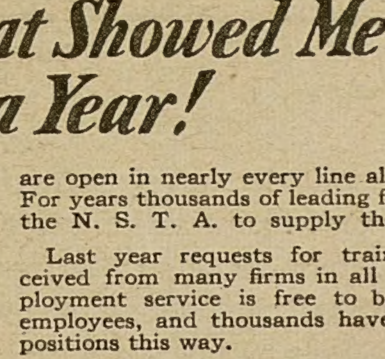
Right now an unusual demand for salesmen is being reported. City and traveling sales positions are open in nearly every line all over the country. For years thousands of leading firms have called on the N. S. T. A. to supply them with salesmen.

Last year requests for trained men were received from many firms in all quarters. This employment service is free to both employers and employees, and thousands have secured excellent positions this way.

Free To Every Man

See for yourself WHY "The Key to Master Salesmanship" has been the deciding factor in the careers of so many men who are now making $10,000 a year. See how A. C. Wallahan of Huron, S. Dakota, used this training to become District Manager for his firm at a 400% pay increase. Find out how G. T. Patterson of Stillwater, Okla., left a small-pay job for a position that paid him up to $550 a month. Learn for yourself the REAL truth about the art of selling! If we were asking $2 or $3 a copy you might hesitate. But the book is now FREE. You do not risk one penny nor incur the slightest obligation. And since it may alter your entire future, it certainly is worth your time to fill out and clip the coupon at the top of this page. Why not do it now!

National Salesmen's Training Assn.
Dept. M-234, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.


The Key to MASTER-SALESMANSHIP
The Highest Paid Profession in the World
Chicago

Where Shall We Send Your Copy...
FREE?

Mail Coupon Above Today

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A Weekly for Everybody

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> *—Abraham Lincoln.*

SELLING OUR SOULS

Where is the old-time American spirit? Where is the flaming enthusiasm that roused our people in pioneer days?

Have we settled down with the determination to accept anything and everything without resistance?

We caustically criticize our government officials. We often complain about the laws that are being forced upon us. But there is no determination, no defiance in our attitude. We are weak-kneed in action. Our will power wabbles. And whatever may be the faults of our government at this time, we, the citizens of this country, must shoulder the blame.

We say politics are rotten. Our most important citizens refuse to interest themselves—refuse to take an active part in political affairs. Many of our citizens take it for granted that every politician is dishonest; that he would not be successful in that field of activity if he were a " square-shooting " citizen.

We go to the polls and vote in many instances like a lot of sheep. Many people know but little about the men for whom they are voting. They sometimes know less about the principles which they advocate. We are loud and boastful about the benefits of democratic government, and then we proceed to do everything we can to make it inefficient and ineffective.

There is hardly a country in Europe in which there is not more interest in politics than you will find in this country. A prominent English visitor recently remarked that what astonished him the most in this country was the lack of interest in politics on the part of the college youth. Although they may not be lacking in understanding or interest in political events, they are entirely passive. There is nothing of the fervent enthusiasm shown by the youth of both Continental Europe and England.

In Continental Europe the change of the governing party has often been due to the activity of university students. Over there practically every university student belongs to some political party, but here the average student in these institutions looks with scant respect upon politics and politicians. He considers them smeared with greed and graft. But few students give the slightest consideration to the possibilities offered them in a political life.

And with all this as a background we have the incomprehensible audacity to wonder why our laws are not everything they should be. The great minds of our country should make our laws. The superexecutives who have acquired such amazing efficiency in our great corporations should be a moving force in controlling the activities of this great nation.

But they consider lawmaking beneath them. They often view the lawmakers with a certain amount of contempt. They are looked upon as inferior—often as incompetent. But at the same time these business executives continue year after year to ignore the one factor which is essential to the growth and future greatness of this powerful nation.

The business men of this country cannot continue to ignore government activities. They cannot afford to step aside and allow the continuance of the policies that have been making the laws in this country for several generations. Business must take its place in the control of our legislative activities.

Laws are often made that restrict and benumb the forces of business. Certain businesses that are greatly affected by legislation send their representatives to look out for their interests, but the great mass of business men take no active part in politics. They often vote like a lot of sheep, hoping that their interests will not be affected, praying that they will not be sold out through destructive legislation.

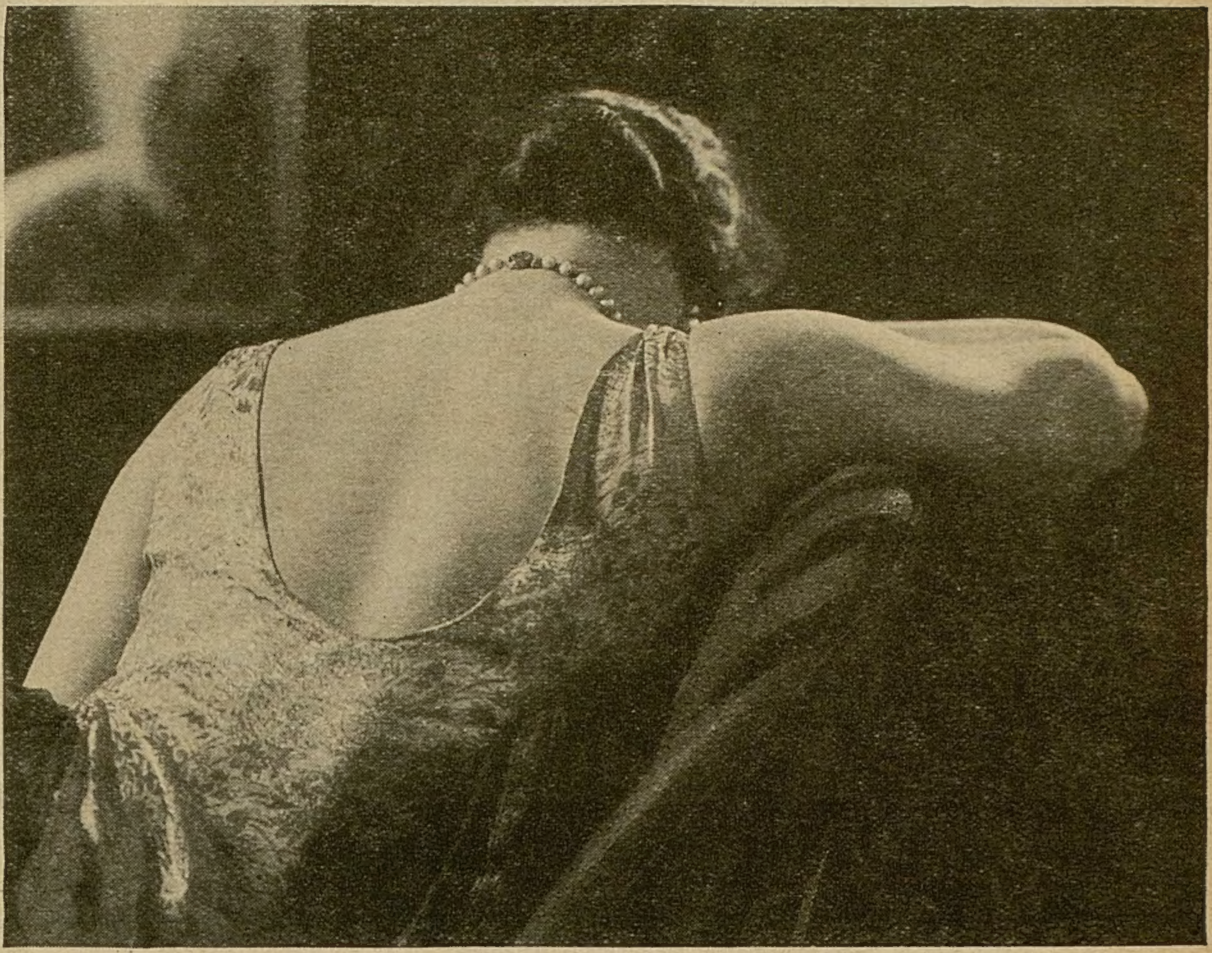
Let us hope that the students in our universities will be able to arouse the same political enthusiasm that is now found in Europe; that all political parties will be represented at these centers of learning; and that the great business organizations of this country will join with the outstanding leaders and demand that their voice be heard in future political and legislative activities.

IN THIS ISSUE

A Year and Forever—*A story*............Viña Delmar 8
Rockets—the New Monsters of Doom Rutherford MacMechen 16
The deadly weapons that annihilate time and space
The Woman He Wanted—*Part IV*...Alice Duer Miller 20
Huckleberry's Finish—*Movie reviews* Frederick James Smith 28
I Flew the Atlantic for Pigs' Knuckles....Otto Hillig 30
A Flying Dutchman's story of his quest for beer and kraut
Traveling Salesmen—*A short short story* Jane Redfield Hoover 35
To the Ladies!.......Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 40
Even Unto the Altars—*A story*...Edward L. McKenna 42
$5,000 in Prizes in a New Jig-Saw Contest.......... 47
The Blue-Blood Mystery of Boston...Edmund Pearson 52
A famous problem in circumstantial evidence
Silver Bride—*Part VII*................Ethel M. Dell 58
The Real Public Enemies..........Robert Benchley 69
Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (27); Civilization's Progress (38); For the Love o' Lil (39); Vox Pop (48-49); Cross Word Puzzles (50-51); Bright Sayings of Children (68); Limerick Winners (68) Cover by Leslie Thrasher

She Needed Help!

SHE needed someone to tell her why the women in her little town no longer asked her to their weekly bridge parties, or to accompany them to the matinee. She needed someone to explain to her why men seldom called more than once, and why she found herself out of the pleasant social activities that meant so much to her. In short, she needed to be told the truth about herself. Unfortunately, the truth in this case was not a matter anyone cared to discuss. Not even a good friend is willing to mention the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault.



Before Social engagements, end halitosis (UNPLEASANT BREATH)

Science reveals Listerine, *always safest of antiseptics, now the swiftest of deodorants. Overcomes immediately odors other solutions fail to mask in 4 days.*

Searching scientific tests show that Listerine, always the safest of antiseptics, is also the swiftest of deodorants — the ideal solution for oral hygiene — one on which you can place complete reliance.

It is your safest, surest, and most delightful aid in overcoming halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social and business fault. Use it every morning. Every night. And between times, before meeting others.

Ninety per cent of all halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny food particles the tooth brush has failed to remove. Another 5% is caused by oral infections. Listerine, because highly germicidal, instantly halts fermentation and attacks infection; reduces bacteria 98%.

Immediate Deodorant Effect

"Listerine immediately overcomes odors that ordinary mouthwashes fail to conceal in 4 days," says a noted analytical chemist. "Such amazing deodorant power, coupled with swift, germicidal action, makes Listerine the superior solution for oral use."

Pleasant to Taste

In addition to these qualities, Listerine has a fresh, pleasant taste and leaves an invigorating after-effect in the mouth.

What a delightful contrast to sickish, flat-tasting mouthwashes so harsh that they must be diluted before using.

Won't Harm Tissue or Teeth

It is a comfort to realize that no matter how often Listerine is used full strength, it does not harm the tissue, or attack metal fillings in teeth, as some antiseptic mouthwashes do. Indeed, Listerine's effect is always beneficial, a fact long known to the medical profession.

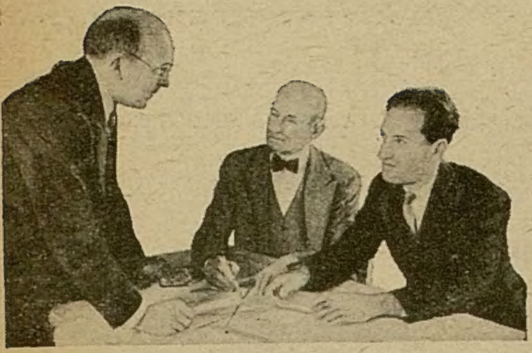
Always keep Listerine in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Tuck a bottle in the side pocket of your car. Remember, it is a precaution against infection. And also, your assurance that your breath will not offend others. Our free Book of Etiquette is yours for the asking. Write Dept. LB, 9, Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

8 Reasons Why Millions Prefer Listerine:

1. Absolutely safe to use.
2. Quick deodorant power.
3. Instant halting of fermentation.
4. Swift destruction of germs.
5. Pleasant to taste.
6. Does not attack metal fillings in teeth.
7. Heals and soothes tissues.
8. Requires no dilution.

THE *SAFE* ANTISEPTIC—KILLS GERMS IN FASTEST TIME ACCURATELY RECORDED BY SCIENCE

Leaders in music give G-E Radio



George Gershwin, Daniel Frohman *and* Sigmund Spaeth *Count the Ballots*

This test was in no sense a "testimonial," nor did any musical authority present "endorse" any particular make of radio. This was an experiment, fairly-conducted and above-board in every detail. Not one cent was paid any listener for his attendance or vote!

All competing sets were stock models of approximately the same size and sold for about the same price. All had as many, or more, tubes than the General Electric All were pronounced in good working order before the test began by an outside, non-partisan service man. The final scores of the four radios were as follows:

General Electric	23
Radio "A"	2
Radio "B"	1
Radio "C"	0

"BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS!"

★ *Outside group, reading from right to left*

KENNETH S. CLARK
Composer and song leader.

ALOIS HAVRILLA
Singer, famous radio announcer.

MONTAGUE GLASS
Author and amateur musician.

GEORGE GERSHWIN
Famous composer.

"ROXY"—S. L. ROTHAFEL
Musical authority.

MABEL WAYNE
Composer of "Ramona," etc.

C. M. TREMAINE
Director, National Bureau for the Advancement of Music.

SOPHIE BRASLAU
Contralto, Metropolitan Opera Co.

DANIEL FROHMAN
Celebrated theatrical producer.

MISCHA ELMAN
One of the greatest living violinists.

SIGMUND SPAETH
Musical lecturer and writer.

WILLIAM J. KRAFT
Prominent organist.

HARRIET S PICKERNELL
Executive Secretary, Intercollegiate Glee Club Assn.

LEE HANMER
Russell Sage Foundation, Secretary of Committee for Study of Music in Institutions.

DEVORA NADWORNEY
Well-known concert Contralto.

WALTER GOLDE
Celebrated accompanist.

GERTRUDE BORCHARD
Secretary, National Bureau for the Advancement of Music.

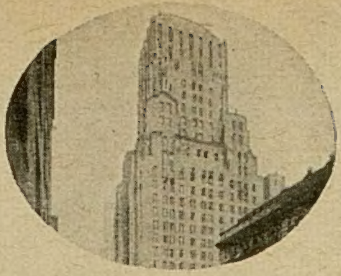
★ *Inside group, reading from right to left*

GUSTAVE BECKER
Piano teacher.

HARRIET SEYMOUR
Teacher of Music teachers.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE PERFORMANCE



THE BARBIZON-PLAZA, NEW YORK, WHERE THE TONE-TEST WAS HELD

overwhelming vote in tone-test

CAROLYN BEEBE
Director, N. Y. Chamber Music Society.

JOHN TASKER HOWARD
Author of "Our American Music."

MARION BAUER
Composer and critic.

DUNCAN McKENZIE
Music Publisher, Oxford University Press.

BREWSTER BEACH
Music critic.

HENRY C. LOMB
Vice-President, Music Industries Chamber of Commerce.

RADIO

Brilliant group of Composers, Critics and Music Authorities cast 23 out of 26 ballots for General Electric

Among the group that gathered for this radio experiment were some of the most brilliant names in the international world of music.

Here is what happened: There were four leading makes of radios, one of them a General Electric, in this competitive tone-test. All radios were hidden by screens. Not one of the listeners knew what radios were competing. To the entire audience, each set was only a number.

For a solid hour, this audience compared the tone quality of the hidden radios. Only after every possible comparative listening test had been made did each listener vote for his choice.

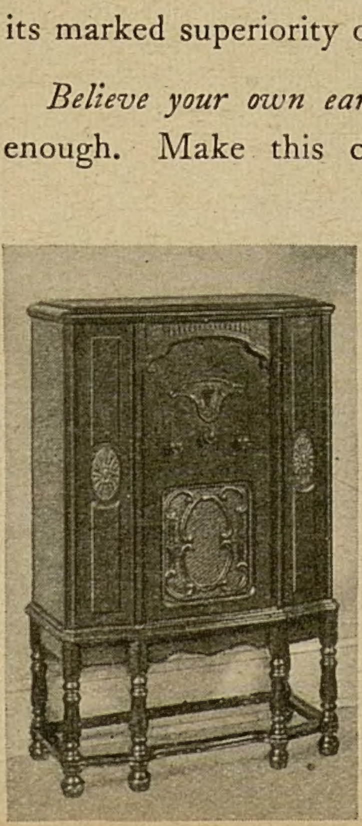
When the ballots were counted, 23 out of 26 had voted for the General Electric! All but three of this musically-sophisticated audience had unknowingly picked G-E for its marked superiority of tone.

Believe your own ears! Claims are not enough. Make this comparison yourself. Visit several radio stores. Listen carefully to different makes of sets. Let your ears get a vivid impression of their tone quality.

Then go to a G-E Radio dealer. Hear the General Electric—and be astonished at the difference! Discover how honestly it re-creates the original studio performance, with the full life, color and brilliance of the actual artists.

Note how stations come in at exact points on the dial—and how the slightest additional turn clips them off again. Note the great number of stations—far and near—these remarkable sets bring you.

Ask the G-E Radio dealer about the General Electric Certified Inspection Plan. See the many G-E models. You will agree that they are worthy of the monogram of the greatest electrical organization in the world. There is a set to fit your home and pocketbook, for prices range from $37.50 for the G-E Midget upwards to the Automatic Radio-Phonograph Combination—and every price includes a complete set of tubes!



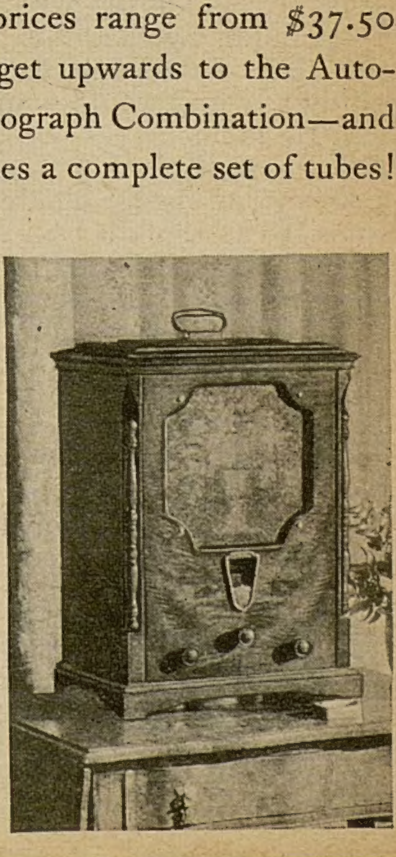
G-E Popular Console (left)

A 9-tube superheterodyne with 2 Pentode output tubes. Automatic volume control. Superb cabinet of brown walnut, with rich-grained butt walnut overlays. Price, *complete with tubes*, $124.75.

General Electric Junior

8-tube screen-grid superheterodyne, with true General Electric performance. Compact. *Portable.* Light. Variable tone control. Full-size dynamic speaker. Rich walnut cabinet of Eighteenth Century mantel clock design. Price, *complete with tubes*, $72.50.

For the name of your nearest dealer, write Section R-519, Merchandise Dept, General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.



A YEAR and FOREVER

A Story of Stolen Happiness

By

VIÑA DELMAR

(Reading time: 36 minutes 5 seconds.)

IT was nice to dance with her, but it was nicer to have her all to himself out here. He felt that they had come a very long way from the brilliantly lighted room where the music throbbed and whinnied and crooned and where dozens of other young men were always barging up and asking, " Do you mind if I cut in? "

Certainly he minded if they cut in! He always had minded, but tonight more than ever. He snapped off the lights on the car. They detracted from the blue-black beauty of the sky and the silver sparkle of the lake.

He turned and looked at the girl beside him. She had a pink tissue-paper hat cocked ridiculously over one brown eye. Tiny disks of gayly colored confetti clung to her hair.

" You look as though you'd been to a party," he remarked.

" Yes; some people are giving a party tonight for Peggy Charteris," she answered. " Nice girl, that Peggy. Do you know her? "

" Slightly. She always seemed a dreadful ninny to me. I never could figure what she saw in that Dick Reynolds."

" Couldn't you? Well, you don't know him as well as I do. He's handsome, he's sweet and amusing and everything any girl would want any boy to be."

" He is not."

" He really is."

They laughed. Their laughter had a curious, tender quality, as though they were not laughing at their nonsense but in sheer delight at the very idea that they were here together and that *they* were Peggy Charteris and Dick Reynolds.

" What shall we do tomorrow? " she asked suddenly, and, before he could reply. " Let's play tennis in the morning. We'll stay out and lunch at the club. I like their salads. Shall we do that? Afterwards we'll swim. I want you to see that brown bathing suit I got at Devon's. We'll swim for a time, then—"

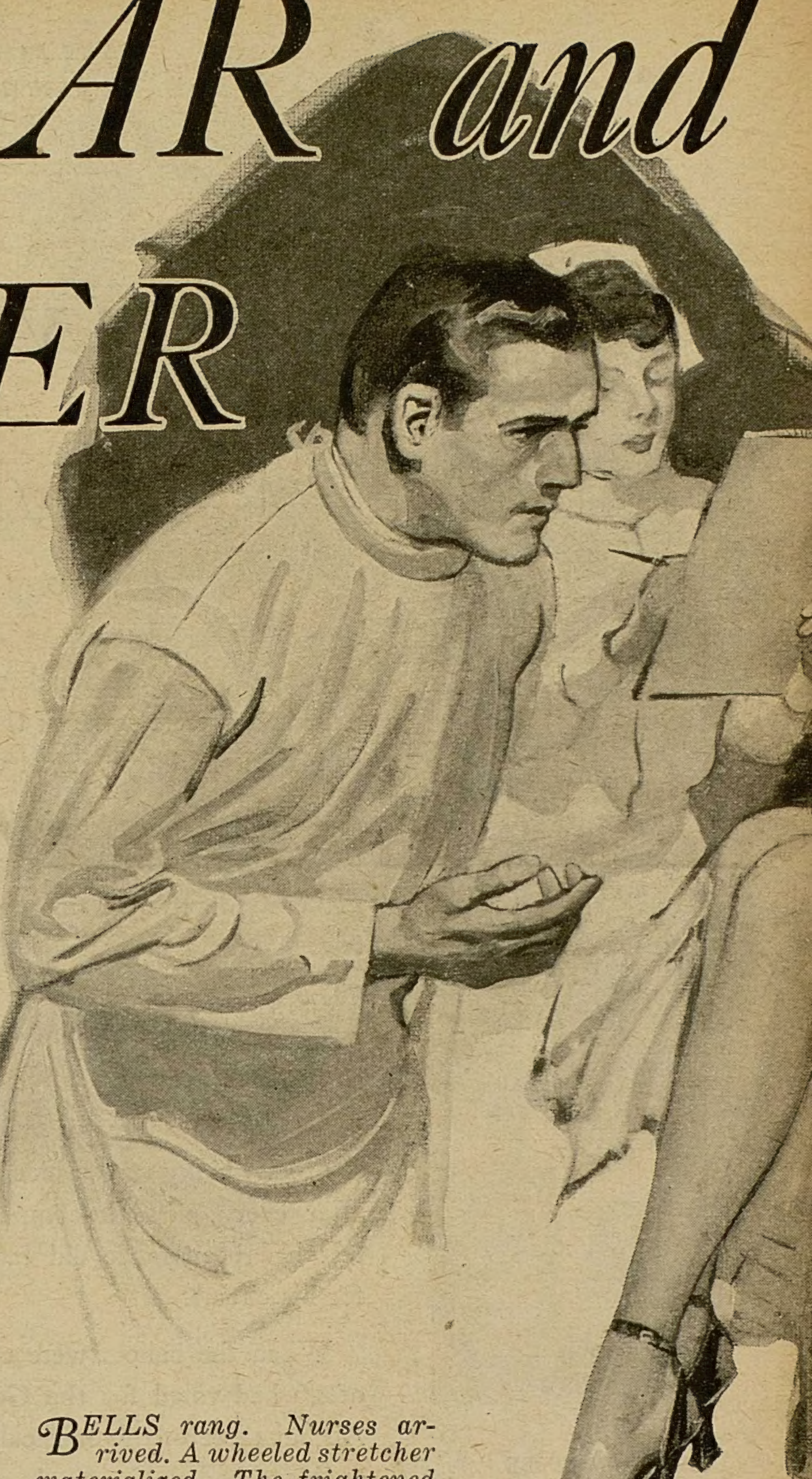
" What shall we do with the evening? " he asked.

" I'll let you plan it, Dick."

" Well, we'll have dinner at the Garden. You always liked the Garden. They have a good orchestra. Afterwards we'll go pick up Jill and Frank, if you like—"

" No; we'll have the evening to ourselves."

" All right. Then, all by ourselves, we'll drive out into the country and sit under some friendly trees and just hold hands and say little prayers of joy that we have each other. How will that be, sweetheart? "



BELLS rang. Nurses arrived. A wheeled stretcher materialized. The frightened face looked up into Roger's. " Roger, you won't let them cut unless it's necessary? "

She did not answer, and he saw that the golden head with its silly pink tissue-paper cap was lowered and that she was weeping.

" Oh, honey, don't cry, please! I just wanted to play your little game of pretend with you. I thought it helped us both a bit just to imagine that you would be here tomorrow."

" I thought so, too, Dick, but it doesn't. It hurts. I'm so heartsick! "

" I know, dear." He caught her hand and pressed it to his lips. " I love you, dear."

" You can't love. You're not twenty-one yet," she said in a voice suddenly gone hard and brittle.

He did not answer for a moment. She was entitled to dislike Roger for the stand he had taken, but it was hard to hear his beloved brother disparaged, even by Peggy.

" Roger thinks he's right, dear. Don't you see? He has nothing against you, and I know he'd rather die than hurt me. He thinks he's doing the right thing. He's going on forty, you know. There's a lot of years between us.

Pictures by
RICO TOMASSO

He has a different viewpoint. He thinks that we're having a bad attack of puppy love. Nothing could convince him that we aren't."

"So I've noticed. Gosh, my father is older than Roger, and he was amiable about it until Roger began frightening him with the dreadful things that could come of a runaway marriage. Now my father thinks you're as bad as Roger thinks I am."

"Roger doesn't think you're bad, dear, and you know he doesn't. He just thinks we're too young to take such an important step. He thinks we'd tire of each other and mess our lives all up."

"I don't care what he thinks. The only thing I know is that tomorrow morning I'll be on a train bound for New York and in four days I'll be on a boat bound for France. And it's all Roger's fault. My father was going to leave me home until Roger began with his 'John Charteris, are you going to let those two babies ruin their lives?' Good God, Dick, isn't there anyone on earth who believes that a boy twenty and a girl eighteen have feelings?"

"No, dear, there isn't. Except other boys who are twenty and other girls who are eighteen."

"It's obvious that we have feelings. If we hadn't we'd say 'To hell with all your crazy ideas!' and we'd get married. We could support ourselves. I could teach French and you could do no end of wonderful things. I know you could, Dick. It's only because we don't want to hurt those two old fools that we're hurting ourselves."

"ROGER has been good to me, Peggy. He's been more than a brother is obligated to be."

"Well, my father hasn't exactly abused me, you know."

"But a father's different. He is expected to be good. But I mean—like when I was a kid, Peggy: the fishing trips he took me on, the things he bought me—and I was a brat, too, but he never thought so. He thought I was smart and just great."

"I know, Dick. He's suffering like the very old devil himself just because he has to deny you something you want. He sees nothing but misery ahead for you if you marry me."

"There would only be happiness."

"I know. But he sees you feeling rotten shortly because you've married the daughter of the richest man in the state. He sees me tiring of you and taking on a dozen lovers. He sees you deciding that two can play at that game and grabbing off a bunch of women. He thinks that a little hurt now is better than a big one later. He thinks that if we're separated for a year all this can be avoided."

"Yes, dear. That's the way he sees it. Thanks for understanding. But then, you always do understand."

"I understand you because I love you. Let's kiss good-by here, Dick. Tomorrow at the train we'll just shake hands."

"Do you want to go back now?"

"Yes; we ought to. This is good-by, my dearest."

She put her arms around him and held him so for many minutes. She was crying. Her wet cheek against his face filled him with a sudden rage against Roger.

"Don't, darling. Don't cry!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A YEAR AND FOREVER
Continued from page nine]

"I'll try not to, Dick. Kiss me and let's pretend that it isn't good-by." . . .

It was late when Dick let himself in with his latchkey. Roger was asleep in a chair beside the fireplace. This was a surprise. His business trip was supposed to have lasted two weeks and he had only been gone ten days.

"Roger!"

Roger came to with a slight start. "Oh, hello, kid." He blinked and cleared his throat. Then he smiled up at his brother. "How are you? Surprised to see me?" He glanced at the clock. "You keep late hours, old fellow."

"Not always." Dick flung his hat and coat on the divan. "Tonight was Peggy Charteris' going-away party," he said. "The Hiltons gave it."

"Peggy goes tomorrow, does she?"

"Yes."

"Have you remembered to order flowers for the train and the boat?"

"Yes." A pause. "What brought you home so soon, Roger?"

"You."

"Me?" A youthful, careless shrug. "I'm O. K."

"Yes, you'll always be O. K., kid. But I'm not the sort who wishes the blues on a fellow and then stays out of town so he'll have to bear them all alone. You and I are starting for the mountains when Peggy's train pulls out tomorrow. We're going to do a little hunting and fishing. How about it?"

Dick smiled. "You're awfully regular, Roger. You're a peach. But you've missed a point here. I'm too big to be given a lollipop so I'll quit crying."

"I know it, old fellow. That wasn't the idea. But even a man needs a change of air and pastimes when the bottom has fallen out of his world."

"The bottom didn't fall out of my world, Roger. It was taken out."

"I know. Seems a pretty dirty trick, doesn't it?"

"No. I know that you think that you're doing the right thing."

"I'm sure I am, kid. You'll find out that this wasn't the real thing. Say, when I was your age I was so in love with Marjory Best that I was sick. Cripes, imagine if I'd married her! Look at her. Why, two months after she'd ditched me I hardly remembered what she looked like."

Dick said nothing. There was no point in shrieking that he and Peggy were different. He had tried it before, only to be met with the unanswerable reply that Roger had thought that way about himself and Marjory Best.

VIÑA DELMAR

the author of this story, the novels "Kept" and "Bad Girl," and considerable short fiction, much of which has appeared in Liberty. She is married, has a young son, and lives near New York.

"I KNOW you think that you and Peggy are different; don't you, kid?"

"Yes."

"Well, maybe you are. That's what I said to Peggy's father. I said, 'Jack, you can't tell. The kids may still be wild about each other next year when she gets back from Paris.'"

"We will be," Dick said.

"If you are, then that will convince me that this is the real thing. I'll say, 'Go ahead, kid; get married.' The time to do it is when you're in love, not when you've turned thirty or thirty-five or any special age."

Roger stopped speaking for a moment, and a puzzled expression settled upon his pleasant, rugged face. It was as though he were trying to recall something out of his past. He sighed and suddenly began again:

"Yes, I think people should get married when they're in love. They shouldn't wait for any special thing or age. But see, kid, I don't think you and Peggy are honestly in love. I think the year will find you chasing after Marian Hilton or Betty King. And Peggy will be busy with some young Frenchman."

"Think so, Roger?"

"Yes, kid, I do."

"Let's not talk about it any more, if you don't mind."

"O. K. Say, by the way, I'm going to see Jack Charteris and probably Peggy within a few months. Bill Gordon went sour in the Paris office, and I'll have to go over again about that time to see what the new man's doing."

"You'll be going over? To Paris?"

Roger had a sudden dreadful flash of guilt as he heard the eager, envying note in his brother's voice. For the first time in this Peggy matter, an awful doubt of his own wisdom assailed him. Dick had never before looked so tired and beaten. His voice had never held that strained, yearning note. Maybe he'd had no business separating them—trying to run things to suit himself. Suppose Dick grieved himself into an illness over this thing? He'd always been an intense sort of kid.

But that was hardly likely. Kids were always getting crushes and suffering like hell over them. It was better that Dick should take a hard knock or two now than get tied up to Peggy Charteris. There'd be plenty of knocks if he did that.

JOHN CHARTERIS had spoiled that girl. She'd had a ten-thousand-dollar car at sixteen. And now she wanted Dick. Well, she could have him if the two youngsters proved that this wasn't a passing fancy. But it was. No doubt about that. It was only his old habit of indulging the kid that had made him waver for a second. It was himself he had really wanted to indulge. He had wanted to make himself happy by taking the defeated look from Dick's face. He had wanted to say, "We'll both go to Paris and bring Peggy home with us." A fine bit of weakness that would have been!

He suddenly became aware that Dick was leaning toward him, searching his face with dark, anxious eyes. "What're my chances of going with you, Roger?"

Roger smiled and patted his arm tenderly. "One in a million, old boy. If I could get half-witted enough to believe that it was Paris you wanted to see, then I'd take you. But it's not Paris."

"No." Dick swallowed nervously. "It's not Paris."

"Say, do you feel sick anywhere?"

"No. Why?"

"You look all in and you act so unnaturally, like a character in a damn bad play. I know you're cut up about Peggy, but, hell, kid, you're not neurotic or anything. You remind me of an amateur actor trying to depict a boy in love. Snap out of it, will you?"

"I'll try."

"That's better. After all, a year's short, kid. If you still want each other when it's over, Jack Charteris and I will throw you the finest wedding ever seen. A little separation never hurt any love—if it was love."

"No, I suppose not."

"Let's turn in now."

"O. K."

Dick got to his feet and followed his brother upstairs. At the door of his room, Roger paused and asked, "Got something to read in bed?"

"Yes."

"How about a little drink, old-timer?"

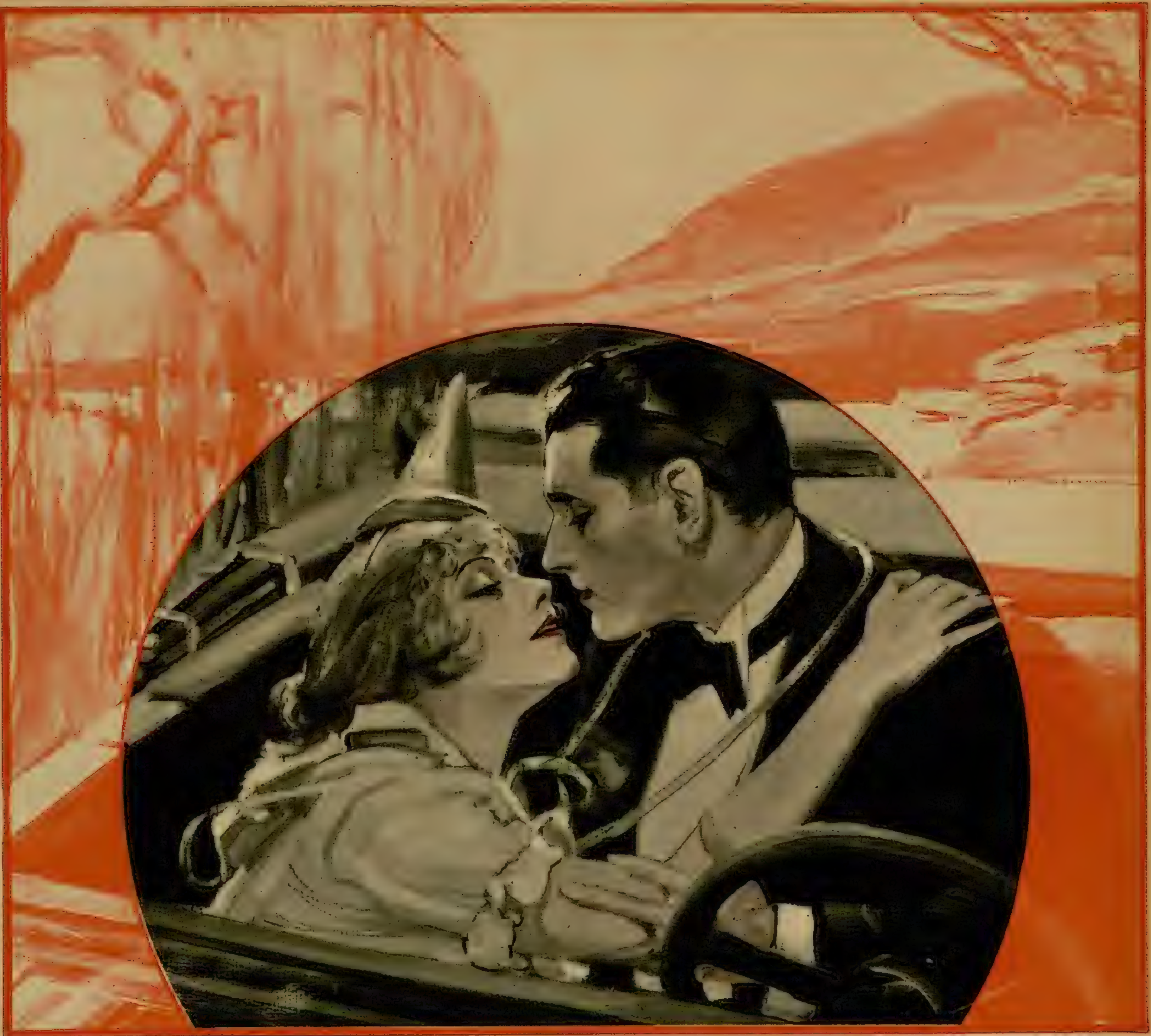
"No, thanks, Roger. Good night."

"Good night."

Roger watched his brother walk down the hall. There was something terribly pathetic, he thought, in the way Dick kept his shoulders squared and his head erect. Like a little boy who knows he mustn't cry. For another fleeting instant Roger Reynolds had a worrisome doubt concerning his own good judgment. . . .

The whole crowd was down to the train to see Peggy off—Jill and Frank and the McArthur boys and Marian Hilton and everybody else. There seemed to be some people circulating about who wanted to see Peggy's father, but nobody paid any attention to them. A couple of newspaper photographers pleaded with Peggy to come out of her stateroom. They wanted pictures of her on the observation car, waving good-by.

The reporters arrived. One of the greatest football centers in the country pushed the reporters into the corridor. They scribbled as he pushed.



" Let's kiss good-by here, Dick. Tomorrow at the train we'll just shake hands." She put her arms around him.

The crowd around Peggy laughed. " They'll find my father now," she said, " and leave us in peace."

" And what will we do with it? " Jill asked. " Really, this seeing people off business is the dumbest thing. I haven't a damn thing I want to say to Peg."

" Tell me not to forget to write."

" Tell her not to get seasick."

The stateroom got bluer with smoke. The conversation grew less sprightly, if possible. Everybody wished that the cry of "All aboard! " would deliver them from the chore of manufacturing talk with which to fill in these last few minutes.

Dick knew that Jill would cry the minute the train pulled out. She was Peggy's very dearest friend. But she sat sliding a lipstick across her mouth, pretending valiantly that she'd never notice her absence. Why couldn't he have borrowed some of Jill's technique? Why had he felt it necessary to tell Roger that he wanted to marry Peggy? She wouldn't be on this train right now if he hadn't thought it necessary to tell Roger about the things that were important to him.

" I think Dick is about to burst into tears," Marian Hilton said.

" Oh, please do, Dick," Jill begged. " It would add so much flavor to the affair."

" Why cry about that? " He pointed a derisive finger at Peggy. " Say, I'm going to give three cheers when the train pulls out and make a mad dash for a girl who can really dance."

He wished Roger could have heard that speech. He felt proud of it, glad he had made it. It sounded more real than anything he had said in the darkness up at the lake last night or later in his talk with Roger. He wondered if Peggy thought he sounded like a neurotic young man. She must know, though, that he was like Frank or the McArthur boys when he was feeling right, when she wasn't leaving him for a year.

" WHAT would you do with a girl who could dance? " she asked him.

" Depends on what she looked like."

" Say, don't you worry," Tom McArthur put in. " Dick will be crying big tears over you, Peg. The wonder will be if he doesn't stow away on some plane bound for Le Bourget. Look at him now."

" You look at him. He makes me sick."

" All aboard—all abo-ard! "

Peggy put her cupped hands to her mouth and echoed the cry; then swiftly she broke into the melody of " Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone."

" We won't," Marian said. " That is—not much."

" Do I get a kiss, Peg? " Frank bent and touched her lips with his. The McArthur boys hollered and pushed him aside to claim their farewells. The girls hugged Peggy and begged her to write.

" Hey, Dick," Frank called, " she's giving kisses away."

" Is she? Well, you take 'em. I'm just out of enthu-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A YEAR AND FOREVER
Continued from page eleven

siasm." He stepped up to Peggy and they shook hands solemnly. "Have a good time, Peggy."

"Oh, I will. Thanks so much for coming to the train and sending the lovely flowers."

"He's the guy who sent them, is he?"

"Sure, he's the guy. Why not?"

"Well, I sent the magazines and candy. Flowers are too sentimental for my taste. I send detective stories and peanut brittle."

"You would. 'Bad dreams and a broken tooth, with love from Tom.'"

They were leaving her now. She was standing at the top of the steps, laughing and waving. Dick's eyes dwelt with melancholy pleasure on her beauty. The palely golden skin and wide brown eyes. Her hair golden, too, with its funny little irregular wave. Soon she wouldn't be there. He tried to imagine what it would be like when she was gone. No Peggy curled in the window seat waiting for the signal from his automobile horn. No Peggy on the other side of the net swinging her racket, putting a wicked, unexpected cut on the ball. No Peggy anywhere in his world. No Peggy! One minute she was there and the next he wouldn't be able to find her.

The train began to move. "Good-by," the crowd called in unison.

"Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

He wished desperately now that he had kissed her; but they had had their good-by last night.

"Good-by!" She was still waving and smiling.

"Good-by, my very dearest."

"She meant me," Tom McArthur said.

"She meant Dick," his brother remarked scornfully. "Didn't she, Dick?"

But Dick didn't answer. The train had disappeared around a bend, and Jill had broken into wild sobs, just as he had known she would do. He led her toward his car. Frank wouldn't mind, and somehow Jill was the only person around at that moment whose company he felt he could bear.

"She'll be back. A year goes fast," he said to her.

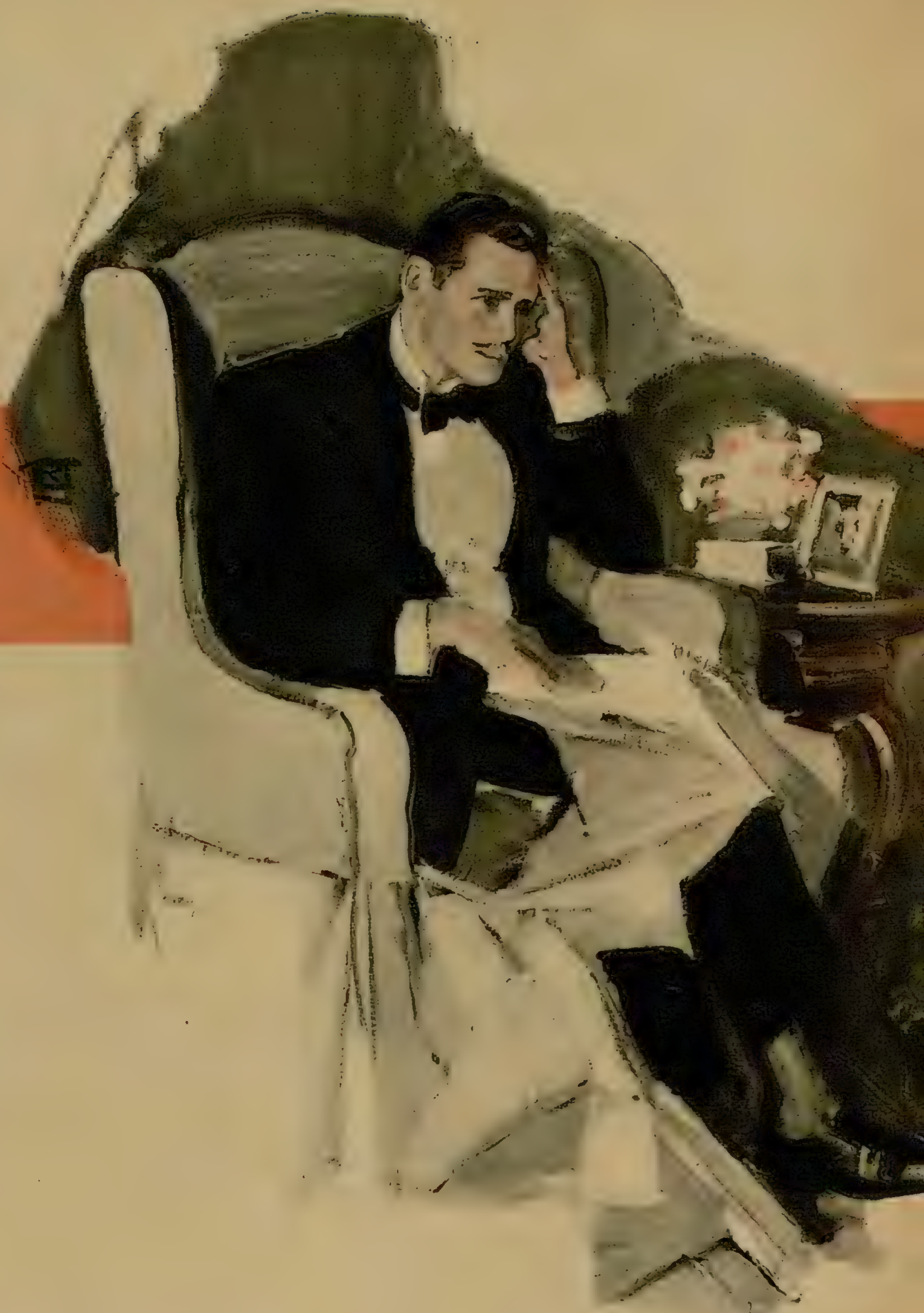
"She'll probably marry some froggy millionaire and settle in Paris," Jill sobbed.

"No, she'll be back, Jill. You know she will. She promised me."

"I know; but a year's so long."

Dick nodded unhappily.

"Of course it is. What's the use of kidding ourselves? It's a hell of a long while. Go ahead, Jill, have a good cry. And have one for me."



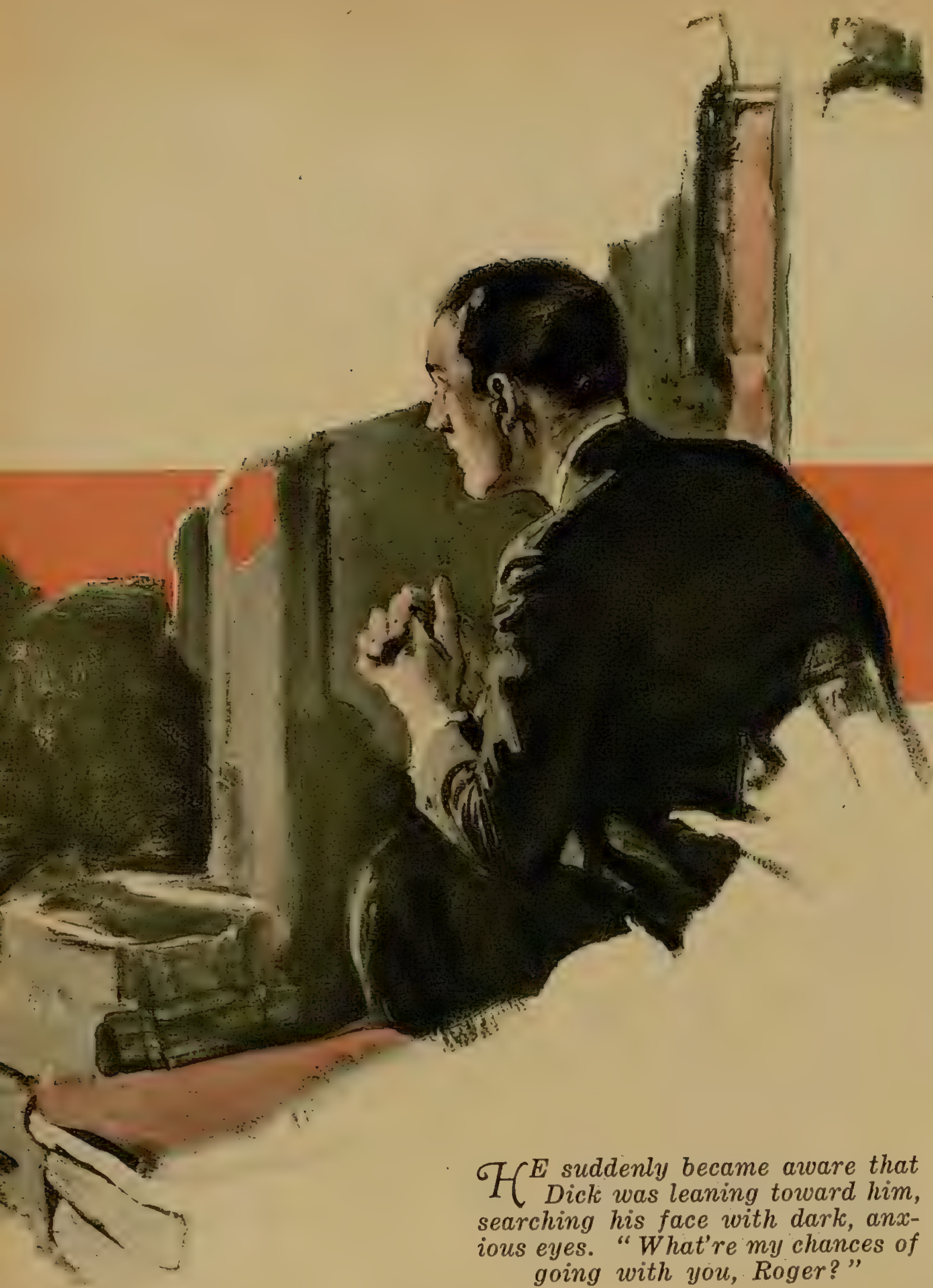
JOHN CHARTERIS and his daughter had been in Europe about six months when Roger Reynolds arrived in Paris. He was not certain that he would find them in town. He knew that the millionaire's many interests would lead him to England, Russia, and Belgium, but that he intended to make Paris his official home. It was likely that he would catch them, however. If not this week, then the next. Charteris' fondness for Paris would not permit him to remain away for very long.

It was not only John Charteris whom Roger wished to see. His strongest interest was in Peggy. He was anxious to see her and speak to her and judge how her devotion to Dick was holding out. The passing months had convinced Roger that Dick's feelings for Peggy had been too lightly regarded. Certainly Dick had shown no interest in any other girl. He had been astonishingly like a loving and faithful husband who has been separated for a time from his wife. The dreadful blueness that had enveloped Dick the night before Peggy's departure had not lasted more than three or four days. With the lifting of the fog of depression Roger had looked for the young lady who had helped lift it. There was none, and there was still none, though all these months had passed.

Dick was not moping. He went fishing, played golf, and swam with the crowd. He rarely mentioned Peggy, but Roger noticed that he wrote to her twice a week and that he never went to dances except when Frank was unable to escort Jill. He missed her, but he was facing his hurt bravely and sensibly. It would be too bad if Peggy's feelings for him had been unable to survive separation. He was certain that that thought had never occurred to Dick. Dick believed in Peggy. What a blow to him if she proved fickle! Still, if her affections were the vacillating sort, it was better to lose her than win her.

It had not been so long ago that Roger had wished whole-heartedly to find Peggy lacking constancy. Now he desired nothing more than to find the girl still in love with his brother. Certainly Dick's efforts to make the best of the separation and his unwavering loyalty should be rewarded with as steadfast a love as his own. But it did not seem likely that a young girl so accustomed to admiration and attentions could live six months without a beau. Especially Peggy Charteris, the lovely and only daughter of a very rich man.

If Peggy proved fickle, Roger decided to tell Dick the story of himself and Frances Halloway. That might make things easier. Still, he hadn't noticed that the incident of himself and Marjory Best had appealed to Dick as



HE suddenly became aware that Dick was leaning toward him, searching his face with dark, anxious eyes. "What're my chances of going with you, Roger?"

being particularly applicable to his case. Kids were funny that way. Comparisons always infuriated them.

Roger realized at this point in his thoughts that he was condemning Peggy without a trial. After he saw her and judged how matters stood, then he would know what to write to Dick about her. But not until.

The Charterises lived in a quiet and obviously expensive apartment building near the Bois. Roger had intended to telephone them before driving out; but, finding himself close to their street on his third day in Paris, he took a chance on catching them at home. It might be better this way. Perhaps he could get a more thorough line on Peggy if he surprised her.

The girl at the switchboard spoke no English. "Monsieur Charteris?" queried Roger hopefully. He trusted that she would reply with "yes" or "no."

She did not reply. She merely plugged a key into a switchboard, and after a second began chattering French into the transmitter. She turned to Roger. "Monsieur Charteris," she said, and made a hopeless gesture with her hands to signify that she was all out of Monsieur Charterises.

"Mademoiselle Charteris?" asked Roger.

The operator beamed happily and nodded. She had been able to sell him a substitute. She suddenly put on a questioning expression and pointed to Roger. He understood her and, also pointing at his chest, said, "Monsieur Reynolds." Then they both laughed because their pantomime had been successful. The girl announced him, and told the elevator operator where the stranger was to be deposited.

Peggy lived behind an elaborately carved oak door. In the second before it opened Roger took time to think how Dick's heart would hammer if he stood in this place with Peggy but a few yards beyond. What a moment for the kid!

The maid who opened the door was a blank-faced peasant type. She led the way wordlessly to a large, airy room that looked surprisingly like the Charteris sun room back home.

John Charteris had filled it with plants, birds, and wicker furniture, and Peggy had added gold net curtains and a splashy modernistic rug. He was searching about for a bowlful of Mexican swordtails when Peggy appeared suddenly from behind a gold teabox screen.

"Oh. Oh, it's you," she said.

The flat, disappointed tone of her voice caused him a sharp pang of regret.

"I'm sorry, Peggy. Truly I am. I never realized till this minute that you would naturally think of Dick when they announced my name. You see, I've been Mr. Reynolds for so many years now I forgot that I wasn't the only one."

HE came toward her and took her hand. Her face and voice had told him what he had wanted to know. The intense love which had come so strangely to two young kids still flourished in Peggy's heart.

She smiled up at him. "I knew it was you, Roger. I really did know it was you, but all the time you were coming up in the elevator I was hoping so hard—and I was praying a little, too."

"I'm sorry, Peggy, that I'm not Dick. Because it would make you happy if I were, and because I'd like to have somebody want me as much as you want him. You two kids have convinced me that Romeo and Juliet could really have happened."

"Have we? I'm glad. Won't you sit down? I'll have Jeanne bring a drink."

He settled himself in a red wicker chair and took stock of Peggy as she stood in the doorway speaking to the maid. She did not look well, he noticed. There was no obvious loss of weight, but there was a drawn, wan look about her face and her eyes seemed unnaturally dark and deep-set. She was in negligee and her face was unpowdered. Perhaps he had roused her from a nap.

"Were you sleeping?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Once again I must apologize."

"Oh, that's all right. I've been sleeping, on and off, all day. I had a very bad night."

"Ciro's?" he questioned. "Or have some new exciting places opened on the hill?"

"It wasn't anything like that." She shook her head. "It was some bad pains in my little insides."

"Too bad. All gone now?"

"No. But they've let up a lot, thanks to ice bags. I'll be all right now."

"How is your father these days?"

"Oh, he's fine. He's in London. He'll be back in a day or two."

"Don't you like London?"

"Yes, but I get airsick and he won't bother with the boat. So I'm holding the fort—and of course I would get sick."

It occurred to Roger that she had probably been very sick. The dullness of her eyes suggested a week's illness instead of one night's.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A YEAR AND FOREVER
Continued from page thirteen

“You should have a doctor.”

“I suppose so, but I’m all right now. Just an old-fashioned stomach ache, I guess.”

It did not seem strange to him that one would treat an old-fashioned stomach ache with ice. His contacts with illness had been few and slight.

“I know Dick is well,” she said after a moment. “I’ve heard from him this week.”

“Yes, he’s fine. Pining for you, but bearing up nobly.”

He raised his eyes from the drink which Jeanne had just handed him. His intention had been to accompany his words with a friendly smile. But when he saw Peggy’s face he forgot the smile—he forgot everything but her sudden alarming pallor and the beads of perspiration which stood upon her brow and upper lip.

“What is it?”

“The pain,” she gasped. “It’s getting worse again.”

“Can I do anything?” He started for the doorway through which the maid had passed.

“Roger, don’t get her. She’s the hysterical kind.” Peggy’s knuckles were white as she clenched her fists and pressed them nervously against her teeth. “You’ll have to get a doctor. Get anyone.”

“Do you know someone?”

“No. Oh, please get one. Quickly, Roger! I’m in agony.”

He ran from the sun room, searching for the telephone as he ran. It seemed a lifetime before he found an extension in a small reading room. Unseeingly he had passed two others. He grasped the instrument and jiggled the phone rest excitedly.

The operator answered after a time. Her question raised a new difficulty. He had forgotten that she spoke no English. He ran back to Peggy. She was moaning and rocking back and forth. Tears of pain gushed from her eyes as she looked up at him.

“Did you get a doctor?” she breathed.

He was ashamed of his helplessness. “I don’t speak French,” he said. “I had forgotten.”

“Get Jeanne.”

The maid, wild-eyed and trembling, listened to her mistress’ directions and flew to the phone.

“I was such a fool,” Peggy gasped. “I’ve let this go too long. It’s appendicitis. I’m sure it is. I was so afraid of an operation. I thought I could freeze it out.”

Roger went to her and smoothed back the hair from her hot forehead. He was so woefully inadequate, so unable to help her even to the extent of phoning for a doctor.

“Roger, I’m so scared.”

He took his handkerchief and dried the tears and perspiration from her small, frightened face.

“Roger, I’m scared of operations. You’re a friend of daddy’s and you’re Dick’s brother. You won’t let them cut me, will you, Roger?”

“No, dear. I won’t—not unless it’s necessary.”

“You don’t think it will be?”

“Probably not. These doctors are up on every new idea over here. You’ll be all right.”

JEANNE came back and spoke long and earnestly to Peggy. Peggy groaned.

“What’s the matter?” Roger demanded impatiently.

“Jeanne phoned two doctors and they’re both out just now. She’ll have to keep trying others. Oh, God, it will be hours!”

“No.” He stood up. He had reached a sudden decision. “I’ll take you to the hospital.”

“I can’t walk, Roger. I can’t stand.”

“I’ll carry you. Tell the girl to get you a wrap. And tell her to call a cab.”

The American Hospital at Neuilly lies not far beyond the gates of Paris, but to Roger it was the longest ride he had ever experienced. Peggy lay in his arms exhausted with pain. Occasionally she would sob or groan, but for the most part she bit her lips and tried to fight back her moans.

At the door of the hospital he stooped and whispered to her: “We’re here now, kid. Everything’s going to be all right.”

He felt considerably cheered himself. He would be able to help now. This was America. Once you passed the colored doorman and stepped into the cool, large reception room of the American Hospital, you left Paris behind.

The woman at the desk came toward him. “This is Margaret Charteris,” Roger said. “We believe she has appendicitis and we couldn’t get a doctor. She is in dreadful pain.”

“Poor child.”

“Can you get attention for her at once?”

“Certainly.”

“She will want a private room and special nurses. Her father would want her to have everything.”

“I understand.”

Bells rang. Nurses arrived. A wheeled stretcher materialized from somewhere.

The small, frightened face looked up into Roger’s. “Roger, you won’t let them cut unless it’s necessary?”

“No, dear.”

“Thank you. You were wonderful.”

He felt his eyes go suddenly wet and the pitiful little face blurred before them.

The nurses began to move the stretcher. “Good-by, Peggy. I’ll be within call if you want me.”

He was glad that Dick wasn’t there. How worried the poor kid would be about this!

“Is a doctor going to examine her at once?”

“Oh, yes. Doctor Cross will be in attendance, since you have none of your own.”

“May I see him directly after the examination?”

“If you wish.”

“I do.”

“Very well.”

DOCTOR CROSS was a surprise to Roger. He was a young American with a pleasant, fraternal attitude. Like most people, Roger expected a doctor to be middle-aged and technical.

“The young lady has appendicitis, Mr. Reynolds. The appendix must be removed immediately.”

“No chance of freezing the inflammation out?”

“We couldn’t take the chance. The appendix might burst before the ice did its work. Are you responsible for her? She’s a minor, isn’t she?”

“She’s eighteen. She—she is engaged to marry my brother back home. I’m in authority, I guess. Her father’s in London.”

“We have to operate, Mr. Reynolds.”

“It’s necessary?”

“Absolutely. She’s let this go a long while.”

“Very well, then. I’m not opposed to operations, but Miss Charteris is. I was just keeping a promise to her. Everybody’s appendix seems to come out sooner or later nowadays. Good day, doctor.”

“Good day.”

Roger rushed from the hospital then, and back to Paris. He knew that John Charteris would not thank him for keeping back the news of Peggy’s illness. Would he be at the Savoy in London or at the Ritz? Or perhaps the Grosvenor House?

He was at none of them. Maybe Peggy’s maid would know. Roger had a young man in his office phone and ask her. Yes, she knew. Mr. Charteris always lived at an obscure and unfashionable hotel in London. He had some funny, sentimental attachment to it. It was called the Queen.

But John Charteris had checked out of the hotel. When told of the illness of his daughter, the hotel gave out the information that he had gone to Essex to stay with friends.

The name and location of these friends were completely unknown. Roger tried Jeanne again, but drew a blank there. She knew of no friends in Essex, but there were some in Paris who might know of his English social connections.

They didn’t. After two and a half hours of endeavor, Roger decided that it was hopeless and gave up. He had tried hard to find Charteris, but was not sorry that he had failed. He knew how much Peggy's father loved her, and was glad that he was being spared the worry that the operation would bring him. By the time he returned Peggy would be convalescing.

It occurred to Roger that she would probably be out of the ether by now. They no doubt operated at once. He would go back to the hospital so the poor kid would know he hadn't forgotten her. Perhaps he could even see her. He ought to bring her something, too. Flowers were pretty senseless, he thought. It was better to take something that would amuse her.

He strolled over to the Champs Elysées to look in shop windows. There would be a hint there of something he could take to Peggy.

The most fascinating window, he observed, was that of Paradis des Enfants, the marvelous toy shop. And how well named it was. What a paradise for children! He wished Peggy were young enough to enjoy one of those gorgeous dolls or perhaps that woolly bear that danced and growled.

In the end he entered the shop because it was the most inviting, and bought Peggy a jig-saw puzzle, a pack of cards, and a set of checkers with beautifully colored men. He had no notion how one would feel directly after an operation, but it seemed to him that one should be able to play unexciting games within a day or so at the latest.

He decided to ask Peggy if she wanted to go home when he did. He would tell her that she and Dick had convinced him of the enduring quality of their love.

But he told her nothing. At the hospital they told him she was dead.

THE trip back to America was a nightmare. The boat, the train, and then another train. Dick was at their camp in the mountains. That much Roger knew. He had preceded the Associated Press cable with one of his own to Dick, so the boy knew the worst. Dick had replied that he was leaving at once for the camp, so Roger had made that his destination.

It was not going to be necessary to break the news to Dick, but it was going to be necessary to face him. That was what Roger dreaded. It was terrible to know that he would have to look into Dick's grief-stricken eyes. He was ashamed to do it.

His brother would be thinking, just as he himself thought, that if it had not been for interference, at least there would have been some time with Peggy to remember.

They would have been married. She would have belonged to him. It was not only the matter of their two young bodies belonging to each other, but the thousands of little details in a day over which they would have laughed together. He would have remembered her across the breakfast table. He would have remembered her at bedtime smoothing cold cream on her face.

They would have *lived* together. This priceless experience which was lost forever he had snatched from Dick.

It had been wise of the kid to fly to the camp away from the town which would still be buzzing with the details of Peggy's death. It would be hard, though, for the two of them alone there. One brother sick with grief and the other with remorse.

Dick was sitting on the doorsill of the cabin when Roger arrived. They shook hands.

"I'm sorry, sonny," Roger said.

"Thanks, brother."

It had been years since they had called each other by those names.

There was a moment's silence.

"Want something to eat—or a drink?" Dick asked.

"No, thanks."

Roger sat down.

"Have a rough voyage?"

"No. I guess the ocean behaved. I came home to be with you, kid, but I guess I'm not going to be any more use to you than I was to John Charteris. I can't think of anything to say, except that I feel like a louse."

"You needn't, Roger. There was never a time in your life when you didn't do the thing that you felt was right."

"That's the best that can be said for me, and it's not much. The world is full of lunatics who think they're right."

Another silence.

"Roger, did she have much pain?"

Roger swallowed hard. "No, kid, hardly any."

"I'm glad. Because she was the kind who—who was dreadfully frightened of pain."

They spoke no more. The yellow day turned a deep, heavy gold and began to give way to evening. Roger found that he was holding Dick's hand. Holding it tight, as he had held it years ago when he had taken the kid across busy streets.

HE walked in the house and began to unpack the suitcase which he had packed so hastily in the hotel in Paris. He had flung into it everything in sight. Bureau scarfs, advertisements, letters, everything and anything. Among the things which he had flung into it was the package that he had carried to the hospital.

There it was, still unopened, in its gay green coat with the words "Paradis des Enfants" scrawled across it. He was about to drop it out of sight when Dick walked into the room.

"Roger, I came in to tell you something. She'd like me to tell you. She wouldn't want you to feel so low and troubled."

"What is it, kid?"

"I know what bothers you. It's the thought that Peggy and I never really had any intimate hours away from the rest of the world. You think we only saw each other on dance floors and tennis courts and golf links, don't you?" He spoke so low that Roger had to move closer to hear him. "It isn't so, Roger."

Dick's eyes left Roger's face and wandered slowly about the room. "We were here together all by ourselves the whole first week that you were away just before she sailed. Her father thought she was in Detroit with Jill, but she wasn't. She was here with me."

"Was she, kid?" Roger bent suddenly over his suitcase. He was ashamed to show tears to a man who could take out his sore heart and lay it on the table just so that he, Roger, might feel less guilty.

When he thought that he could control the sudden wave of emotion that had assailed him, he straightened up; but Dick had left the room.

Roger sat down and looked with a new interest at the old familiar shack. At that stove Peggy and Dick had prepared breakfast. Maybe they had squabbled a little over which way the eggs should be cooked.

Before that little shaving mirror she had combed her yellow hair. Dick had lain there on that couch watching her, laughing perhaps at the camp's lack of feminine comforts.

Doubtless he had taken that guitar down and sung to her. Across that table they had smiled into each other's eyes, and this little shabby shelter had heard their laughter and their dear, dead plans for the years to come.

He was alone now, so he cried for the little yellow-haired girl and the big brave-eyed boy and all the dreams that they had dreamed together.

His tears splashed on the little package that he still held in his hands.

He read again the printing upon it. "Paradis des Enfants." Paradise of children. He looked about the shack again. It had a new dignity and a new meaning.

He took the little green package and put it in the drawer of the table that stood beneath Peggy's mirror. Then he went outside to sit with his brother.

THE END

ROCK
The New Mon

The Latest Scientific Device Tha
Mail at Ten Miles a Second

By RUTHERFORD

Pictures b

(Reading time: 15 minutes 15 seconds.)

DON'T TELEGRAPH—SEND YOUR MESSAGE BY ROCKET! LETTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHS DELIVERED FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO IN FIVE MINUTES!

Fantastic as it may seem, signs bearing those words will, in a few short years, replace the DON'T WRITE—TELEGRAPH! advertisements of today, judging from recent secret experiments with the rocket—the speed miracle of the twentieth century. Five years ago the rocket was a Fourth-of-July toy. Today science and engineering are rapidly developing it into the most astonishing invention and perhaps the most indispensable weapon ever placed in the hands of man.

The radio, the airplane, television, and other marvels of the age pale into utter insignificance when one considers the astounding rôle that the rocket seems destined to play in our lives. From present indications, it will completely revolutionize transportation, aëronautics — and warfare. It mirrors fanciful pictures of the future, such as expeditions to the moon and Mars, and a new Lindbergh or Columbus hissing himself around the world in less than an hour.

In the event that you entertain grave doubts about such incredible events—and you probably do—let me hasten to assure you that some of the world's greatest scientific minds have recently proved, beyond a scintilla of doubt, that the realization of such weird happenings is merely a matter of time. *The basic problems have all been solved,* and the absolute conquest of gravity and the invasion of interplanetary space are today on the brink of awe-inspiring reality.

A few months ago, near Berlin, a mammoth rocket was shot out of sight into the sky, later returning to earth by parachute. It went to a height many times greater

ETS-
sters of Doom

Annihilates Time and Space, Delivers
May Reach Mars and End War

MacMechen

Wayne Davis

than that ever reached by man, although it carried only one-fortieth of its fuel capacity, and the German government has attested to the fact that this same rocket, equipped with a full load of fuel, could easily have reached a distance of 1,000 miles!

Professor Hermann Oberth, Europe's leader in experiments with rockets, has just disclosed that one of his self-propelled contraptions in a scale test remained aloft for almost an hour. Oberth's rocket had the pull of a big railway locomotive from a motor about the size of a milk bottle, which will give you some idea of the great power generated in rocket engines by a superexplosive liquid fuel. And Robert Hutchings Goddard, America's foremost exponent of rockets, is accredited to his European rivals with having sent one of the weird things sixty miles from the earth—well beyond the stratosphere—and since then Goddard has announced that he is in possession of the fundamental principles that will send a rocket to the moon!

The evolution of the rocket is not as new or as sudden as might be inferred from its current gain in significance. As far back as 1895, Professor A. P. Feodorff—who is at present the head of the Soviet government's Department of Planet Traffic—foreshadowed the advent of the rocket, as did the Russian K. E. Ziolowsky, who worked out the scientific principles of the rocket before the dawn of the century. And today—right at this very minute—this same Ziolowsky is feverishly engaged in the development of the rocket-torpedo, backed by none other than the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

The initial use of the modern rocket, according to its creators, will be the carrying of mail between distant points, such as Europe and America. The path

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ROCKETS—THE NEW MONSTERS OF DOOM
Continued from page seventeen

of the rocket over the Atlantic will be above the stratosphere, where it will meet no air resistance and thus at its greatest altitude will be capable of the phenomenal speed of from five to ten miles a second!

The speed and route of these mail carriers will be controlled by radio, so that any error in calculation can be remedied while the rocket is in flight. By means of television, an operator in the control room down on the earth can keep a constant eye on the rocket's instrument board, which will give automatic readings of speed, height, and location! Should the operator desire to speed up or slow down the rocket, he will merely touch a master key, and a receiving set in the rocket will translate radiotelegraphic dots and dashes into mechanical impulses that control the motor. A strange performance, I'll grant you; but it is entirely possible—*because it was successfully tried in Germany only a few months ago.*

When the rocket nears its destination—New York, for instance—the man in the control room—in London, say—will slow it up and send an impulse to the rocket's receiving set which will result in a mail pouch being dropped by parachute. An instant later the rocket itself will drop by means of a parachute automatically released.

So, a few years hence, you may be purchasing rocket-route postage stamps, and a message dropped into a special mail box in New York in time to catch the 5 P. M. London rocket may be delivered to the addressee in Europe in less than an hour!

In the eerie distances will be stars, glittering.

As time goes on, larger rockets will be evolved for the transportation of various kinds of merchandise; and, if the Eighteenth Amendment is still on the statute books, the more enterprising type of bootlegger may call on you with this sales talk:

"I can deliver anything you want. Real stuff, too. We got a rocket!"

Entirely feasible, rest assured; for the cost of operating rockets will be unbelievably cheap, inasmuch as they will draw freely on the forces of nature during their flights.

THE closely-shrouded experiments going on in Russia and elsewhere today present a more sinister side to the picture—the use of rockets in warfare. There is no doubt that the rocket-torpedo will be the most devastating medium of destruction that the world has ever known. The Big Bertha guns of the World War, which shelled a city not so very much less than a hundred miles away, seem like toy cannons when compared to rocket-torpedoes. *For there will be no hope of escape from these satanic instruments of wholesale death! They will be capable of traveling completely around the world and dropping at any designated point!* They will strike without the slightest warning and in a few minutes flatten a metropolis into a seething mass of death and destruction. *A few hundred of them, dropped in certain places, would reduce the civilized world to ruins in less than a week!*

One may easily conjure up a horrifying picture when he considers the fact that there are men in Europe today who could, if they chose, send one of these rocket-torpedoes hurtling over the ocean to the United States! It will readily be seen, then, how helpless the United States would be if a European enemy in possession of rocket-torpedoes declared war on this country.

In such an event, Uncle Sam would hasten to mobilize his naval and air forces in the vicinity of New York. But that would count for naught. For the European enemy would be busy stringing submarines across the Atlantic directly below the rocket-torpedo route. The undersea boats, stationed in a direct line some three or four hundred miles from each other, would be equipped with antennæ to control the course of the rockets. The men on the submarines would be able, through television, to see the metal couriers of doom as they streaked through the skies, beyond any possible means of interference. The rockets would pass from the control of one undersea craft to another until they reached the submarine stationed closest to New York. The enemy officers in this ship would then guide the instruments of destruction to their landing points in various parts of New York City.

An air armada a thousand times greater than the one we have now would be utterly powerless to interfere with a rocket attack. If the sky for miles around was yellow with planes, the rockets would merely cut a hideous swath through the armada, sending the ships to earth in flames. And if the battleship fleet was massed at a point near New York, it would be wiped out by rocket-torpedoes before it had time to make a getaway!

VISUALIZE what would happen when the first of these rocket-torpedoes landed. Unlike the mail-carrying rocket, which comes down slowly by parachute, this terrible thing would be allowed to strike the earth at full force—traveling at more than 10,000 miles an hour. Owing to this unearthly velocity and the bulkiness of this type of rocket, it would plow deeply into the earth, exploding as it went. Governor's Island would go up like a cream puff with a stick of dynamite under it. The hellish detonation would be heard in distant cities, and Times Square—miles away—would shake like a stage setting in a windstorm. Frame houses and the weaker brick and concrete structures for miles around would collapse like cardboard in a hurricane, and poison gas would turn thousands of human beings into corpses.

Then the second rocket—probably landing right in Times Square in the midst of a seething theater crowd! Then the rest of the rockets—following one another with unholy precision, five minutes apart. Within an hour a Metropolis of the Dead. . . .

Following the New York bombardment, Boston, Baltimore, and other population centers along the Atlantic seaboard would be reduced to smoldering débris, as would Pacific coast cities and all population centers in between. The rockets designed to destroy cities in the Middle and Far West would be guided by secret wireless bases stationed throughout the country. Thus the destruction would be complete.

Certainly a grim picture—but one that *must* be reckoned with!

Fortunately, however, there is a brighter side to be contemplated. The probabilities are that no single country will have a monopoly on rockets when they are perfected. Therefore the rocket-torpedo may write the doom song of warfare. Because if two countries, each of them in possession of these ungodly weapons, declared war on each other, it would amount to nothing more or less than a colossal suicide pact. And any civilized country would certainly hesitate to engage in combat if the fruits of that combat promised only annihilation. So the rocket may, after all, accomplish that for which statesmen have vainly striven for centuries.

But warfare and transportation of mail by rockets is dwarfed to a considerable degree when one contemplates the most fantastic side of the picture—a trip by rocket to Mars! Fabulous as such a journey may seem, it has been removed from the pale of lunacy by recent strides of science.

To begin with, the rocket is the only existing contrivance that can overcome gravity, and is the sole invention known to man that is capable of attaining the celestial speed necessary to interplanetary travel. In the second place, the recent adventurous ascent into the stratosphere of the Swiss scientist, Professor Auguste Piccard, absolutely proved, for the first time, that man can live artificially in intensely rarefied atmosphere or in a vacuum. Piccard, sealed hermetically in a metal ball hooked to a balloon, was swept some ten miles from the surface of the earth. At that height the air is too thin to contain oxygen, and is so lacking in moisture that if man were exposed to it his blood pressure would shatter his arteries. But Piccard took along his own oxygen and got along quite comfortably.

So it is more than likely that we shall witness, within this generation, the start of a trip to Mars. It is only natural that Mars will probably be the first planet that man will attempt to reach, for there are impressive indications that it is peopled by a race who possess an intelligence at least equal to ours. Powerful telescopes have revealed many details of that strange world, with its flat, easily irrigable landscape, two-thirds of which apparently is desert. Science knows, for instance, that Mars has air and moisture, because it has seen the polar snows forming in the winter and melting in the summer. The atmosphere is quite dry, but there is enough moisture to support vegetation.

The rocket that will be used in the trip to Mars will resemble a huge bullet, with a pointed nose and a blunt hind end. It will contain fifty or sixty pygmy motors that will be driven by a superexplosive consisting of a perfect mixture of hydrogen fuel and oxygen. When the motors are in operation, a swift and powerful stream of heavy exhaust gas will be emitted from the rear of the rocket, thus permitting a rudder to steer the craft when it is traveling through the great vacuum that exists between the orbits of the earth and Mars.

At the base of the rocket, sealed in air-tight quarters, will be the little group of brave explorers. They will be prepared to live artificially for about 146 days—the estimated length of a round trip to Mars by the shortest celestial route. Their food will be in highly concentrated form, and the air in the compartment will be cleansed by ultra-violet ray, humidified, oxygenated, and filtered, so that it can be breathed indefinitely.

RUTHERFORD MACMECHEN

this article's author, is a specialist on engineering research, who used to be a newspaper man. As early as 1909 he correctly foretold the future of the Zeppelin.

AT the start of the flight the rocket will shoot out of a huge cylinder buried deep in the ground and pointed toward the sky. During the first second of flight the space-craft—as such a rocket will be called—will travel a distance of about sixty-five feet, or at the rate of more than forty miles an hour. But the rocket will pick up speed at such a stupendous rate that it will be more than fifty miles in the air in about two minutes. When such a height is reached, it will be beyond the pull of gravity and will be soaring in a vacuum. The motors will then be shut off and the ship will spin along purely by momentum; there will be no atmosphere to slow it up.

The explorers by this time will be used to the incredible speed at which the rocket is careening through space. Looking back, they will see the earth as they have never seen it before—hanging in suspension, and getting smaller and smaller. Up ahead will be the sun, a blazing globe vomiting forth flaming gases. In the eerie distances will be stars—big ones and small ones—glittering in the boundless tapestry of infinity. They will appear much larger and clearer than they do from the earth, for there will be no curtain of atmosphere between them and the human eye.

There will be no north or south! Both of the pole stars, the Dipper and the Southern Cross, will be visible in the hollow heavens. Nor will there be darkness; only the brooding purple twilight of eternal space. . . .

Meanwhile the bodies of the explorers will have lost all weight, owing to the absence of gravity, and those in the strange ship will be obliged to secure themselves in some manner in order to prevent floating about the compartment.

At meal time, eating will be possible only because the tongue will act as a pump and the palate as a valve that will prevent choking.

Sleep will be possible. The temperature inside the craft will be quite comfortable, owing to the fact that a portion of the ship will get the relentless rays of the sun, while another part of the craft will be exposed to the intense cold of space.

The scientists will be busy consulting their astronomical charts, estimating exactly where they are and carefully checking up on all calculations that were made before the space-craft left the earth. At length, after weeks of drifting, the motors of the rocket will be started up again and the craft will shunt away from the earth's orbit *en route* to the orbit of Mars. All calculations must be in perfect harmony with the movements of the various planets and a serious error would cause the space-craft to miss a "connection" with Mars as that planet swung around through space.

In such an event the ship might be doomed to drift forever in some lonely orbit outside of the paths of Mars and the earth!

THAT is why celestial itineraries must be worked out with the utmost caution in advance. If the planets were stationary, it would be a comparatively simple matter for a space-ship to head straight for one of them. But when you consider the fact that all heavenly bodies are constantly moving at different speeds and in different orbits, you will readily see how carefully the movements of an interplanetary ship must be timed.

If all calculations prove to be correct, the space-craft will make the "connection" with Mars and finally feel itself being drawn toward the planet. At this stage of the journey the craft will be manipulated in such a way that it will make a sidelong approach to Mars. Therefore, it will cease nosing directly for the planet, and instead will be circling around it. This is to prevent the ship from being drawn to the surface of Mars with a force that would demolish it.

As it continues to circle the planet, the space-craft will gradually move closer to the surface, permitting those on board to gaze, for the first time, upon a new world heretofore seen only through telescopes. The ship, of course, would be slowed up considerably, and the Martian people would witness a phenomenon in the sky, the like of which they had never seen before.

A landing will probably not be attempted on the first trip, and after the craft has circled around Mars several times, it will once more shunt off into the great void, homeward bound. The trip home will be similar in almost every respect to the outward journey.

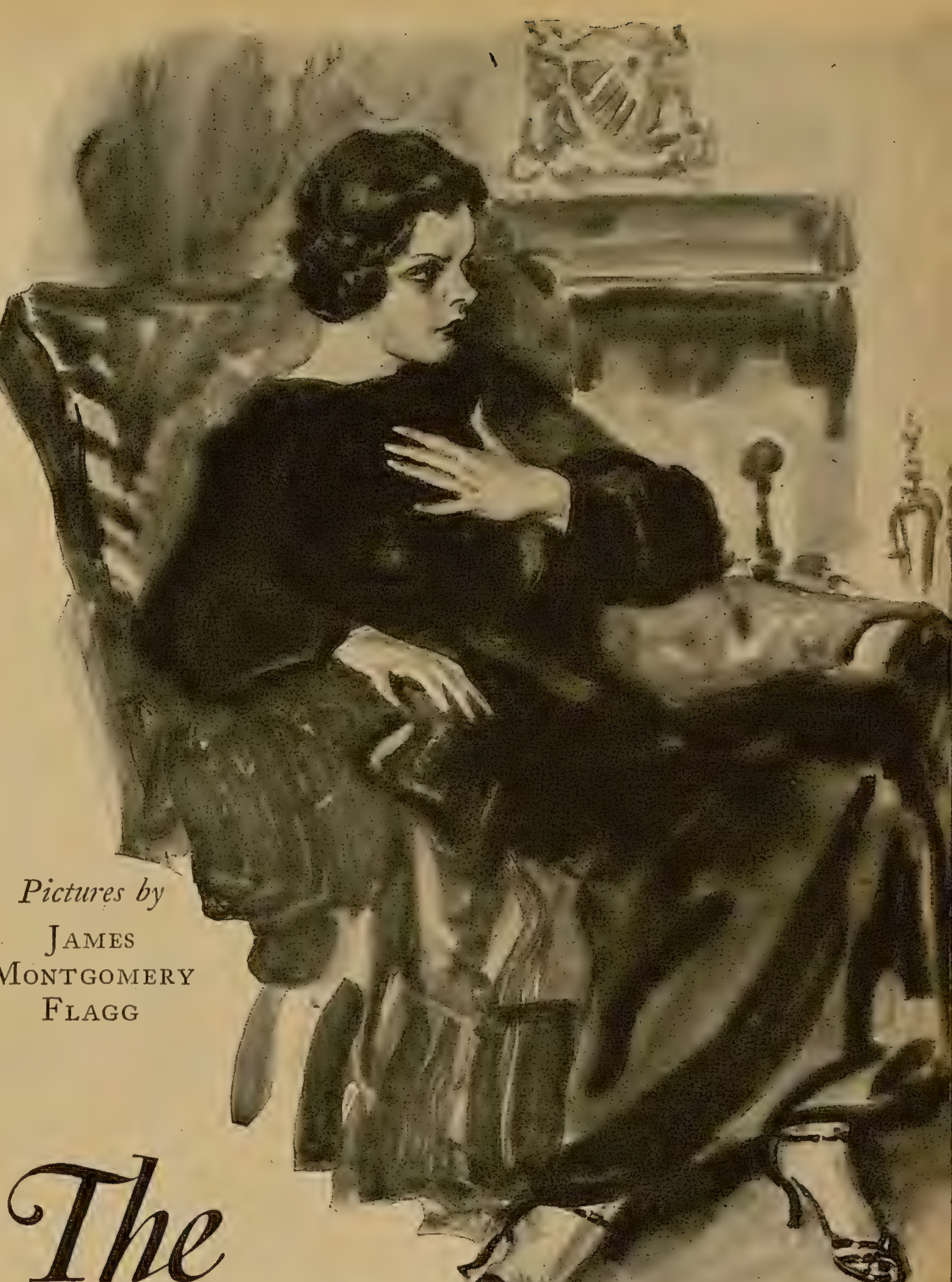
The actual approach to the earth will be similar to the approach to Mars. Only, a *landing* will now be necessary.

As the craft comes closer and closer to the earth, it will be maneuvered so that its rear blunt end will face the earth's surface, just as it did when the ship left on its flight. But now the motors will not be going full speed ahead as they did when the rocket shot into space. Instead, they will be throttled down so that the pull of the ship is slightly less than the pull of gravity. And so the craft, if properly maneuvered, will have the appearance of coming down backward, and will settle to earth, *hind end first,* at the approximate velocity of a man dropping in a parachute!

And what a reception those explorers will get! It'll make Lindbergh's welcome home look like a house party.

And watch for it. *It's coming!*

THE END



The WOMAN

A Story of One Mad Moment

Pictures by
James
Montgomery
Flagg

(Reading time: 26 min. 20 sec.)

THIS is the singular story of Ina, a young Austrian countess who visited her Scotch cousins, the Grants. Ivan Cross, an American occupying a castle near by, found her irresistible, but Tim, his nephew, had determined, on sight, to marry her. Ina confided to Tim that there had been a man in her life and, at her request, he told Ivan. Immediately, Ivan sent Tim back to her.

While waiting up for Tim's return, Ivan was forced to receive his guest, Patty Mortimer.

PART FOUR—INEXPLICABLE INA

PATTY was dressed in an alluring slinky tea gown, but only because her wardrobe probably contained nothing primmer. Her step was brisk and her manner impersonal.

" Ivan," she said, " I can't sleep without telling you something."

He stood up. " This isn't a good time, Patty," he answered. " I'm expecting Tim, and when he comes I want to be alone."

She sat down without paying any attention. " My dear," she said, " I've loved you, and I've hated you, and now I've settled down into a sort of hard-boiled affection for you. I can't bear to see you getting yourself in a horrid mess."

" I, Patty? "

" Yes, my dear, you—the wise, experienced iceberg of a man. Give me five minutes. I'll tell you what it is. You love Tim better than anyone now alive. You'd be completely wrecked by anything that wrecked him. Well, this marriage will wreck him. That girl is planning a devilish thing, Ivan. Don't you see it? She loves you. Loves you? She's mad crazy about you. She's tried everything else and she means to marry Tim just as the only possible way of being near you for the rest of her life. I have watched her when you came into the room. She changes from being a simple and, to my mind, rather dull girl, into something fiery, white hot. And you, innocent lamb, are playing into her hand, helping Tim out—coaching him, I dare say, as to how to win her. The thing for you to do, Ivan, is to refuse your consent absolutely. Face one tremendous row with Tim, and next year you would find him happily married to Lucy, and very grateful to you that you prevented his making a fool of himself. Put your foot down. Tell him he can't marry this madwoman."

" I can't do that, Patty."

" No? Why not? "

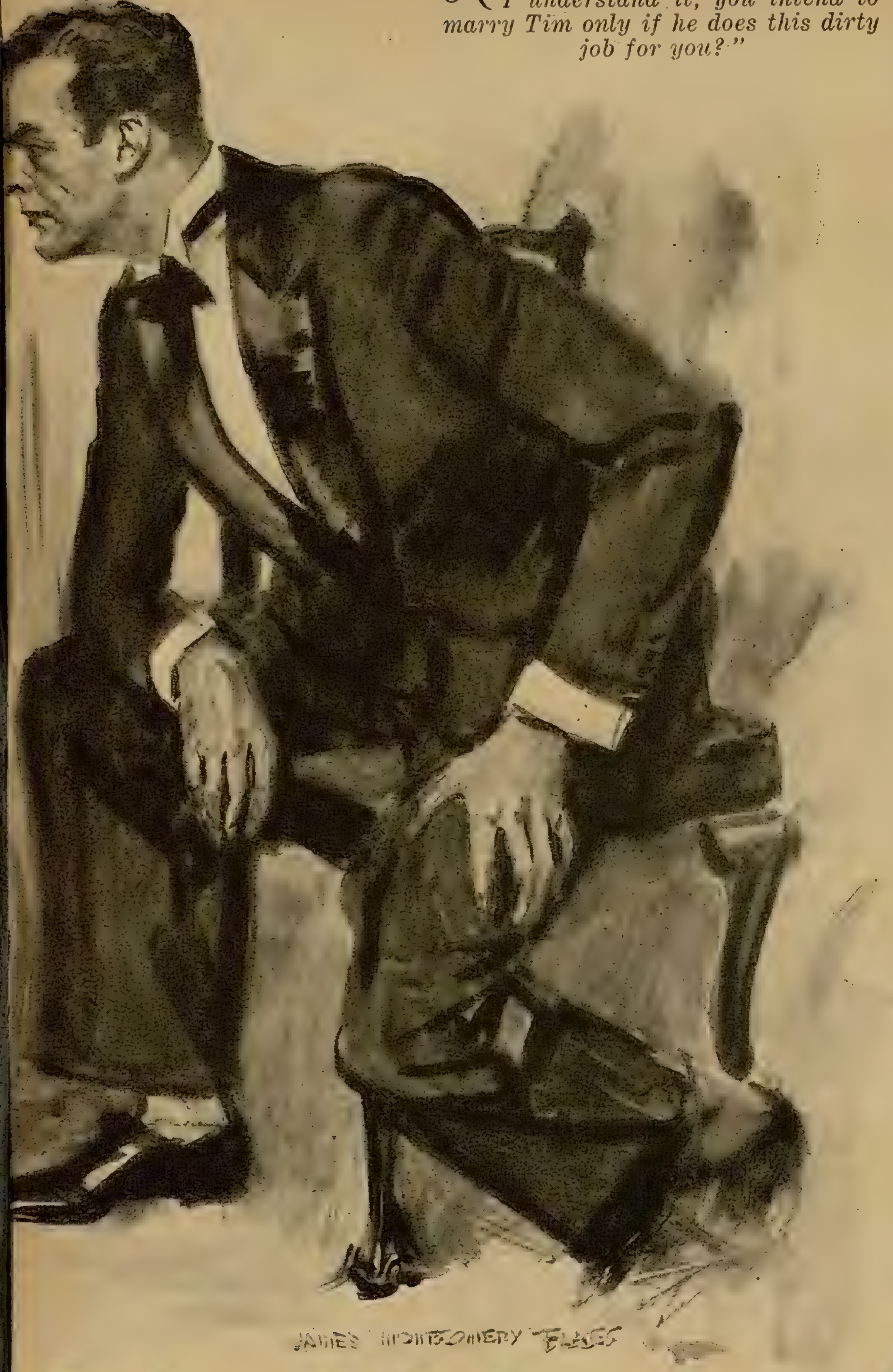
He was silent, and she went on: " I'll tell you why you can't: You're afraid—afraid of the honesty of your own opposition. You're in love with the girl yourself—that's your trouble. But, good heavens, if you are, do you think that will help the situation if you let her marry Tim? "

" I want you to go away, Patty," he said.

She glanced at him. He had grown pale and strangely rigid. She was a little frightened at the effect of her words, and gathering her chiffons about her she left the room. But if she had looked toward the window, where he was looking, she would have seen that it was not her words that occasioned his emotion.

As she talked he had been staring at the great black uncurtained space of the window, and there Tim's face had suddenly appeared.

Scotland does strange things to the psychology of her visitors. Ivan's first thought was that he had seen not Tim, but Tim's ghost—the same features, but not somehow the same person—not really Tim. He had looked for a few seconds into pale overstrained eyes. Then



"NOW listen to me," he said. "As I understand it, you intend to marry Tim only if he does this dirty job for you?"

He Wanted

By ALICE DUER MILLER

the face had vanished, nodding toward the hall door.

He went out into the empty hall. Everything was perfectly still; even the sound of Patty's ascending footsteps had ceased. He stood there waiting. He never forgot those minutes. Waiting for what? A living man in agony.

He saw the door handle was turning now. The door opened. A figure was standing there—was entering. Tim—Tim, strange and pale.

He flung his hat and stick on the hall table, and Ivan, looking at him, did not wonder that he had not been sure that face was Tim's.

"Nice of you to wait up for me, Ivan," he said. "I'm afraid it's rather late." Even the voice was not Tim's voice.

Ivan said sternly: "Of course I waited for you. What in thunder has happened?"

Tim managed a smile—just a terrible mechanical widening of his mouth. "Oh, nothing much," he answered. "I'll tell you about it in the morning." He was edging, like a cat, along the wall, so as to slip past Ivan and get up the stairs to his own room—to shelter.

Ivan found himself trying to guard the escape to the stairs, and checked the impulse. "Are you engaged, Tim?"

"No, not exactly."

"Did she refuse you again?"

"No, not exactly. I'll tell you in the morning. Really, I am too tired to discuss it all tonight."

But Ivan was not so easily evaded. "Where have you been all this time?" he said.

Tim looked at him vaguely. "At Tobernackie, Ivan. I went—"

"But since then. McPherson said you got out at the lodge to walk home. It took almost three hours."

"Well, I walked about—it's a nice night." Ivan saw him cast a quick glance at the window to see whether he spoke the truth or not. Evidently he didn't know, did not perhaps know where he had been for the last three hours.

"My dear Tim," said Ivan, "what *has* happened?"

"I've told you. I went to Tobernackie, and asked Ina to marry me"—a short pause—"and she accepted me. She made a condition—an easy one to fulfill—"

"Not, I hope, that you would never speak to me again?"

"No. Do you think I would have agreed to that? No. This one had nothing to do with you." He slipped past this time and began to mount the stairs.

IVAN let him go. He was too thoroughly baffled to stop him. He put out the remaining lights, locked the front door. Suddenly a fear latent all evening sprang to life. Perhaps Tim had been lying to put him off; perhaps he had been refused and even now meant to take his own life.

He ran upstairs, straight to the boy's room. The door was not locked and he entered.

Tim was standing in the center of the room, very carefully examining a small black revolver. As Ivan entered he flung it down and burst out: "My God, can't you even knock, Ivan? Can I have no privacy at all? Am I to be treated all my life as if I were a baby in arms?"

"When a friend of mine is in trouble, I want to know about it, Tim," said Ivan gravely. "And you are in trouble."

"If you want really to help, you will just leave me alone."

"People always say that when they ought not to be left alone—especially not alone with a gun." He reached forward and would have taken it, but Tim snatched it up. "Oh, no, you don't," he said harshly. "I need that in my business."

There was a moment's silence. Ivan put his hand on the boy's shoulder, only to feel it at once wrench away. "If you are so unhappy as to want to kill yourself, I must know what it's about."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page twenty-one

Tim looked at him, surprised. "I don't want to kill *myself*," he said.

"You want to kill someone else?"

"Ivan, there are beasts—such beasts alive that every honorable man ought to feel humiliated."

So that was it. He was going to kill the other man, the former lover. Ivan drew a breath of relief. That could wait. The chances were the fellow was not in the British Isles. If Tim must go off to Austria to find him, there would be time to attain a more rational point of view. He did not blame the boy—natural and quite impractical. A night's sleep would do wonders, but Cross did not want to wait until morning.

"I wish—" he began, but Tim interrupted.

"For heaven's sake, don't begin to reason with me."

"I won't reason with you," said Ivan. "I only was going to say that I wish you could tell me a little more of the circumstances."

"Well, I can't," said Tim. "I've told you more than I meant to already."

"You haven't told me very much—not even who the man is."

"I haven't heard that myself yet," said the boy. "Good night."

"What you need," said Cross, "is a good stiff drink and a little sleep. I'll go and get you something."

He went down to the dining room and mixed a glass of whisky and soda. "That will unloose his tongue," he thought. It must all be stopped, but in order to stop it he must know the facts. Tim gulped down the whisky without protest, although alcohol was not agreeable to him, particularly in this form. Almost immediately Ivan could see that his tenseness was relaxing; a great exhaustion took possession of him; he could scarcely drag himself into bed. He hardly knew what he was saying—not because he was drunk, but because he was extenuated with fatigue.

"Good night, Ivan," he said. "It's great of you not to give me an argument. I can't discuss it, ever—not tomorrow or any time. You understand. It's all set. It's as good as done."

"It might take a bit of doing," said Ivan.

"No, I don't think so—only I'm glad you agree with me that some sort of vermin shouldn't live. Funny, a moment ago it all seemed so horrible, and now it looks as easy—it was as good as done when I gave my word of honor."

Ivan's back was turned. He was setting down the empty glass which he had caught as it drooped from Tim's hand.

"OH, you promised?" he said casually.

"Yes; in fact, I did a little more; I gave my word of honor. She said she thought I ought to do that: give her my word of honor, so that she could feel sure I would not change my mind—" His voice trailed off. He was almost asleep as he spoke.

"I see," said Ivan. "Well, good night." He put out the light and went out of the room. In all his life he had never been angry as he was angry now.

He shut the bedroom door behind him and stood a moment alone in the upper corridor. Evidently the girl had been betrayed by some villain—a prince, a royal prince possibly. An incident that had once made a deep impression on him—had perhaps always somewhat influenced his life—came now before him. He had been eating at a small inn in Russia on a dark winter afternoon when there had come a great sound of bells and cracking whips outside, and two splendid young men in furs had come shouting in, demanding some special vintage of brandy; tall, slim-hipped, handsome young princes they turned out to be. They sat down beside him. They appeared civilized to the last degree. They spoke English; one, indeed, had been in the embassy in Washington. They told Cross that they were making a trip to their estates, relieving the monotony by taking from each village that they entered at nightfall the two prettiest peasant girls—took the girls with them for the night and let them go.

Wasn't that rather hard on the girls, Ivan had asked. Hard, they exclaimed, disappointed at finding so bourgeois a point of view, not at all. Delightful for the girls—such a dull life as they led. They went back with all the prestige of having been loved, for a night at least, by princes.

Ivan discovered that this was no more than true, and reflected that for a man the sex life of America lacked a certain free splendor. Thus princes had always taken their pleasure. He wondered whether a royal prince would feel toward a Zydov as those boys had felt toward the peasant girls. Even a pink-faced boy like the prince whom he had met the other night would think that any attention he showed a woman was just so much velvet for her.

No, Ivan did not think it unnatural, if Ina had some such story as that to tell, that Tim had wanted to kill the man. The power women had over you when you loved them! You always wanted to kill the man. He felt confident that in the morning he could make Tim see how silly it was. But making the boy see would be facilitated by a pacifying message from Ina. He must get that message; he must also get the facts.

HE went down to the garage and, without waking anyone, took out one of the small cars. It was almost midnight, and the winding road to Tobernackie was deserted—fortunately, for Ivan drove fast. Even in the villages there were no lights. The small gray stone or whitewashed houses stood sometimes so close to the road that it was like driving fast through the corridors of a house; you could touch the walls as you went by.

No, it was not only the desire to protect his nephew that was sending him along the road at that pace. It was anger at the woman he was going to find. She must be made to see that she could not get away with this sort of thing.

The lodge at Tobernackie was dark. Ivan got out and attempted to open the tall iron gates for himself, but they were firmly locked—a ritual, not a means of protection, for the brick wall on either side was not three feet high. Cross turned out the lights of his car and left it. He jumped the wall and walked up the long drive to the house.

Ivan rang the bell with a determined finger.

There was no sound in the house, and he rang again, and once more. Then, abandoning the front door, he walked round the house. All the lower story was in darkness, but a faint light shone from an upper window, a shaded light in the back of the room; probably a reading light at a bedside. Cross had always had the power of making his voice resonant and penetrating without raising it.

He lifted his face toward the lighted window and said: "Countess Ina."

Instantly a shadow flickered on the ceiling, and then nothing.

"Countess Ina," he said again.

She came to the window; he could see her plainly, with the moon in her face—could see the long red-gold braid that suddenly fell over her shoulder and gave a soft thud against the stone sill as she leaned out.

"Who called me?" she said.

"I—Ivan Cross. I want very much to speak to you."

"Now? Tonight?" Her tone was so much surprised, so natural, that Cross began to wonder if the whole situation had not been built up in Tim's imagination.

"I know it must sound queer to you, but I am worried about Tim."

"It could wait until tomorrow, couldn't it?"

"No, really, I don't think that it can."

She stared at him a moment, but she could see nothing, for his back was to the moon. Then she laughed and yielded. "Just wait a few minutes," she said, "and I'll

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

"I will give $10,000 for a Name"

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$5,000
SECOND PRIZE	$1,500
THIRD PRIZE	$500
FORTY	$25.00 PRIZES
TWO HUNDRED	$10.00 PRIZES
TOTAL PRIZES	**$10,000**

ANYBODY can win in this Contest, even though they have never read PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine. But of course, the more you learn about the magazine, the better chance you have of winning. It would be a smart move to read a copy of PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine—the October issue is now on the newsstands. In it you are sure to find many hints, many ideas, many stories which will suggest a new name to you. Thoughts will come to you as you read the wonderful fiction written by world-famous authors; the inspiring articles of successful men and women; the authoritative advice on beauty and health—the brilliant, entertaining contents of a magazine that is new and different today.

Full Details in October Issue

On pages 14 and 15 of the October issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine you will find full details of the Contest together with much helpful information. A special entry blank will also be found on page 15 which will be very convenient for you in trying for a prize. Act now. Get your thinking machinery to work and go after your share of this $10,000 in a big way. Read the October issue today.

"PHYSICAL CULTURE" NEEDS A NEW NAME

The mission of PHYSICAL CULTURE has been to make people stronger, healthier and happier. And there is absolutely no change in these commendable purposes.

But we are now publishing articles and stories of some of the best and most renowned authors. We are spending a huge sum of money every month for the editorial contents of PHYSICAL CULTURE and we are reducing the price to 10c.

What can we name this new magazine which is replete with interesting stories, but which also definitely instructs you in the building of that supreme vitality that makes one feel as rich as Croesus, regardless of his financial status.

We are offering prizes totaling $10,000 for a new name which will definitely indicate to the public the character of this magazine *as it is now being published.*

Excerpt from Editorial in October issue

Bernarr Macfadden

RULES OF THE CONTEST

A 25¢ MAGAZINE FOR 10¢

1. PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine will distribute $10,000 in cash prizes for the best new name available for the magazine. Each name submitted must be accompanied by a slogan of not over 10 words explaining the meaning of the name.

2. This contest is open to everyone everywhere — men, women, boys and girls, except employees of the Publishers of PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine and members of their families.

3. It is not necessary to purchase the magazine to take part in the contest but it will help if you read a copy. You can ask to see it at any public library or borrow a copy from a friend. For the convenience of those who wish it, we are printing on page 14 of the October issue, now on sale, complete details of the contest together with an entry blank on which you can write your entry. This blank is for convenience only. If you prefer you can send in your entry on a sheet of ordinary paper. Print your name and address plainly and put sufficient postage on your letter. Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted. We cannot correspond with anyone on this contest, nor can we return any suggestions submitted.

4. The Contest opens September 4th, and closes at midnight, November 4th, 1931.

5. Literary ability or style are not essential in writing the slogan which will be judged on the basis of how forcefully and appealingly it explains the meaning of the new name you suggest.

6. The winners will be announced in the earliest possible issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE consistent with careful judging.

7. You may send in as many entries as you desire, but no contestant may win more than one prize. Each entry must be on a separate sheet of paper and bear contestant's full name and address.

8. In case of ties each tying contestant will receive the full amount of the prize tied for.

9. The awarding of any prize in this contest makes the entire entry the property of the publishers to use in whatever manner they see fit.

10. By entering this contest you agree to accept the decision of the judges as final.

11. Address all communications to Contest Committee, *Physical Culture Magazine* P. O. Box 210, Station N. New York, N. Y.

PHYSICAL CULTURE
Magazine- ~~25¢~~ -Now 10¢

THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page twenty-two

come down. Though you will own it's rather an odd moment for a visit."

He waited in the shadow of a veranda. A faint disturbing suspicion came to him that he might be making a fool of himself.

Presently lights began to go up on the ground floor. The library suddenly appeared before him like the setting of a play. She opened one of the long windows that gave directly on the veranda, and he stepped in. It was the same room in which Tim had had his first interview with Sir Rodney.

THE library could not have been used since the departure of the Grants, for it had the chill damp air a closed room so easily takes on in that climate. A fire was laid in the grate. Ivan knelt down and put a match to it, and for a few seconds they stood silent, fascinated at watching the fire creep from the paper to the kindling wood to the coal, turning from orange to blue as it went.

Ina had put on a long enveloping black velvet tea gown that covered her neck and arms. She had not taken time to do her hair as she usually did—pinning it down and tucking it away to hide its thickness. Now she had simply taken the great braid and wound it about her head like a crown. Her face looked as white and hard and clear as alabaster. He saw that she was not calm; she was not amused and curious; she was under some terrific strain. The knowledge gave him confidence.

They stood an instant beside the growing fire. Then she asked:

"Now do tell me what has brought you here at this odd hour."

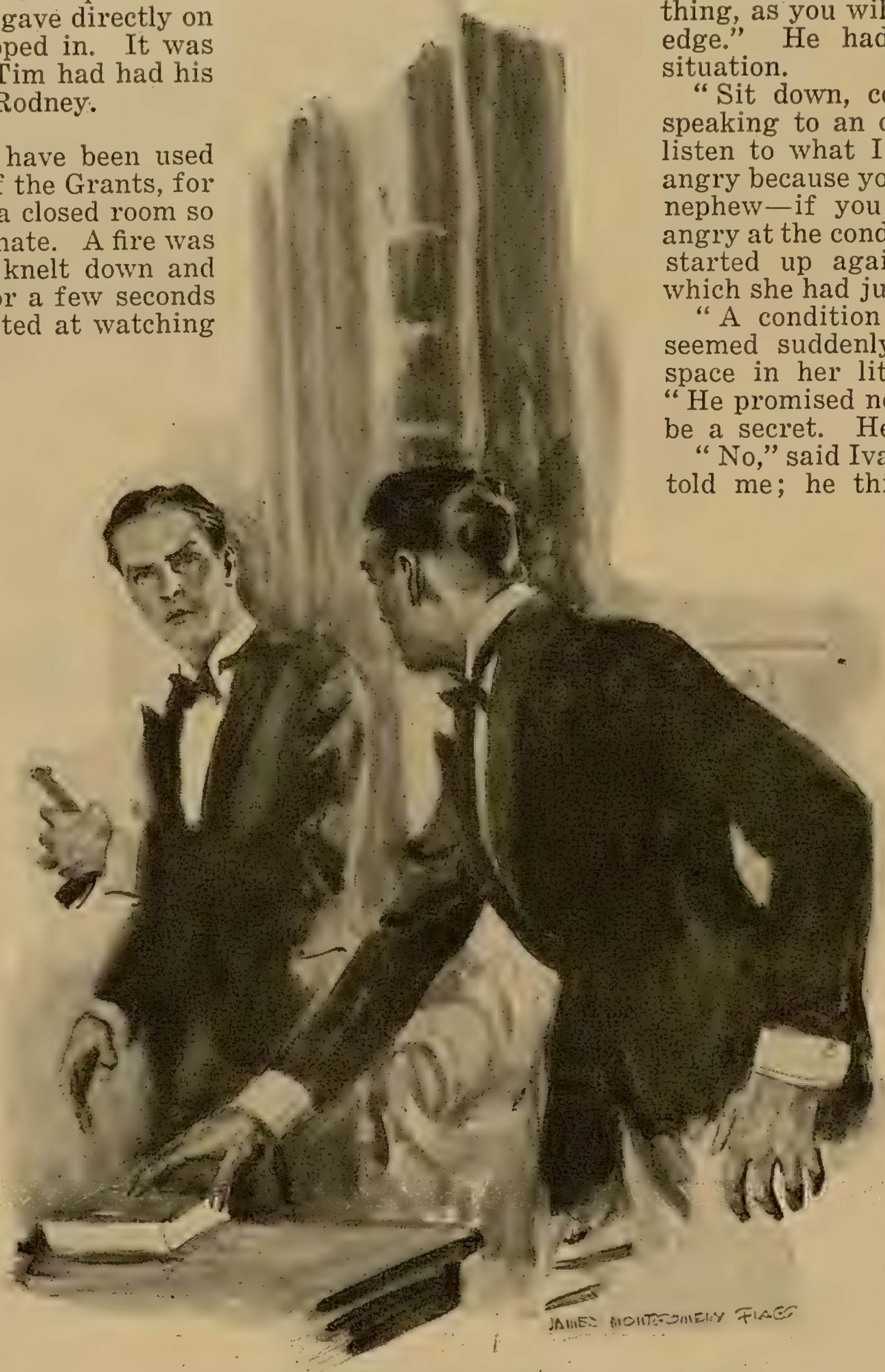
"Anger, I think, is the answer. I find I am very angry."

"Not, I hope, at me," she returned, and managed to convey, first, that he could hardly have any connection with her sufficiently intimate to occasion anger; and, second, that it would be a matter of complete indifference to her if he had.

"Yes," he said, looking at her steadily. "At you."

"At me?" The idea seemed rather to please her, for he could hear a note of exultation behind her feigned surprise. "I thought that I had behaved so beautifully, at least as far as you are concerned. Don't tell me that Tim deceived me when he announced your gracious condescension in being willing to admit a black sheep into the Cross family. He said that you told him you were in no position to criticize any woman's past. Really, Mr. Cross, I was surprised to hear such a confession. I thought all American gentlemen—"

"For God's sake," said Ivan, "stop talking this nonsense." His manner was as rough as he could make it. "If Tim described my attitude in any such way he was wrong."



He reached forward and would have taken it, but Tim snatched it up. "Oh, no, you don't," he said harshly.

"You didn't say that you did not feel yourself in a position to criticize any—"

"When he asked me what I should have done in his place, I told him I should have taken a woman I loved in my arms and said—"

"He did not tell me that. Fortunately. He had too much delicacy to insult me."

"Quietly, quietly," said Cross. "I did not say I would do that to you. I said I would do it to a woman I loved—an entirely different thing, as you will be the first to acknowledge." He had taken control of the situation.

"Sit down, countess," he said, as if speaking to an overwrought child, "and listen to what I have to say. I am not angry because you consented to marry my nephew—if you *have* consented. I am angry at the condition you imposed." She started up again from the chair into which she had just sunk.

"A condition?" she said. Her eyes seemed suddenly to fill twice as much space in her little face as ever before. "He promised not to tell that. It was to be a secret. He has broken his word."

"No," said Ivan. "He thinks he hasn't told me; he thinks I guessed what he means to do and approve of it. He told me so little that I felt obliged to come to you for the whole story."

She moved toward the door, but he was ahead of her. He stood against it. Looking down at her, he said reflectively: "I really think it is the most detestable thing I ever heard of a woman's doing—to take advantage of a boy's adoration of her in order to destroy him."

Suddenly her coolness broke up. Her whole face trembled for a second, and she answered hoarsely: "I have been destroyed."

"HAVE you so?" returned Ivan. "Well, I see no sign of it. You seem to me a strong, healthy, handsome, upstanding young woman. Destroyed? Nonsense."

"There is no point in our talking," she said. "We shall never understand each other. I think I shall wish you good night."

He did not move from the door. "I think I understand you. I believe I can piece out pretty well what has happened. You are a woman of great natural pride and dignity; added to that you were brought up to a tradition of the importance of birth and rank. The idea that any man could desert you—"

"What man do you imagine has deserted me?"

"Naturally I don't know. I don't know who the man is or what the circumstances were."

"You know nothing, but you assume I have been deserted by a lover."

"A woman does not want to kill a man whom she has abandoned."

She didn't answer, and he went on: "I can perfectly imagine how living as much alone as you have done, brooding over this man, whoever he is—and, believe me, I am willing to grant that he was a cur. I hold no brief for the aristocrats of eastern Europe, the little I ever saw of them—"

She gave a sound that was intended to be a laugh. "He was not an aristocrat," she said. "No man of breeding could have behaved as he did. This man would not have been allowed inside the gates of my father's place in the old days."

"Well, whoever it was," Ivan said, "I won't have Tim mixed up in it."

"He has given me his word."

"You must give it back to him."

"I shall never do that."

She spoke like a person in a sort of trance.

"Don't you realize," he said, "that a court of law would hold you just as responsible as Tim?"

"Have you yourself never stepped outside the law?"

"If I have I have taken my own risks, and not got some adoring friend to take them for me."

"You would respect me more if I did the thing myself."

"You bet your life I would."

A FAINT interest stirred in her and died again. "No," she said, "there are difficulties about that."

"I suppose so—the difficulties of a Countess of Zydov getting into the hands of the common hangman."

"Nobody will be hanged for this murder."

"There we agree. Tim isn't going to kill anyone. You made him think he was for a few minutes, because he loves you and you could make him think anything—for a few minutes."

"He is honorable. He will keep his word."

"I assure you that he will not. I have a good deal of confidence that he will see this for himself when he wakes up, but if he doesn't, I contract to make him see it—to see that you were not in earnest yourself; that you were playing a sort of ghastly game."

She hardly noticed his words. "The point is," she said, "that you can't possibly stop him—not now. I have only to tell him who the man is—"

"You haven't done that yet?"

"No, not yet."

"I wonder why not—or, rather, I think I know. You didn't tell him because you don't mean it to happen. You would have told him if you had wanted him to start across Europe."

"He would not have such a long trip to make. I did not tell him because the plan is not quite complete. The instant I do tell him—"

"You never will tell him."

"Why not?"

"Because I shall not allow you to."

"It would be interesting to hear how you mean to prevent it."

"Oh, there are a great many possible ways. In the first place, I cannot help believing you are still susceptible to reason, if one could find the right phrases."

She looked him full in the eye. "Not about this," she said.

"Well," he said, still looking easily

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Get up with a Grin *and a* Saline Cocktail!

IF MORNING finds you out of sorts—dulled, depressed, headachy—there's only one thing to do. March into the bathroom and mix yourself a Saline Cocktail—a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica in a glass of cool water. Then—drink the sparkling mixture down!

The health cocktails of today are fine for your system. Tomato juice, sauerkraut juice, fruit juice—each plays its part in keeping you fit and lively.

But the Saline Cocktail makes you feel your very, very best—all day long!

For Sal Hepatica cleanses your whole system . . . easily, thoroughly, quickly. In half an hour or less, you are a new man. It banishes constipation in a pleasant, gentle way. It combats acidity and purifies the bloodstream. Rheumatism, colds, digestive disorders are all routed by the saline method. And many a woman drinks this sparkling mixture to attain a blemish-free, clear complexion.

Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of Europe's famous spas. When you drink it you get the healthful benefits that bring thousands upon thousands to the springs of Carlsbad, Aix, and Wiesbaden every year!

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page twenty-five

down at her from his great height, "well, if we are just giving our imaginations full play, I might take a leaf out of your book. I might, for instance, kill you." She did not grant him the favor of the smallest change of expression, and he went on: "When you come to think of it, it would be quite easy. No one saw me come in. My car is standing on hard gravel at the lodge. I could easily give the crime the appearance of burglary. Upon my word, countess, I think I should be a fool not to kill you."

She did not exactly smile, but seemed to be enjoying some secret amusement. "This is a threat, I suppose," she said. "To be followed, probably, by a bribe."

NEXT WEEK—

The College Wife

an answer to the problem of education and marriage

by

Judge Ben B. Lindsey

also
stories and articles by
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW
MACKINLEY KANTOR
LAURIE YORK ERSKINE
EDMUND PEARSON
BERT GREEN

"Naturally, countess, I look about for methods of helping the boy out of a mess."

"You might take over his obligations yourself."

"Just to keep the record straight, I don't consider that he has any obligations."

"A grown man's word of honor is not an obligation?"

"Not under these circumstances. But you are right about my being a better murderer than Tim. If you wanted a man killed, why didn't you come to me to do it?"

"Yes, you could do this murder better."

"My dear girl, I could do any murder better. That's what makes me think you are not serious about the whole thing. Tim can hardly make up his mind to kill a grouse. What made you think he could kill a man?"

"I wonder," she answered, "if you thought it all such nonsense, that you took the trouble to drive twelve miles in the middle of the night."

It was a good point. He answered: "If I wanted to rationalize I would say that I recognized a dangerous situation. I wanted to know the facts; I could not get them out of Tim. But the truth is, of course, I came because I was angry, furiously angry at you. Besides, I wanted to tell you that you had failed—that I would not allow this thing to happen."

"My dear Mr. Cross, tell me any possible way in which you can prevent its happening—except, of course, doing it yourself."

Standing still at the door, he rocked thoughtfully on his heels. "No, I shan't do that," he said. "But there are other ways. I might pack him straight off to America. There may even be a boat sailing out of Glasgow tomorrow."

HE was glad to see a faint alarm flare for an instant in her eyes. But she said confidently: "He would not go."

"I believe I could make him."

"Which of us has the more power over him?"

"You mean a beautiful lady love or an austere uncle? It sounds easy, but I don't know. He has obeyed me for a great many years—and trusted me, too."

She smiled at him. "Do you imagine he would go without saying good-by to me? One interview—that is all I need. He would sail perhaps, but the other man would be dead."

Cross' brow contracted. The fact that the man was within reach did make the situation tenser, more dangerous. He drew a chair up facing her and sat down.

"Now listen to me," he said. "As I understand it, you intend to marry Tim only if he does this dirty job for you?"

"Only then."

"But if he does it, you will marry him?"

She bent her head. "Yes," she said, "and I keep the promises that I make."

"Well, look a little ahead, then," said Cross. "Suppose he kills this man and no one suspects him. Do you think that either you or he would be happy? Do you think Tim would continue to love a woman who had used him like that?"

"I haven't thought about it."

"I'm sure you haven't."

"You see, I don't expect happiness. I've never had it."

"But this sort of unhappiness—so poisoned and bitter—"

She put her face suddenly forward as she answered: "No unhappiness could be as poisoned and bitter as mine has always been—knowing that this enemy of mine was strutting about the world amusing himself with other women."

Looking straight into her eyes he could see the pupils grow small like little dots, and he said to himself that she was a madwoman; no use to talk to her; and yet he felt he must keep on trying.

"Then take it at its worst," he went on. "Tim would certainly give himself away. He would be suspected, tried, and they are not very kindly to murderers in this country. He would be hanged. If you were able to pull this thing off just as you want to, you would give your soul to undo it before the end came."

SHE sighed as if infinitely wearied of him. "I have no doubt," she said, "that I should have my moments of weakness."

"Of weakness? Of sanity? Oh, Ina, don't you know you are not sane about this?"

She turned her great eyes on him. "There are experiences that drive people insane."

"What makes me angry is the intolerable folly of it."

"Folly? You call my agony folly?"

"You might be so happy—a lovely woman like you and a boy like Tim who worships you and is as straight as a string. You must be fond of him, I should think."

"*Fond* of him?"

"Aren't you?"

"The idea of marrying him revolts me—that insipid, ignorant child. Does that give you some idea of my passion for revenge?"

"Well, by heaven," said Ivan, "if you feel like that about him you shall not marry him—my poor Tim."

"Did you really think I could love him?" she said, and she seemed more angry at this idea than at anything that had gone before. "Your eyes must be blinded by your affection for him. That child! I— I— who have had—"

She hesitated and he completed her sentence: "—have had proposals from princes and potentates, I suppose?"

"Any girl in my position has."

"And why did you refuse them?"

"Don't you know why? Because I did not care to tell *them* the story I have had to tell your nephew."

"None of them would have been such fools as to promise what Tim promised. What a fool—to promise to kill the man a woman still loves!"

She drew her head back as if from a snake. "I love him? That man?"

"Of course you do. You can't bear the idea of his being happy with another woman."

"No, I want him to die because he deserves to die."

"So you say."

"Everyone would say so who knew the truth."

"Well, what is the truth?"

There was silence. He could hear her long difficult breaths as she stared at him with those wild wide-opened eyes, like the eyes, he thought, of men just coming out of battle. Deserves to die? A new and horrible explanation occurred to him. Why had he never thought of it before?

"You must tell me what happened," he said roughly, and then, as she covered her face with her hands, added in a tone of melting tenderness: "No, no, tell me nothing, if it's too painful."

Still with her face covered, she answered: "I *want* to tell you."

He was flattered by the sincerity of her tone. Everything began to clear—the day she had struck him on the ramparts. What had he said? That women were willing and screamed too late. What a gross inane thing to say. He felt sick with shame at the remembrance. No wonder she had struck him. How well he now understood what at the time seemed so inexplicable. Proud, lonely, helpless. No wonder her refuge had been hatred—hatred of the whole masculine sex. A man could give his life to protecting and consoling her—a man, for it was a man's job; not a boy's, not Tim's, but his—his.

"Tell me," he said sternly, "that is, if you want an avenger."

"I do," she whispered.

"You want to tell me? You are quite sure?"

"Quite sure." She took her hands away from her face. "Sit there," she said, and she settled in a chair opposite him as if she were never going to move again.

Upon Ina's past depends the future of those you've met in this story. You'll learn about that strange past in next week's concluding installment.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Insulin is a specific for what disease?

2—What is a holding company?

3—Which is greater in area, the United States or Brazil?

4—What is Betelgeuse?

5—Who was called the Sage of Monticello?

6—What is the source of "The course of true love never did run smooth"?

7—Did President Wilson sign the Volstead Act?

8—What is the medical name for infantile paralysis?

9—How did Judas Iscariot die?

10—Who was Praxiteles?

11—In what states is the Dismal Swamp?

12—Who was The Cid?

13—What cities were destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 A. D.?

14—Which one of the Great Lakes extends farthest south?

15—Where is Smith College located?

16—What is the difference in time between New York and Denver?

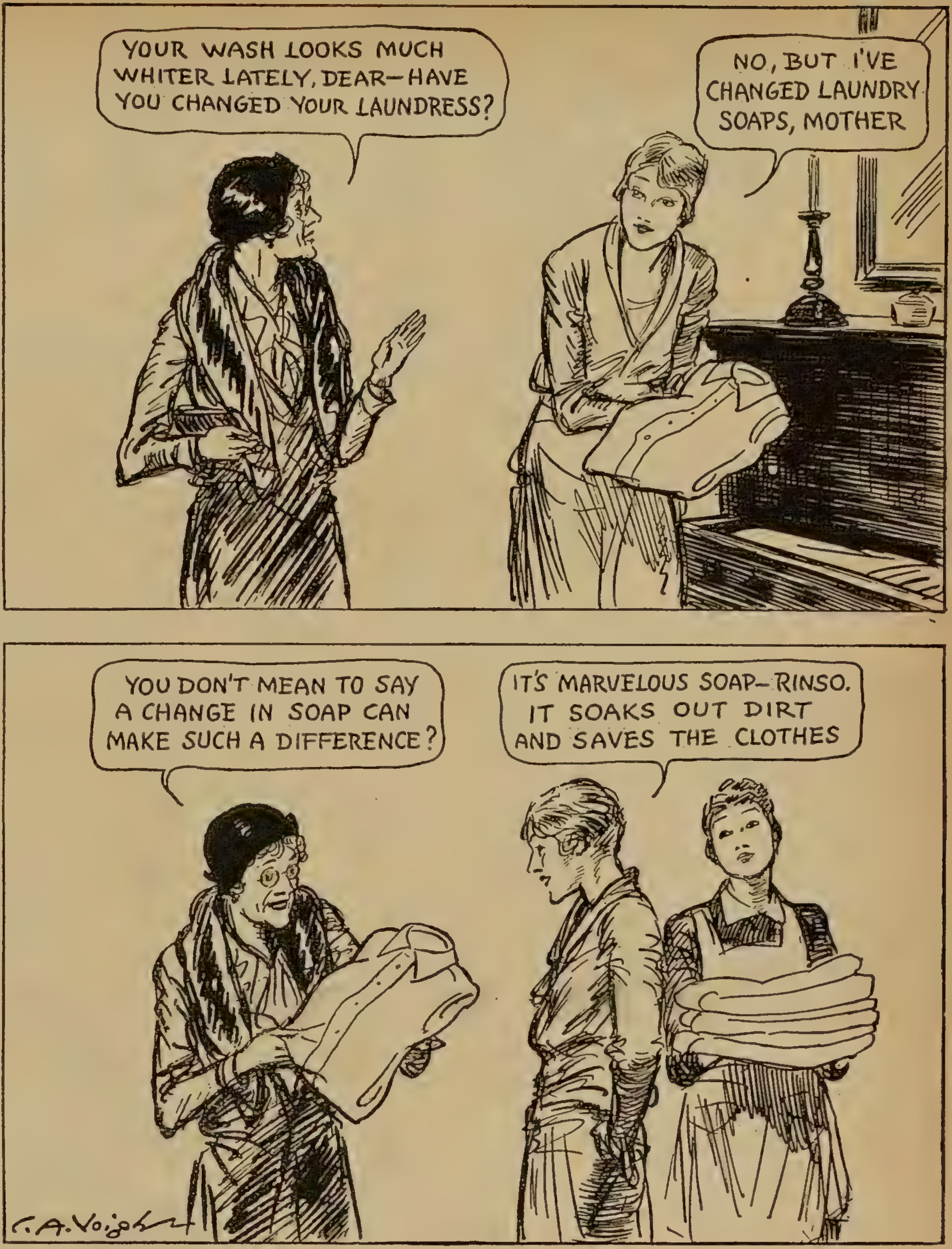
17—What is a malingerer?

18—What was the former name of Istanbul, Turkey?

19—How many vertebræ in the human spinal column?

20—What was the birth state of General Grant?

(Answers will be found on page forty-six)


YOUR WASH LOOKS MUCH WHITER LATELY, DEAR—HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR LAUNDRESS?
NO, BUT I'VE CHANGED LAUNDRY SOAPS, MOTHER
YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY A CHANGE IN SOAP CAN MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE?
IT'S MARVELOUS SOAP—RINSO. IT SOAKS OUT DIRT AND SAVES THE CLOTHES
C. A. Voight

See how these "wonder suds" save scrubbing, boiling

Whiter washes, brighter colors—*safely*

WHAT a wonder-working soap Rinso is! It whips at once into a torrent of rich suds—even in hard water. Live, lasting suds that soak away dirt.

"Clothes don't need to be scrubbed or boiled," says Mrs. Adeline Price of Los Angeles. "So nice and easy on the wash," says Mrs. A. G. Olson of Duluth. *Millions* get whiter washes this new way—*thousands* have written to tell us how marvelous Rinso is!

Great in washers, too

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps.

No bar soaps—no water softener needed. The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso for safety—for whiter and brighter washes. Great for dishwashing and all cleaning. Get the BIG handy package.

If you don't use Rinso, send your name and address and we will send you FREE a full-sized package. Write to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 89, Cambridge, Mass.

Millions use Rinso
in tub, washer and dishpan

Rinso
The Granulated Soap
2 sizes
most women buy the large package

Huckleberry's

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 5 min. 40 sec.)

HOLLYWOOD is at it again!

Mark Twain's The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn has just emerged from the Hollywood talkie mills.

Here the producers selected a great novel, a story of boyhood that has been successful in nearly every language. No doubt they chose it because of its obvious universal appeal.

What did the movie moguls do? They proceeded to improve, to adapt, to give Huckleberry Finn what they considered to be a box-office quality. In this way an adult study of life along the Mississippi with a boy as its hero becomes a juvenile comic-strip entertainment.

Thus Hollywood has succeeded in making a film that will annoy and disappoint both those who love this priceless panorama of boyhood and those to whom it is just a name.

Don't ask me why.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ HUCKLEBERRY FINN

CAST

Tom Sawyer	Jackie Coogan
Huckleberry Finn	Junior Durkin
Becky Thatcher	Mitzi Green
Sid Sawyer	Jackie Searl
Jim	Clarence Muse
Aunt Polly	Clara Blandick
Widow Douglas	Jane Darwell
Junior	Eugene Pallette
Senior	Oscar Apfel
Finn	Warner Richmond
Mary Jane	Charlotte V. Henry
Teacher	Frank McGlynn

Directed by Norman Taurog.
Produced by Paramount.

This romance of steamboat days on the Mississippi comes very near being the greatest work of any American. Indeed, I think it is the finest of all our native literature.

Mark Twain wrote with the humor and humanness of greatness when he transcribed the adventures of Huck, the attempts of Huck and Tom to aid the runaway slave, Jim, the escape on the raft, and the meeting with those priceless and racy scamps, the King and the Duke of Bilgewater.

Here some of this comes to the screen in adulterated comic-strip form. The climax of the film seems to be the capitulation of Tom and Huck before the charms of Becky Thatcher and Mary Jane, sentimental events not conceived by Mr. Clemens. The runaway Negro, Jim, is transformed into a wandering minstrel. That rare old drunkard, Huck's dad, who worried over the fate of our government, becomes a regulation villain. And Tom Sawyer is made to share all of Huck's adventures.

The failure of this film to catch much of the superb spirit of Twain is rather a shock after the same studio's filming of Tom Sawyer. That version was measurably successful.

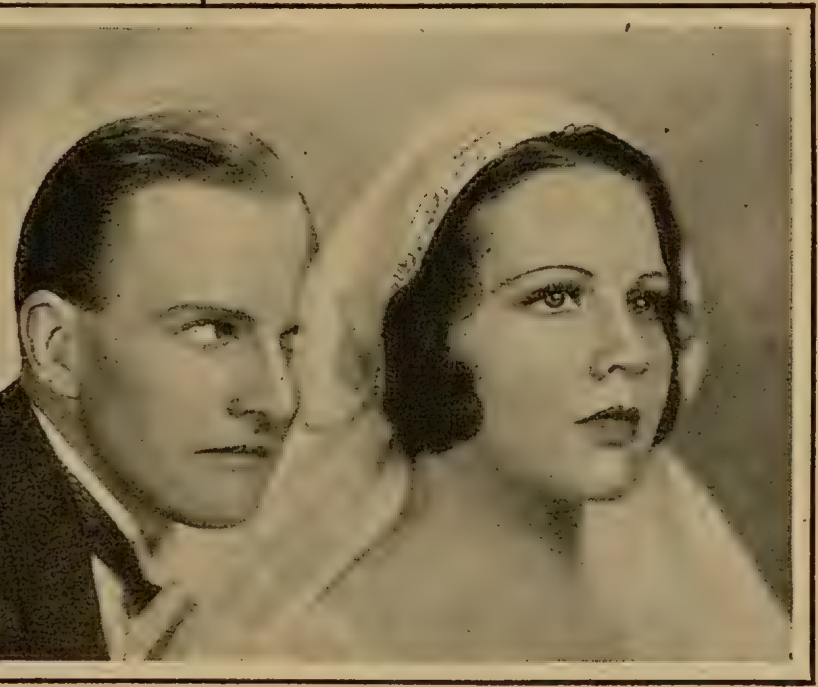
The characters are enacted by the

Jackie Coogan, Eugene Pallette, and Junior Durkin as three of the immortal characters in Huckleberry Finn.

FINISH

Mark Twain's Famous Story Undergoes a Transformation on the Screen

*mething (what-
er it is) seems to
ve come between
vid Manners and
rbara Stanwyck in
is scene from The
Miracle Woman.*



Geoffrey Kerr and Mary Brian in the colorful film, The Run Around.

The thoughtful-looking lady is Evelyn Brent in Traveling Husbands.

same juvenile players. Jackie Coogan is Tom, Junior Durkin is Huck, Mitzi Green is Becky, and Jackie Searl is Sid Sawyer. Those royal scoundrels are done by Oscar Apfel and Eugene Pallette, characters I have always hoped to see played by W. C. Fields and Raymond Griffith.

The adaptation of Huckleberry Finn seems to be more an effort to continue the adventures of two successful box-office characters than an attempt at a faithful and sympathetic transcription of Twain's greater work.

The direction was given to Norman Taurog, maker of Skippy, rather than to John Cromwell, who filmed Tom Sawyer.

★ ★ THE MIRACLE WOMAN

CAST

Florence Faith Fallon	Barbara Stanwyck
John Carson	David Manners
Hornsby	Sam Hardy
Mrs. Higgins	Beryl Mercer
Simpson	Charles Middleton

Directed by Frank Capra.
Produced by Columbia.

This film has a real idea. A young woman, embittered by the treatment given her father, an old minister, starts out to live luxuriously and lavishly *via* religion. He dies penniless as he is being discarded by his flock, so she sets out to get her revenge as a spectacular evangelist.

Her religion is a racket and her miracles are phony, for she carries a vast circus retinue. It is a great game until she comes to love a young blind man who believes in her. Where, then, is the miracle to bring sight to the man she loves?

Unfortunately, the film gets involved in conventionalities. There is a scoundrelly manager who tries to make the pretty soul-saver his by fair means or foul. The idea runs up the blind alley of Hollywood melodrama.

Yet, thanks to Barbara Stanwyck's sincere playing of the young woman who plays her hymns on a cash register, the film has a real vitality. And I liked David Manners as the sightless ex-aviator.

★ TRAVELING HUSBANDS

CAST

Ruby	Evelyn Brent
Ellen	Constance Cummings
Barry	Frank Albertson
Hymie	Hugh Herbert
Dan	Stanley Fields

Directed by Paul Sloane.
Produced by Radio Pictures.

Traveling salesmen have been under the terrific spotlight of Hollywood rather often recently—and they have been shown up as pretty shoddy playboys on the average. I regret to report that nearly always they neglect their wives and indulge in all sorts of cheap romance.

Here the bad boy with the sample trunks and the telephone numbers gets shot by the gungirl he had betrayed, while the good boy gets the big order and the nice but stupid young society belle.

Evelyn Brent is the betrayed Ruby, but my vote for the best performance goes to Stanley Fields as a hard-boiled but understanding hotel detective.

★ THE RUN AROUND

CAST

Evelyn	Mary Brian
Margy	Marie Prevost
Fred	Geoffrey Kerr
Howard	Johnny Hines
Lou	Joseph Cawthorne

Directed by William J. Craft.
Produced by Radio Pictures.

Filmed in colors, this is another variation of the fable of the good girl of the chorus and the rich man about town.

The wealthy chap tried to win our Evelyn without the aid of a wedding ring. There is a slangy showgirl pal of the heroine and an old fellow they get to pose as her father. The usual comedy complications end in a church ceremony.

Prismatic and passable, this is one of those films you can take or let alone.

Do you know that—

Austria has voted Mickey Mouse as its favorite actor, with Emil Jannings as second choice?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant, Skippy, The Front Page, City Lights.

★★★—Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire. Dirigible, Tabu, Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On, Strangers May Kiss, Dishonored, The Last Parade, Pagliacci, East Lynne, Father's Son, Honor Among Lovers.

I Flew *the*
for PIGS'

" The Danes know how to give a big welcome! " says Otto, remembering this experience in Copenhagen.

A Flying Dutchman's Own Story of His Quest for Some Sauerkraut and Beer

At Harbor Grace. Left to right, Gatty, Post, Holger Hoiriis, and Otto.

Otto Hillig and, at

By OTTO HILLIG

(Reading time: 19 minutes 33 seconds.)

TO advertise Liberty, I flew across the Atlantic. Liberty, New York, my home town. Liberty had done a lot for me; I wanted to hit a lick for Liberty. And it was some flight. It cost me $35,000, and now I'm home again, busted and happy, with a million dollars' worth of fun and memories.

The idea of flying across the Atlantic had been in my head a long time. I was all set when the Graf Zeppelin went on its trip around the world. I wanted to make that trip, bought my ticket, and was ready to start. Then, for some reason—because I was a photographer, I heard, and they were afraid I would take some pictures and violate the exclusive picture concession they had sold elsewhere—the Graf people canceled my passage.

So when the Graf Zeppelin sailed I was over in Newark, New Jersey, in a bed in a hotel, reading a newspaper. The paper carried a page of pictures showing the airship and the passengers. Globe-trotters, the caption called them. My picture was first in the line! And there I was, left behind. Disappointed? I'll say I was.

A newspaper man told me I had a good damage suit against the Graf Zeppelin. I'd paid $9,500 for my ticket, and for weeks my mouth had been fixing for pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut and some good German beer. And they left me behind. I was sore. I hunted up a lawyer.

" Have I got a suit against the Graf Zeppelin? "

" You have."

" Then," I said, " let's sue."

" All right," he says. " Come with me."

I went. " What are you going to do? " I asked.

" Client," he told me, " I'm going to attach the Graf Zeppelin. If you don't go on this trip, then the Graf don't go. How's that? "

It sounded pretty good, so we got a court order attaching the Graf Zeppelin. We took it and served it on one of her officials. He read it—maybe three times.

" Humph! " he said. " Very interesting. But it don't mean a thing, Otto, not a thing! "

" Why not? " asked the lawyer.

" Well," the fellow said, " this order ain't signed."

We grabbed it and looked at it. Sure enough, the clerk had forgot to sign it. And by the time we got his John Hancock on it the Graf had gone. But it had to come back, and when it did we nailed it. That time the papers were all right, and the Graf people settled out of court. If I'd gone on the Graf, the chances are about 1,000 to 1 I'd never have flown over in my airplane, the Liberty.

After the Graf people settled I still hankered for that ride across the Atlantic and for those German pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut. But I put my Graf Zeppelin money in my friend Frank Bridges' bank at Liberty, New York, where I have my home and my business—commercial photographer—and I tried to think about the trip, the pigs' knuckles, and the sauerkraut as little as possible.

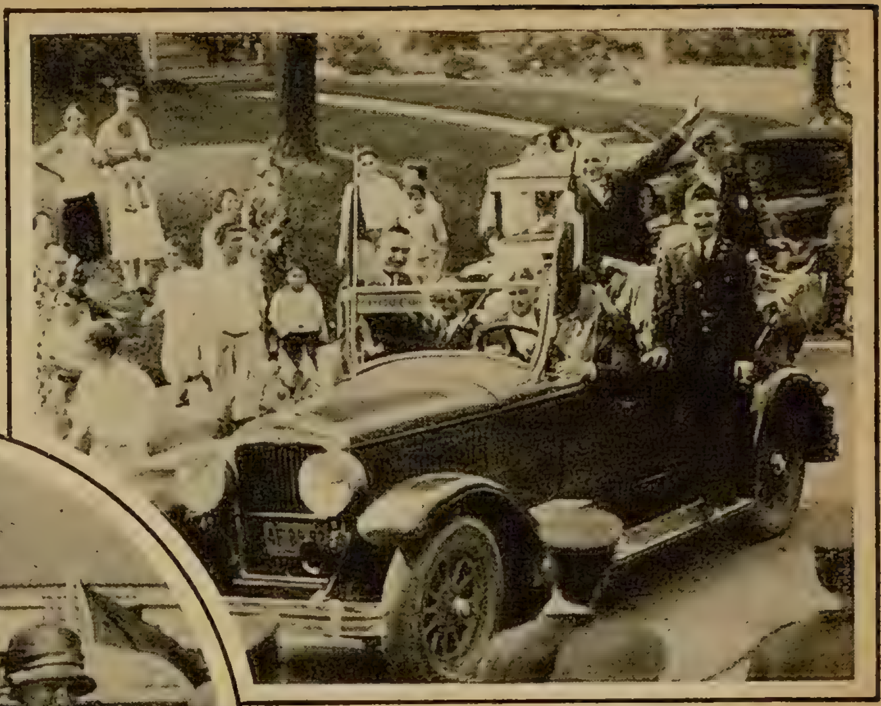
Then, many months afterward, Holger flew into my life. Holger Hoiriis, that is: the young fellow who piloted the Liberty across the ocean. Holger had come to Liberty to do some flying. He came to see me.

" How'd you like," he asked me, " to fly across the ocean? " Right away I could taste that sauerkraut. In fifteen minutes we were making plans for the flight. The first thing we needed, of course, was a good plane with a good motor. The Bellanca plane with the Wright motor—that was the one we decided on—would cost about $23,000. I went down to the bank and saw Bridges.

" Frank," I asked him, " how much money could I get if I mortgaged everything I own? "

" I don't know, Otto," he told me. " How much money do you want? And what do you want it for? " I knew

Atlantic *KNUCKLES*



The welcome home to Liberty, New York. Otto is gesturing; the head he seems about to pat is Holger's.

Acme photos

Holger's mother at his side in the Copenhagen welcome; at left, Otto.

ight, Holger Hoiriis.

Frank well, so I told him. He promised to help me. Then I told some of my other friends. Soon it was all over town. "Otto's crazy," a lot of them said.

You know how stubborn a Dutchman can be when he really tries; well, that's me. I was born in Germany and am proud of it. I'd made up my mind to go, and when my good friends and neighbors saw they couldn't stop me they swung over to my side. Soon everybody in town was whooping it up for Otto. It warmed the old cockles, too.

We got the plane. Holger flew it and tested it and got some more instruments and put them in. I was with him a lot of the time. Once, when I came down to Newark, I asked Guy Vaughn, the president of the company that built the motor, if he wouldn't send a mechanic to Harbor Grace to go over it when it got there. He sort of chuckled, but said he would, and handed me a contract to sign.

"I can't sign this," I told him, "till I see my lawyer. I don't understand it and I want him to read it over."

I TOOK it to Gus Williams at Liberty—he's my lawyer and Gus went over it. "It reads like a bill for thirteen hundred and fifty-seven dollars," he said, and he showed me the part about the $1,357. That money was to be paid to cover a long list of things that were done already or would have to be done by the mechanic at Harbor Grace.

"It says," Gus told me, "that you'll have to pay the money if you don't start across the ocean in sixty days."

"But what about it if I do start?"

"Then you won't have to pay. No hop, no free service. Hop off, and it costs you nothing."

Mr. Vaughn must have thought we were just fooling about that flight. Well, I fooled him; I went.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. Holger took the plane over to Floyd Bennett Field at New York. There he spent a lot of time at Doc Kimball's office. Doc Kimball's the weather man there—one of the best friends aviators can ever hope to have, too—and Doc was giving Holger the straight dope about the weather. Holger was going to telephone me when the time was right.

One night my phone rang. I was at Liberty, asleep; it woke me up. Holger was on the wire.

"Better come on down," he told me. "We can start soon as you get here."

Ernie Hood drove me down to the field. Holger called for the 250 gallons of gas he'd ordered. Through some mistake, it wasn't there. There wasn't any gas to be had, and here we were, ready to hop. We had a little gas in the tank, so we flew over to Teterboro, New Jersey, and got 250 gallons there to take us to St. John.

At last we were on our way. It was the first leg of the trip to Copenhagen or bust. We made St. John all right and then went on to Harbor Grace for the final leg of the trip. Meantime my friends Frank Bridges and Jack Beck, old Liberty pals, had gone on ahead by steamer. That's the way they felt about it. They knew we were going to make it and they wanted to be on hand at Copenhagen to welcome us when we landed.

That's all there was back of my transatlantic flight. I'm not holding out a thing. I'd been here in the United States forty years, and all my ties and interests were in the good old home town of Liberty, but I did long to go back to Europe on just that sort of trip.

As for Holger, he's Danish. He's been over here seven years. The Danes take pride in considering themselves the Scotsmen of Europe. Not so loose, you know. I didn't find out what some folks thought about Holger going till I got back to New York. He wanted the destination made Copenhagen, and I was perfectly willing; I could understand why a Dane would want to go back to Copenhagen, but I didn't get all the story as some others had it.

It all came out in a Danish song composed especially for the welcome the Danes gave Holger and me when we got back to New York. The song was written and sung in Danish. I don't understand that language. So when those Danes broke into a hearty laugh as this song was sung, I turned to Holger and asked him what the joke was.

"The song says," he told me, "that Holger was a Danish boy who came to America and hunted seven years till he found a Dutchman who would pay his fare back."

Well, as one of the newspapers put it, I brought transatlantic flying down to the level of pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut. That tells it about right. It won't be long now

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I FLEW THE ATLANTIC FOR PIGS' KNUCKLES
Continued from page thirty-one

before we ordinary people who work for a living and who like plain fare, such as sauerkraut, will be flying across the Atlantic regularly. I get quite a kick out of being the first of that tribe to have done it.

Holger and I had one thing in common that I think I should mention here. We could both write poetry. When we discovered it, we got together and composed a poem. Here it is:

Together we stand,
Together we fall,
Together we fly,
Together we die.

I hope you like it. Anyhow, we said it over and over and over again far out over the ocean, winging our way through sunshine, moonlight, mist, cloud, and storm. Sometimes we wondered a bit at those last two lines:

Together we fly,
Together we die.

Yes, "Together we die." Those should have been our last words if anything had gone wrong. Out alone in the mighty silence we'd have gone down, together. But, shucks! It would have been only half as hard with Holger there.

We reached Harbor Grace with Bob Moffat, the Wright mechanic, riding the gas tanks, and started to get ready for the real hop, the one across the ocean. Post and Gatty came in while we were there and we helped them load up and saw them roar away into the eastern night. We probably would have got away ahead of them if we hadn't been delayed by having to fix a gas pump.

The Liberty, in which Otto flew the Atlantic.

Acme photos

Otto back at work in his studio.

Finally Moffat had the engine going sweetly and all was ready. Nice chap, Moffat, but he couldn't understand why I should wear my deputy sheriff's badge on the flight. How should I know what traffic conditions would be over the Atlantic? I'm glad I wore it, too, for later on, when the King of Denmark made me a knight, I had to answer a lot of questions. One went something like this:

"What other decorations of honor do you possess?"

Thanks to the good old sheriff back home, I was able to hold my head up when I answered that one.

"Deputy sheriff of Sullivan County," I told 'em.

HOLGER got stubborn, too, there at Harbor Grace. He started the argument over my briefcase.

"You can't take that thing along," he said. "Don't you realize we can't carry an ounce more than we have to?"

"But, Holger," I told him, "I've got to take my briefcase. It's got letters in it to the King of Denmark."

It didn't make any difference; he just said it couldn't go. And I said it would. I was very firm about it. No briefcase, no Otto—that's the way I put it.

So we left the briefcase behind. I took the letters, though.

When we were all ready to go and the engine was turning over in a happy purr, I suddenly thought of something. Being a professional photographer, I had forgotten my camera. Like the plumber and his tools, you know. I knew just where I'd left it—in my room at the hotel. So we let the plane idle and sent a taxi driver back for it. He came back and said he couldn't find it. We sent another taxi driver. *He* found it just where I knew he would—under the window sash, propping it up. Forty-five minutes we'd waited while Holger cussed, but I should go without my camera!

"All ready!" Holger sings out.

I think maybe this is my last day on earth. And it's such a pretty day, too. I think that maybe, after all, the fish will get Otto. But, oh, boy, what a runway! What a beauty! You roar down at 100 miles an hour and you either burst into a thousand pieces or you find yourself in the air. I look at my watch; it is 5:15.

I TURNED my head and looked out and there was Bob Moffat, standing to one side with a smirk on his face, and I said to myself, "I know what you're thinking, Bob. It's 'Good-by, you old Dutchman; you're gone.'"

Then I thought of a verse I learned at school. "We were crowded in the cabin"; that's the way it began. Let me tell you, we *were* crowded in the cabin. The Liberty was built to carry six people—five passengers, that is, and the pilot. But now all that space had been turned over to gasoline and oil. We had nearly 4,800 pounds of it. Crowded in the cabin? There wasn't even room for doubt. Holger couldn't straighten out his legs.

All this I thought about as we zoomed down the runway.

Then we left the ground and all my nervousness was gone. In fifteen minutes we were out of sight of land. There we were, swinging in space, with the sky above us, the sun straight ahead, and the ocean below. In twenty minutes we were up 2,500 feet. We kept on climbing, and before long we were 7,000 feet up. The Grand Banks slipped under us. They were cloud-covered. I should never see a grander sight, I hope to tell you.

Soon we flew into the rainstorm Doc Kimball had told us we couldn't escape. We tried to fly over it—but, bang! Right into it! At nine o'clock it had been raining for an hour. After a while we got above the clouds again. We were 12,000 feet up then; more than two miles. And all afternoon we flew above the clouds.

At one o'clock I served dinner. It was a roast chicken. The people at Harbor Grace had forgot to put in the bread and butter. They had forgot the knives, forks, and napkins, too. Good forgetters, they were. Holger caught the chicken by one leg and I got the other and we pulled. That's how we carved it. I found a cloth we'd been using a little on the engine and we put the chicken on that. Did you ever eat chicken with oil and gasoline sauce? Don't. Soon we had plenty. I put the rest away.

In case of sickness I'd brought along a little bottle of kümmel. Now I felt a little sick, so I took a little drink. Soon I felt worse, and I threw the bottle away. No good, I figured. Later we ate a few more bites of the chicken, but it was no good either, so I threw it to the fishes. If they weren't going to get Otto, they ought to have something, I figured.

I took pictures with my camera, but some of them were no good. It seems I'd fixed my shutter for a time exposure and had forgot to change it. Later on, though, I got some good pictures. I kept a log, too, and every fifteen minutes or so would jot something down.

Once I noticed ice was forming on the wires and wings, and it scared me a little. We got up higher, over the clouds. The moon came out; it was beautiful.

Through a hole in the clouds we saw two ships way down below. They looked like toy ships. We tried to signal them with our flashlights, but they didn't see us.

After a time we both got sleepy. I couldn't go to sleep because I had to keep Holger awake. He asked me to slap him, to pinch him, to punch him, to keep him from dozing off. Believe me, I did all those things. I let the cold air rush in, too, through the cabin door. Still we got sleepier and sleepier.

ONCE Holger said I'd better put some gas into the tank. I emptied in four cans and threw the empty tins overboard.

One of them got caught in the rudder—and there we were flying over the ocean with a tin can tied to our tail. We couldn't lose it, and it worried us. We kept wondering what that tin can would do to us when we landed, wondering if we'd crack up. Fortunately we shook it loose before we came to land. And we were absolutely disgusted with flying so many solid hours over nothing but clouds. After a long time Holger said:

" I'm going down."

I didn't like the idea. " What will you do down there? " I asked.

" Well, if I don't like it down there, I can come back," he said. And then he started down. That dive made me sick at my stomach.

Down, down, down we went. I thought we'd never stop. When we got down to 1,000 feet we flattened out somewhat and took it easier. Finally we broke through the clouds. We were up only 150 feet and water was under us. It looked mighty wet.

Up we went again. Not long afterward we looked down through a hole in the clouds. Land! By golly! Did I feel good? Holger was excited, too. We shook hands. Then we dived through that hole and under the clouds.

Pretty country it was. We thought it was England; thought maybe we hadn't allowed enough for the drift of the wind carrying us south. Holger brought his plane down low and we circled over some farmers in a field. Three times, over three sets of farmers.

" What country is this? " we shouted to them. " Is this England? "

They said nothing, but looked at us stupidly.

" It ain't England," Holger said. " It's Germany. Nobody but a Dutchman could be as dumb as that."

After we'd flown a couple of hours, I, too, knew it wasn't England. If it had been, we'd have flown across it and over the North Sea. We pointed the nose of the plane northeast, trying for Copenhagen.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

It's HIS JOB to dig up IDEAS

. . . Here he tells how he does it

EVERY once in a while some pipe smoker becomes so filled with the joy of pipe smoking that he just feels he has to write and tell us about it. And every once in a while one of these letters is so good we just have to print it so our friends can see it too.

The letter below from E. V. Willey of Tulsa, Oklahoma, to our advertising man is one of that kind:

Dear Sir:

"As one advertising man to another I know the value of testimonials, especially if they come unsolicited. Right here I want to say that Edgeworth is a good tobacco; in fact, I think it's the best on the market.

"No one values a good smoke as much as the advertising man who must scratch his head and dig up ideas. It's mighty nice to be able to reach for the pipe and the blue tin of Edgeworth, fill the bowl, take a few puffs of your favorite tobacco and then go ahead.

"One day one of my friends on the golf links asked me for some tobacco. After he took a good puff of the Edgeworth I gave him he said, 'Say! You smoke good tobacco, don't you?'

"I felt complimented and I know you will too."

We do feel complimented, Mr. Willey. And we're certainly happy that you took the time to write us such a nice letter.

Almost *every* man who tries Edgeworth likes this fine old smoke. Won't you consider this a personal invitation to try a tin of Edgeworth yourself? It has proved to be the real pleasure smoke for many, many others. Perhaps it will give you that same cooling, comforting solace which has won so many other men.

Edgeworth is at your dealer's. Or, if you wish to try before you buy, clip the coupon below for a special sample packet of Edgeworth, free. Larus & Bro. Co., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Virginia.

The secret of Edgeworth's flavor is in its blend of fine old burleys. Its natural savor is insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process. For the pleasure of smokers it is put up in two forms: Edgeworth Ready Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Sold by dealers nearly everywhere. If your dealer will not supply you, send your order to the makers, Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Virginia. Pocket Size Tin, 15¢. Half-pound Tin, 75¢. Pound Humidor Tin, $1.50. Also packed in Vacuum Tins in pound and half-pound sizes.

15¢

CLIP COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

Send me the Edgeworth sample packet. I'll try the Edgeworth in a *good* pipe.

Name__________

Address__________

City and State__________ B-90

LISTEN TO THE DIXIE SPIRITUAL SINGERS AS THEY SING IN THE EDGEWORTH FACTORY, N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK EVERY THURSDAY EVENING

I FLEW THE ATLANTIC FOR PIGS' KNUCKLES
Continued from page thirty-three

All this time I was keeping my eyes open for a name painted on a roof. There wasn't any. Holger flew low and I tried to read the names on the railroad stations. No luck. I tried then to make out the automobile license plates on the cars we saw. Again, no luck. But if I'd only brought a spyglass along, we'd have known. At last I saw a sign painted on a roof.

Bellevue!

Well, that just made me sick again. I remembered Bellevue Hospital in New York City. Was it possible that we were over New York? Where were we, anyhow?

Then in a couple of seconds I thought, "Why, we must be over France! Of course!—Bellevue is French." And I was right; for not long thereafter we came to another sign—Ostend! We knew then just where we were, and headed the plane for Denmark and Copenhagen.

We were flying low most of the time, and we were both so sleepy we could hardly keep our eyes open. I had to do a lot of slapping, and Holger kept telling me to give him more. We wrote a few notes, too, and hollered at each other.

Presently I saw a fine landing field. I pointed down. Holger shook his head. "'Tain't Copenhagen," he says.

"It's good enough for me," I said. "I want to land."

"Not yet," he says. "That ain't Copenhagen."

"Holger," I shouted, "you should land! Land! Understand?"

"No," says Holger. "'Tain't Copenhagen."

I shook him. "Holger," I said, "I'll never ask you another favor so long as I live, but you should go down now and land right there on that nice ground."

But he shook his head again. "'Tain't Copenhagen."

Then I got mad. Not very mad, but a sort of sleepy mad.

"All right," I said. "If you don't land, I will. I'm going to go right out through that cabin door. No joking, Holger; I'm honest with you. I want to land!"

So he did land; a beautiful landing. And the next thing I knew, the police were there, and Holger was asleep. It was Krefeld, Germany.

"Where are you from?" they asked.

"Just came over from America," I told them.

They didn't believe it, and made us show our papers. Then they took us to the airport and we had sandwiches, coffee, and beer—tall ones. We ordered some gas.

"How much?" they asked.

"Put in fifty," I told them.

THEY put in fifty quarts—liters, they called them. And we took off for Copenhagen thinking we had fifty gallons in the tanks. Soon the engine was sputtering. In a moment it stalled. I threw in five gallons from a tin and we came down at Bremen. And that time we were too tired to try for Copenhagen without getting some rest, though they told us a tremendous crowd was waiting for us there.

Well, we got into beds and after a night's rest took off for Copenhagen and made it without any more trouble.

What a welcome we got there! What a crowd! What a jam we got in before we reached our hotel! The Danes certainly know how to give a big welcome!

The first man I saw at the hotel was Frank Bridges. He and Jack Beck were there. They certainly looked good to us!

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

The Danes start in there to eat dinner at seven o'clock and they don't finish till eleven. And with the meal they serve all kinds of good wines and liqueurs. Yet I didn't see a single drunk the whole time I was in Denmark. Or, in fact, anywhere in Europe.

One day a man came to see us at the hotel.

"The king wants to see you," he said.

"Fine," said I. "We want to see the king."

So we went around to see him. He is a fine gentleman, the King of Denmark is. He greeted us in Danish, but switched to English. We went together into his garden and he asked me how I liked Denmark.

I told him I liked it fine and that I thought the Danish girls were beautiful. They were, too.

"Yes," the king said, "we have fine women in Denmark. Would you like to meet some of our nice Danish girls?"

"King," I told him, "I sure would!"

Did I? Huh! Maybe I can't keep a secret. And, besides, I should tell on a king!

THE king made Holger and me knights. It was a nice, generous thing for him to do. It's great to be a Danish knight, but now that I'm back home I've put the Danish decoration in a safe place and will just keep on wearing my badge as deputy sheriff of Sullivan County. It'll come in handier, I guess.

After a grand time we left Copenhagen. I wanted to go down to Gera, the little town in Germany where I was born. I had a brother there and I hadn't seen him for forty years. We flew down.

Frank Bridges, the Liberty banker, got into the cabin and made the trip with us; he had to lie flat on his belly on the gas tanks. He flew more than twenty hours, all told, in that position, thereby hanging up the world's record for long-distance belly-flying in the banker class.

At Gera I saw some of the girls I had gone to school with. I didn't know them, of course; like me, they were forty years older. And I saw my brother. I just stood and looked at him and he just stood and looked back. What in hell could I say to him, anyhow? I'm glad I saw the dear old rascal. And it was wonderful to feel my mother's arms around me again.

Well, after a while we came on back home. A storm over the North Sea prevented our reaching the Bremen before she sailed. They held her two hours, but we couldn't make it. Then we flew down to Cherbourg to get the Mauretania. They held her two hours, too. We landed on a military field, and for about an hour it looked as if we would be boiled in oil or shot next sunrise, because we hadn't got permission to land there.

Finally it was all straightened out, and with a police escort we streaked it for the steamer. Too late; she had gone. She was out in the bay. For eight dollars, cash money, we hired a man with a motor boat to overtake her. He made it, and we climbed aboard.

And here we are again, back in Liberty, New York, after welcomes in New York City and Liberty that would melt a heart of ice. Back on the job. Eating American food again and drinking coffee instead of beer. Eating fish instead of pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut. Instead of the fish getting Otto, Otto's getting fish.

My plans are these: To be remembered pleasantly, when I am remembered at all, as the man who flew the Atlantic and then came on back home and went to work.

THE END

Traveling Salesmen

A Short Short Story

By

JANE REDFIELD HOOVER

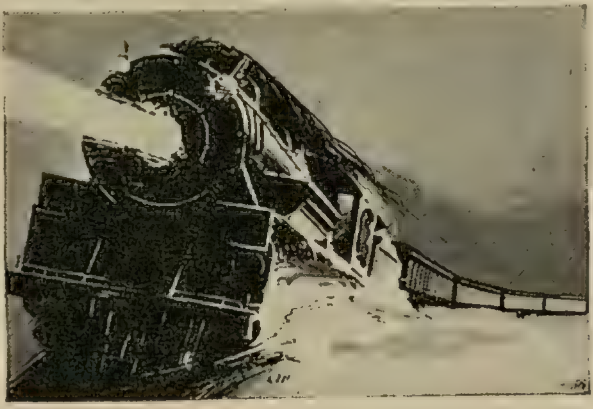
who was born in Minnesota, graduated from the state university, and now lives in Boise, Idaho. She has traveled extensively and has contributed stories to numerous magazines.

(Reading time: 5 min. 32 sec.)

TRAVEL was heavy and I was lucky to get a berth. Someone turned back a lower the last minute. Just before the train started the man who had the upper hurried in—a stout, elderly gentleman, wheezing a little. He sat down heavily, mopped his red face, and remarked, "Terribly hot, isn't it?"

I agreed. And decided then and there that I didn't like him. Didn't care for anything about him. Strange; for usually I take to good-natured, sociable fat men, and enjoy swapping stories to pass the time on a trip.

What was more, I distrusted this man. Didn't like the way he eyed my bag every now and again. But I've always prided myself on being fair-minded. It's uncharitable, I reproached myself, to judge a man by the way his tie and socks don't match, and by his shepherd's-check suit (a material I dislike exceedingly). So I made an effort to meet him halfway, since he was inclined to be friendly. You can't imagine a more affable old person. He said his line was leather goods. He wagered that I was a jewelry salesman. I laughed, and let it go at that. He did most of the talking.



Leather goods. That accounted for his interest in my new bag. But—anyhow, I'd lock the bag. I got up with it, saying I was going to freshen up for dinner. He asked: "Don't you find a beard hot, this weather?" I answered: "Oh, you don't notice, when you've worn one as long as I have."

"Maybe not, when you're used to it," he said. I went on out to the dressing room and locked the bag. Then I took it back to our section.

He waited over the second call for dinner. So did I, although I was ravenous, having been too rushed all day to snatch a bite since early breakfast.

We sat it out. I didn't care to dine with him, for, despite my fair intentions, I positively could not like or trust the man. The waiter came through once more. Last call. At length my fat friend went. I gave him time to get settled there before I followed. The bag would be safe for the time. You can't be too careful, traveling.

I got a seat at another table and enjoyed a square meal for the first time since the night before. But I wasted no time. I speeded up the service and told my waiter I would not wait for a finger bowl. So I got out of the diner ahead of Mr. Upper. I was craving a smoke, but I resisted. I didn't care to take the bag with me into the club car. No joke, to give up smoking! The craving intensified my distaste for my fat, talkative section mate with the inquisitive eyes in his grinning pudgy face.

When he rejoined me, he inquired how far I was going. "Good!" he said. "I'm going through to Winnipeg, too." So I must put up with him all the way! No help for it. I might as well be sporting.

The conductor came through. A pleasant chap. "Conductor," said my section mate, "my buddy here has me guessing! What would *you* say is his line?"

The conductor sized me up, then answered, smiling, "Bond salesman."

"Bet you a cigar he's a jewelry drummer," said my fat friend.

"Take you up." Then the conductor looked to me to settle it. But I merely laughed, telling them, "Stew a while. Maybe I'll put you out of your misery later!"

When the conductor went on, the old gentleman took two luscious Havanas from his pocket. My fingers twitched and my mouth watered. "Come on out to the club car and smoke up," he invited. "No, thanks; I seldom smoke," I replied.

"You *don't?*" And, to my surprise, he replaced both cigars and, remaining in his seat, began to reminisce. And I'll tell the universe he was one big-time monologuist! I'm a first-rate listener. You learn that in my business. I'll admit he was amusing. I found it a little easier, listening, to act the friendliness I still could not feel. And I pride myself on playing fair and square with even a yellow dog.

He actually made me laugh till my glasses got misty. I took them off to wipe them. "Nuisance, wearing glasses, not?" he observed.

"One gets used to them," I said.

After a time he sighed and yawned. "I hate to turn in, although I'm short on sleep." He yawned again. "If there's one thing I hate more than another, it's an upper. Too old and hefty for the Matterhorn stuff."

My chance. Not only to obtain a safer place for the bag, but also to do my daily scout turn, showing kindness to a stranger about whom I was harboring suspicions, perhaps very unfairly. So I suggested, "Why not exchange with me? I like an upper. More air."

"FINE!" he agreed. "Let me just pay you the difference." Which he did. He didn't seem to think it necessary to call the Pullman conductor.

I began to yawn too; a hectic day, nothing but hurry, hurry. I asked the porter to make ours down next. And before long I was settled safely above with the bag, and the fat man snoring like a trooper under me. After a while his snores petered out into intermittent grunts. He didn't affect my slumber, because, after all my drowsiness and yawning, I was now wide awake as an owl.

I had taken off just my coat, collar, and shoes. Finally I switched on my light and tried to read. Later I must have dozed, off and on.

It was still dark outside when I roused up as we drew into a station. A party of men came into our car. They stopped by us. I unbuttoned my curtains to see out. Ha-ha! Talk about hunches. Police! And a plainclothes man. They proceeded to rout out my fat friend.

Out he got. I was amazed to see he had not undressed. "Okay, sheriff," he said, grinning, and bold as brass. Then, before I even thought of closing my curtains, he addressed me: *"Got you covered, Evans!"* He was quicker than a panther. *"Come down!"*

Well—what else could I do? "'Evans,'" I stalled. "My name's Hanfield, as I told you last night."

"Porter, get his bag," he ordered. Then he turned to me again. "If you're Hanfield, I'm Rudy Vallée. Open that bag."

He had me dead to rights. Usually I cache my takings six months or more and lie low. This time I had waited only for the beard. That Seattle doll had written me that she was getting tired of waiting for me. Now she'll wait till I do this stretch. Or will she?

Got another gasper, Bill?

THE END

Smoke a FRESH cigarette
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Here's why the great country-wide switch to CAMELS

***Mild*.. NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE**

YOU must have noticed it. Everybody is talking about it. On all sides, everywhere about you—from coast to coast—people are smoking Camels.

What is the reason for this nation-wide switch to Camels on the part of men and women alike? Why this great upward spurt in Camel sales? It's simply this:

Now for the first time men and women smokers are learning what a joy a fine cigarette in prime, factory-fresh condition can be!

Camels are a blend of the choicest tobaccos money and long experience can buy: fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos blended to give utmost smoking pleasure.

But even the choicest tobaccos lose their natural moisture and their mildness unless special precaution is taken.

The new Humidor Pack is the last word in such special precaution—it keeps Camels always fresh and in prime smoking condition, mild, mellow, cool.

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Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons
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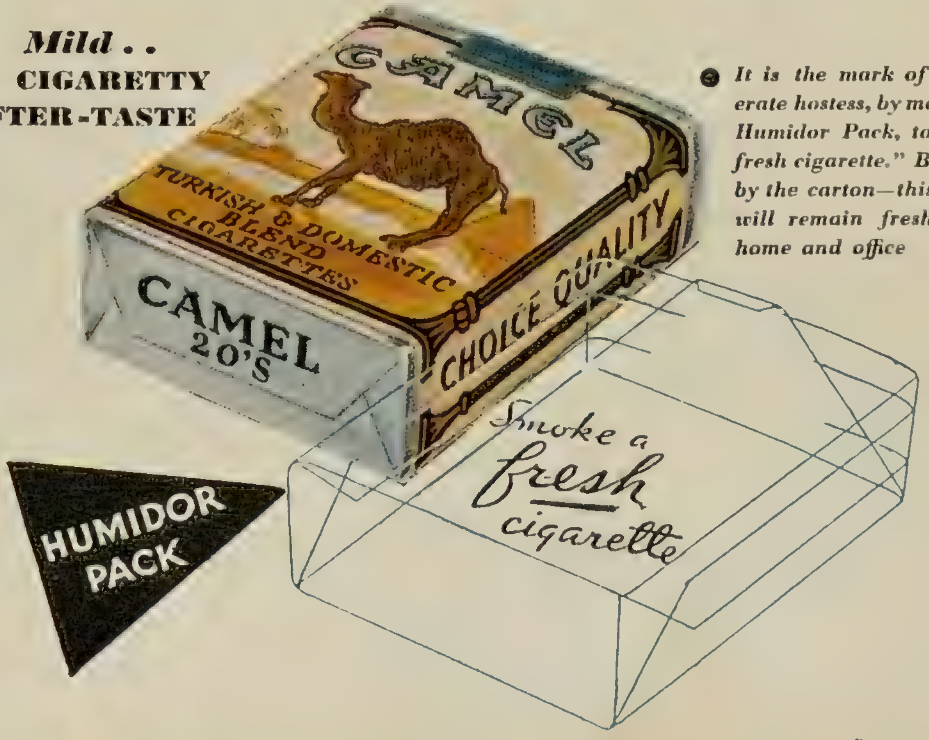

● *It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton—this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office*

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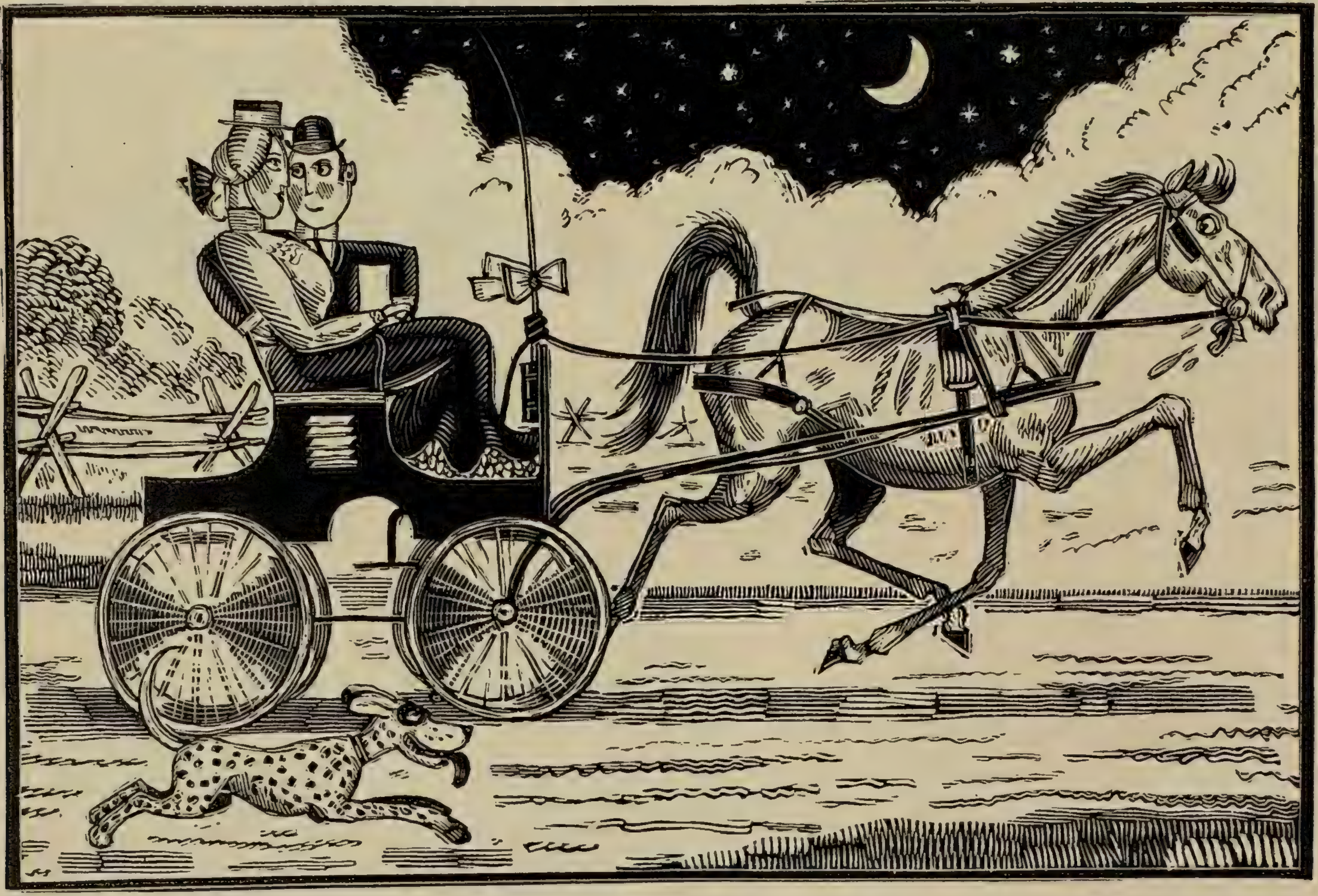
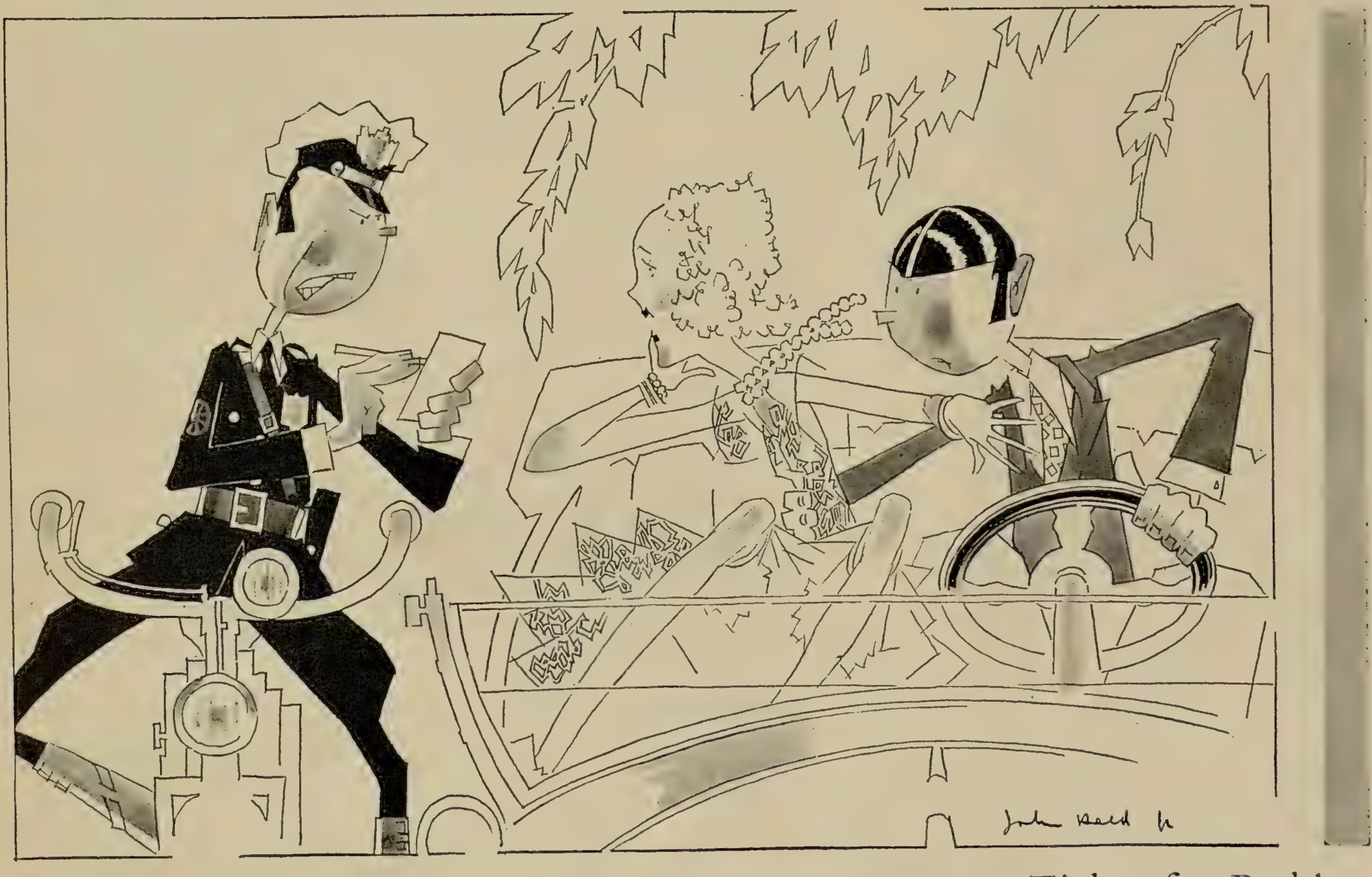
CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



Speed

Spooning on the Buggy Ride



Speed

. . . . A Ticket for Parking

Mice and Men

A New For the Love o' Lil

A MAN, they say, is afraid of a woman. A woman is afraid of a mouse. A mouse is afraid of a man. Judas, the Hawkins cat, is evidently afraid of none of these things. Judas (so called because he scratched his best friends) has a very exciting night life, and is staging one of his most thrilling pastimes right in the bedroom that Lil and Sandy have been assigned to for the week-end.

And being in another's house, one can't very well get up and run screaming into the hall, raising a riot.

This week's cover picture.

The noises had wakened Lil, and she had nudged Sandy into consciousness, whispering hoarsely that she was sure there were burglars in the room.

"Well, what if there is a burglar?" growled Sandy when she wouldn't let him go back to sleep. "It's not our house. It's not our things they're after, is it? Lemme be!"

But Lil had mustered enough courage to snap on the table lamp. The noise increased, and Lil gasped in horror as she saw a tiny streak cross the floor, and black-and-white Judas dashing in pursuit.

"Sandy!" She whimpered. "Sandy! It's a mouse."

"I thought as much," grumped Sandy, and punched his pillow into a comfortable wad again.

"But, Sandy! The cat's after it. Oh, what will I do? What will I do?"

"For tripe's sake, what's the matter with you? Do you want me to get up out of bed and save the mouse's life?"

"This is a fine time to be sarcastic, Sandford Jenkins."

"It's a fine time to be awake! Four in the morning. Put the light out, will you?"

"Oh, you're heartless. I couldn't sleep now—ever again. Oh, I wish it had been burglars instead. At least you can speak to a burglar. Sandy, do something, won't you?"

"If your life was insured, I'd do something. I'd wring your lily-white neck."

"Oh, you don't love me!"

"Oh, good grief! Are you going to start that?"

"He's caught him! Sandy, the cat's got him. Sandy, if you don't do something, I'll never, never speak to you as long as you live."

"If I could only count on that!" Sandy sat up and sighed.

He stared over at the cat, who was torturing the captured mouse. It was a gruesome sight. After all, Lil was only a woman.

He got out of bed and gingerly picked up the mouse by the tail, flinging it out of the window. Judas screeched with rage, and Sandy picked up the cat and flung it after the mouse.

"There!" he said triumphantly, and felt inordinately proud.

Lil stretched out her arms.

"Sandy," she said solemnly, "you're the most wonderful man in the world!"

The clock struck half past four, but Sandy didn't notice.

(Next week's cover adventure: Black Magic.)

YEAST FOAM TABLETS 50
YEAST

ON THE AIR Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Daylight Saving Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.

You'll like this modern form of easy-to-eat pure pasteurized yeast—

and due to its purity and vitamin potency you'll find its health benefits truly amazing

No wonder thousands of men and women are turning, day by day, to Yeast Foam Tablets—the modern, easy-to-eat, concentrated form of health yeast. For this yeast, being *all* yeast, with *no diluting ingredients* such as starch, water or drugs, is of the highest vitamin value. And, of course, it is the presence of the vitamins (B and G) which makes yeast such an important health food.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure. They are pleasant in taste. Their vitamin content is high and uniform. They are pasteurized, hence they cannot cause gas or fermentation and, consequently, are *safe* for all ages—from the elderly down to tiny infants.

As final and conclusive evidence of the high quality of Yeast Foam Tablets, remember that this yeast is used as the *standard* for vitamin studies as conducted by the U. S. Government and leading American universities.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for skin and complexion disorders, digestive or intestinal disturbances, underweight, nervous and rundown conditions. Eat them regularly and over a sufficient period of time, bearing in mind that yeast is a *corrective food* and confers its benefits gradually.

From your druggist today get Yeast Foam Tablets, the pure, modern type of yeast that is so easy to eat and so beneficial to the system. The 10-day bottle costs but 50 cents. Made and guaranteed by the World's Largest Makers of Dry Yeast.

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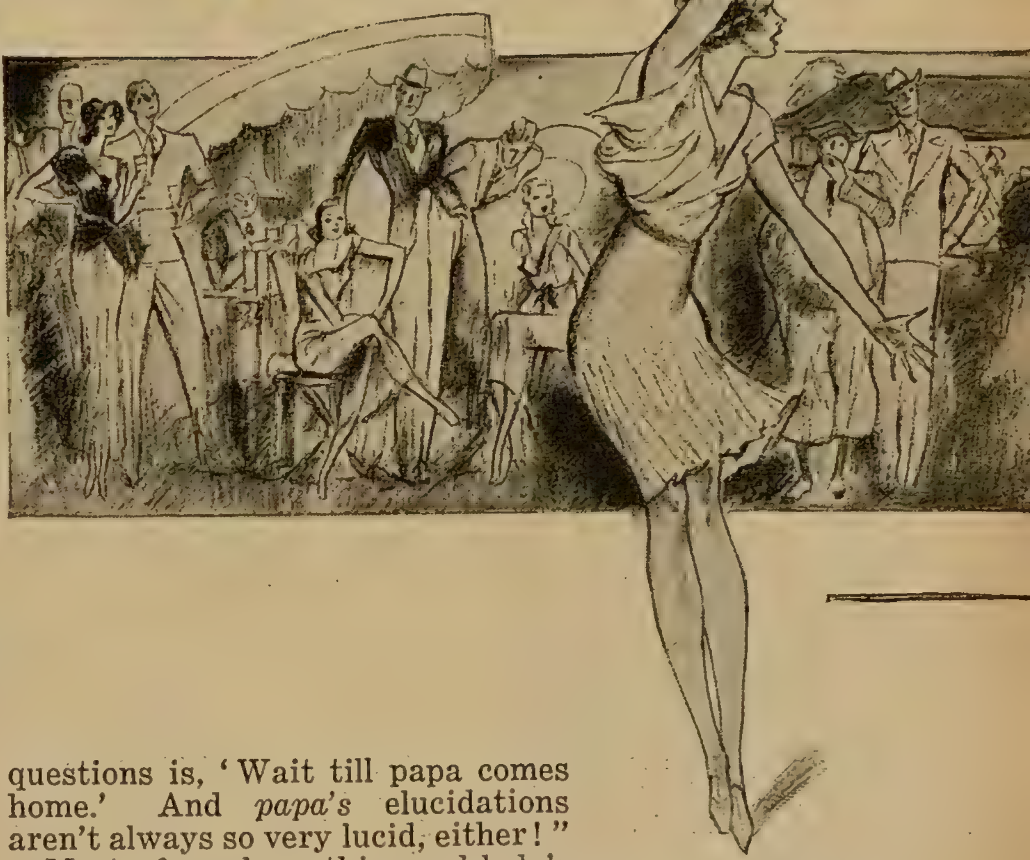


Picture by TY MAHON

(Reading time: 9 minutes 45 seconds.)

PERFUMES are fascinating. Where do they come from? What are they made of? How are they made? Naturally, I welcomed a recent opportunity to learn about them from Philip H. van Itallie, who has devoted many years to the study of perfumes.

Mr. van Itallie's perfume lore revealed some amazing facts. Real French violet extract, he told me, costs $50,000 a pound! Natural jasmine—from the sunny Riviera—is the basis of *all* perfumes. For hundreds and hundreds of years the little Bulgarian town of Kazanlik has given us our attar of roses. Extract of orange leaves—called *petit grain*—comes to us from Paraguay, in South America. Sandalwood from India. Musk from India. Holland and France provide our synthetic oils. Ambergris, which Mr. van Itallie calls the "luck element" in perfume making, is picked up by chance from the tides of the oceans. Ambergris is a waxy secretion from the bodies of sperm whales. It costs $30 an ounce. East, west, land and sea—how the romance of geography, of strange, far-away places, concentrates in these little bottles of perfume we have on our dressing tables!

Born in Holland, educated in this country, Mr. van Itallie is an expert chemist. He has just returned from Europe, where he tried out a unique experiment. At the French Colonies Exposition in Paris he transformed an unpleasant-smelling lake into a perfumed pool. Mr. van Itallie says, "There's no reason why we should have any disagreeable smells in the world. Even our antiseptics can now be given a pleasant odor.

"Do you know," he added, "that every perfume you use has a slightly antiseptic value?"

THE new golf ball stirs up so many violent arguments among men that I have been going around asking questions to find out what women golfers think about it. According to my information, a good many women like it better than the old ball, and the rest of the women don't care one way or the other. As far as I could discover, the new ball hasn't aroused any rabid animosities among the girl golfers, as it has among the boys.

Women tell me they like the new ball because, being larger, it is easier to see, easier to drive *in the desired direction,* and easier to putt with. What about distance? "*We* get as much distance as we ever did," said one lady golfer, stressing the *we*. She smiled. "Most of us can't get the mighty distances that men get," she said, "so the long-range defects of this lighter ball don't worry us so bitterly."

There's sex psychology for you! Men golfers must have distance—vast distance—long, giant drives to show how strong they are. Women golfers demand less. Doesn't that prove once more the surpassing vanity of the male?

TWO small children asked their mother how the new ice box worked. She told them it worked by electricity, just like the lights. Later she found them patiently holding an electric-light cord under water in the bathtub. "We're making ice like you said, mama," they announced, "but it's awful slow."

She told me the story as a joke, yet she felt somewhat ashamed of the part she had played in it. "I am really disgusted," she said, "with my ignorance of so many things we use every day. For the life of me I couldn't explain the difference between making light by electricity and making ice. If my kids asked me how an automobile engine works, or how cameras take pictures, I couldn't begin to give them a respectable answer. I don't believe I could even explain why the windows stay up when they're opened.

"Isn't it absurd?" she went on. "Here am I, claiming all sorts of qualities as an intelligent modern woman, yet the best thing I say when my kids ask me such simple questions is, 'Wait till papa comes home.' And *papa's* elucidations aren't always so very lucid, either!"

Most of us share this good lady's shame, I think. Having children around the house soon teaches us what preposterous bluffers we grown-ups really are.

And I'm sure I don't know what in the world we can do about it.

Go back to school? Too busy. Ask more questions ourselves? By all means. At any rate, I'm convinced that our flabby-mindedness concerning the everyday things of the world we live in ought to distress us more than it does.

Wouldn't it be a good move if manufacturers of household gadgets sent along a little booklet containing a simple kindergarten explanation to help us dumb parents tell our kids how these gadgets work?

NATALIE lives in Paris. Clothes are her specialty. Here's what she writes to me about the latest styles:

"Hats are *the* news, my dear. This year's hats bring in the greatest sensation since long skirts came back. Over here we are all wearing funny little hats like gravy boats slapped over the right eye.

"Some wear the wings of Mercury, god of speed, and some have the long feather of Robin Hood fashion. All these hats are so roguish that even the Paris gendarmes find themselves obliged to laugh at us.

"The crazier the hat—the smarter the woman. Hats of this type have been stylish before, of course—but not since the days of the bustle.

"Handkerchiefs? Just there in case you sneeze—no longer carried as decorative accessories. Chiffon evening handkerchiefs, as Molyneux's, medium size, very pale pastel shades, a few embroidered dots, *no* monograms, no laces. Rolled edges.

"The new nighties of flowered chiffon are thinner than gossamer. Molyneux shows them with elaborate décolleté tops like real evening dresses. The rest absolutely transparent.

"Oh, boy—what we look like in them! Fascinating! Nymphs!

"I saw the French Colonies Exposition in the pouring rain when even the monkeys were bored. The old-fashioned clothes now in style have brought back an old-time tune, *La Tonquinoise,* completely forgotten until recently, except by the most ancient hurdy-gurdies.

Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first Czar of Russia.

"Now *La Tonquinoise* is all the rage again. And old-fashioned waltzes, too. Everybody's trying to dance them. But nobody knows how any more. Such fun watching the jazz prancers get tangled up trying."

TRIAL divorce comes as a natural accompaniment to trial marriage. A Baltimore couple blazed the trail recently when the wife gave her husband "two weeks to choose between me and that other woman." He chose the other woman.

A friend of mine suffered a similar experience. She had sacrificed a great deal to help her husband build up his business career. Just as success began to come to them, she discovered the other woman. My friend told her husband to take his time, to make sure which one of them he really loved. She said she would abide by his decision.

Did the other woman do likewise? She did not! She pressed her point with melodramatic scenes, hysterics, threats of suicide. And she won. My friend lost her man.

There are exceptional cases, I know, when real love can, and should, break up a home. But they are *so* rare! Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the wife can keep her husband if she will fight as hard and as unscrupulously as the other woman.

When this problem crops up—as it does so often nowadays—my advice to the wife, in those ninety-nine cases, is FIGHT! Show no mercy and give no quarter. Be as intelligent about your battle as you know how, but don't be too civilized about it.

She'll be just as primitive as she can. Beat her at her own game. That's my advice—provided, of course, that you care enough to fight at all!

HALF a LOAF, by Grace Hegger Lewis—ex-wife of Sinclair Lewis, Nobel Prize winner and famed creator of Babbitt!

Read this if you like books of a confessional nature based on real life. It's a good one. (Published by Liveright.)

WASTE no pity on men because of the discomfort of their formal evening clothes. They won't wear anything different when they get the chance.

Professor J. C. Flügel, an old friend of mine, proved this by an experiment in London recently. Professor Flügel is the author of an interesting book on the psychology of clothes. To test the stubbornness of the masculine mind on the subject of evening attire, he organized a big formal dance and invited all the men to come "dressed as you think you will feel and look your best."

The result was very tame. Nothing more original than colored silk shirts instead of boiled white ones! H. G. Wells didn't even go that far. His daring spirit reached no farther than a Byron collar.

Stiff, conventional evening dress was worn by nearly all the celebrated men guests, including Sir Nigel Playfair, the actor-dramatist.

Most of the ladies arrived in hectic pyjamas. One who did so was Dr. Marie Stopes, whose books on love and marriage create such a stir.

But the men simply *wouldn't* get out of their standardized dress-suit rut.

Comfort or no comfort, they insist upon dressing exactly alike. What 'fraid-cats they are when it comes to being conspicuous!

BABIES often astonish their parents by the strangeness of the "first word" they elect to pronounce when they start learning to talk. I've heard of infants beginning their linguistic life by saying *bug*, or *damn*, or *choo-choo*—but *airplane* is a new one on me.

The other day I met a very young girl baby who is being tutored intensively by her two young brothers so that she may inaugurate her speech with this very modern word. Less than a year old to date, she refuses, so far, to say anything more committal than *oop*. Having observed the persistent efforts of her brothers, aged eight and ten, I don't see how this little lady can possibly escape, in the end, from learning the language of aëronautics before she learns her A B C's.

Patiently, tirelessly, the boys make small paper airships and launch them before their tiny sister's eyes. Then they point stern fingers at her and command, "Say *airplane!*"

"*Oop,*" she invariably replies.

They will prevail upon her eventually. Of that I am convinced. The wonders of our modern epoch are impressing themselves upon the minds of our children.

APPETIZERS of the same sort—little canapés, salted nuts, olives, caviar, etc.—usually appear before meals at every house one goes to. They become so monotonous after a while that they no longer *appetize*. New ones should be introduced from time to time to revive interest.

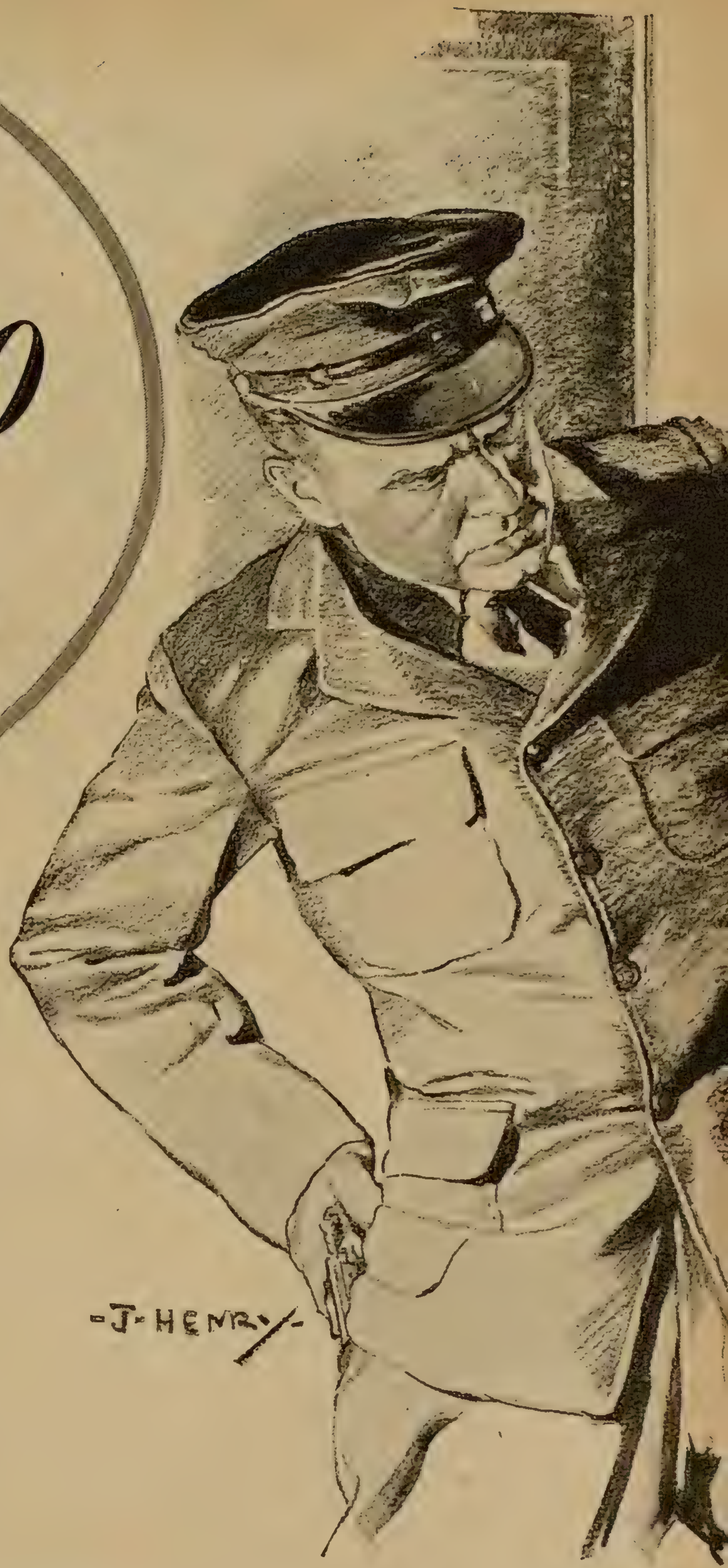
Here are two suggestions for novelty appetizers—the first one very refreshing and welcome at summer parties:

(1) Using an apple corer, remove the seed part from a small crisp cucumber and stuff with the mixture made as follows: Mash one small cream cheese with 1 tablespoon of chopped chives, ½ tablespoon chopped parsley, just enough mayonnaise to make smooth, and enough paprika to color pink. Put the stuffed cucumber in your ice box for 1 hour, then cut in ½-inch slices and lay on small buttered rounds of rye bread.

(2) As the base for this second appetizer use those nice little cocktail crackers dusted with paprika. Make the spread for them by pounding together thoroughly ½ cup salted peanuts, 1 teaspoon butter, the yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs, and 1 filet of anchovy. Add a tiny dash of cayenne and pile this mixture on the crackers in pyramid shape.

The Story of a Girl Who Loved But Once

Even Unto The Altars



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THIS is about a woman up in Auburn Prison who perhaps shouldn't be there. She's booked as Catharine Myers. That isn't her name. She has answered questions about her record by saying that she'd been arrested before, in several towns, but they couldn't find her fingerprints or her pictures anywhere. She misstated her age—said she was thirty-one, and she's at least thirty-five. Well, that's only natural, and, anyway, before she gets out of Auburn, she'll be a lot older, unless somebody will give her a break. She hasn't had many, so far.

It's a little difficult to do much for this woman. To begin with, you can't depend on the truth of what she says. She's told at least four different stories about the beginning of her affair with this Mickey Doyle.

One of them is that she comes from Philadelphia, and that she met Doyle in a dive in Callowhill Street. Another is that she's from Norwich, Connecticut, and that when she knew Doyle first, he was an apprentice seaman up at the submarine base at New London. Then she claims that she was in the racket herself, that she worked on several jobs with Doyle, and so on. That's the story she was telling when they put her in jail, and it's just a plain lie. All that she knows about rackets she's learned since she's been at Auburn.

Sometimes she claims that she was married to Doyle; sometimes she says she was his sweetheart; and then, again, she'll say he kissed her once, and that was all, until the very last day she saw him.

And this is the yarn she's telling now, about their first meeting. Or, at least, it was what she was telling last week. She won't give names, or places, or dates, because, so she says, her people are still alive, and they know nothing of the things that have happened to her. She can't be persuaded that it's necessary to be frank, so that an investigation can be made. She just shrugs her shoulders.

Don't get the idea that this Catharine Myers is a moron, or half-witted, or anything of that sort. She isn't, at all. She's not too intelligent, and she's almost entirely uneducated. She's what the psychiatrists call a romantic liar, and there's no doubt whatever that she's unbalanced on the subject of Mickey Doyle. However, similar fixations are not unknown among the intelligent and the law-abiding. She has no sense of shame when she is detected in a lie, or an inconsistency; she merely gives you a sudden, wide smile as if you were a child she was trying to amuse.

So, then.

She says she comes from a little fishing village on the Canadian coast, somewhere between Halifax and Cape Breton Island. This may be possible. You can't tell from her speech, but she's lived in the States for a long time. She knows the names of a lot of little towns up that way—Truro, Portugee Shoals, Andover, Dartmouth Cove, Canso, and others.

She's certainly seen such a fishing village. She talks about the whitewashed houses, and about seeing the brown sails coming in. If she'd read it in a book somewhere, she'd think the sails were white. She says that when she got away from there, she'd buy a can of tomatoes or a can of pineapples for a treat, and eat it all up. So would you if your usual meal was fish, when you had anything to eat at all.

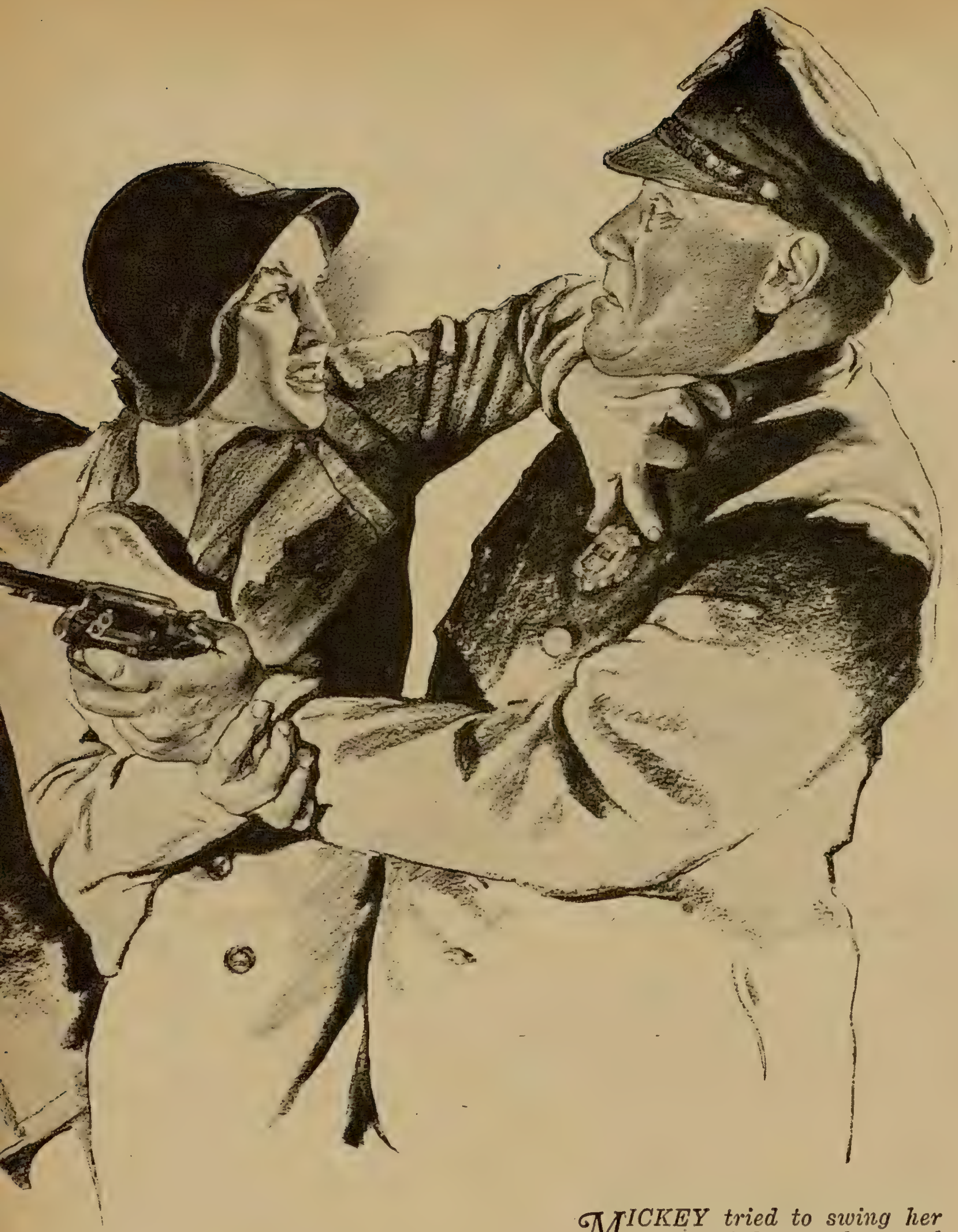
She says that she never had a serge dress till she left her home town. The women wore calico, the men wore dungarees. There isn't an ice box in the village, Catharine Myers says. There's one store.

One day an American destroyer put into port. It was the first navy ship she'd ever seen, and everybody was all excited and came rushing down to the beach like a lot

By

EDWARD L. McKENNA

Pictures by J. HENRY



MICKEY tried to swing her away, tried to reach around and plug the policeman.

of South Sea Islanders or something. That may seem fantastic to you if you don't happen to know something about these little fishing villages in Canada or Norway or along the French coast. You haven't any idea how isolated they are, or what an event a strange ship is to these simple people.

That destroyer stood in at four o'clock in the afternoon, and shoved off again at eight thirty that night. About five o'clock the starboard watch was given two hours' liberty. Among them was Michael Doyle, nineteen years old, gunner's mate, third class, five feet ten and a half inches tall, and weighing a hundred and seventy-two pounds.

AT seven o'clock Mickey Doyle went swaggering back to his ship, and the heart of a big, husky lump of a fifteen-year-old girl named Catharine, Catharine Something-or-other, went with him.

Asked what the name of this American destroyer was, the Myers woman answered without hesitation. The U. S. S. DeMave, she said. Asked what sort of emblem Doyle wore on his arm, she said two crossed guns and a torpedo. Of course, if she knew anything about navy ratings—if, for instance, she really did come from Norwich, Connecticut, or New London, where working girls are apt to know such things—she'd have been able to answer all such questions.

But the odd part of it is this, that the Navy Department has furnished a transcript of Doyle's service record, and he never saw Norwich, Connecticut. He enlisted at Mare Island, San Francisco, and served aboard the U. S. S. Alabama; then he was transferred to the U. S. S. DeMave, with the rating of gunner's mate.

CATHARINE MYERS wrote Mickey Doyle a good many letters. He never answered her. Maybe he never got those letters, though that doesn't seem likely. He wasn't on the DeMave long. It was his last ship. He finished his first and only hitch in Portsmouth Naval Prison for assault with intent to kill.

Dishonorably discharged, and deprived of his citizenship, Doyle began to drift. He went to Detroit, to New Orleans, to Baltimore, to Philadelphia, to Charlestown, to Nashville, to Indianapolis, to—yes, of course, to Chicago. Everywhere he went he left fingerprints behind him. For two years he was bodyguard to Hymie Strauss of Detroit. That's about the only time he can ever be said to have worked at anything even semilegitimate. Curiously enough, the gangster word for bodyguard is "torpedo." But the real word for Doyle was "yegg." He was a safe-cracker, a soup man, or pete man. Also, he was an alki runner, a hijacker, and, at least twice, a murderer.

This is no brief for Michael Doyle. All that can be said for him is that he bore a good reputation in the underworld. He was not a stool, a squealer, or a specialist in the double cross.

Also, and some will approve of him for this, he hated petty thieves, pineapples, boosters, and cannons, and would not associate with them. Every man must have his standards. With Doyle it was robbery under arms all the time.

Now, according to her story, Catharine Myers waited eighteen months for news of Mickey Doyle, and then she decided that she would go and find him. Maybe that's not the real explanation at all. Maybe it was the monotony of the little village. Maybe it was some other unhappy love affair. But she swears that she never had any sweetheart but Mickey Doyle.

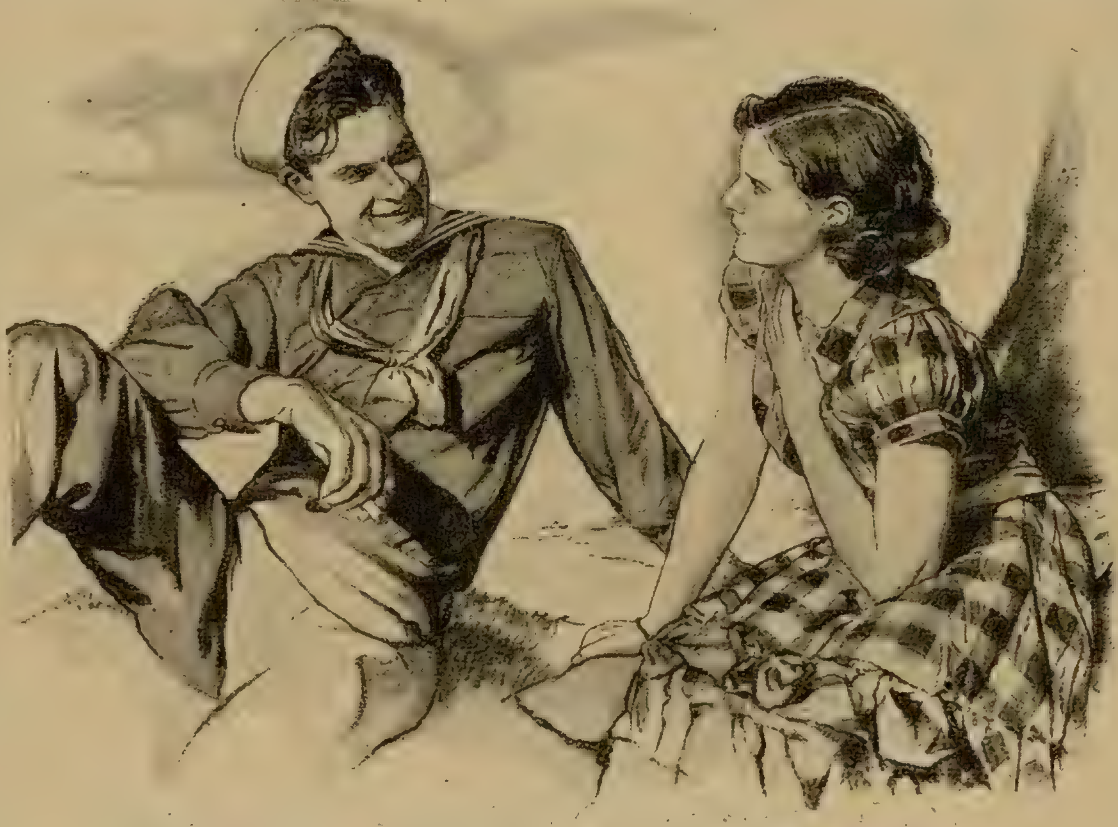
At any rate, she packed her ditty-box and set off on her travels. First she went to Sydney, which is the biggest harbor on the coast north of Halifax. She stayed in Sydney three months, so she says. Then she went in succession to St. John's, to Halifax, to Boston, to New

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EVEN UNTO THE ALTARS
Continued from page forty-three

York, to Philadelphia, and to Baltimore. They were seaport towns, you see. Seaport towns all the time.

Wherever she could, she worked as a waitress in a restaurant close to the water front. When she couldn't get such a job, she took whatever job she could, dishwasher, chambermaid, laundress, charwoman, anything.



Mickey Doyle went back to his ship, and the heart of a girl went with him.

Her story does check on most of this. She'll name the laundries where she's worked, the hotels, the restaurants. Inquiries at some of these places have established the truth of her statements.

Some of her old employers still remember her, and are willing to say so. The proprietor of the Bon Ton Restaurant, Front Street, New York, has made a statement that she worked for him and that he was well satisfied with her; that she was cheerful, energetic, honest, and self-respecting. The Elite Laundry of Philadelphia makes similar replies to a letter of inquiry. The Maxwell Café in Baltimore has no record of her employment, but they say that they hire a great many transient laborers, and it is quite possible that she worked for them.

Her last employers, Messrs. Goldstone and Flint of the Hotel Bachrach, on Pearl Street, New York, give her a glowing recommendation. They say she was tireless, honest, and faithful. Mr. Goldstone was out of the city when the letter of inquiry reached his hotel; he has taken the trouble to write a personal letter about Catharine Myers. He says that she could do the work of two ordinary girls, and derides the idea that she was a thief or the associate of thieves. He says, "If she gets out of jail, and I'm still in business, I'll give her a job any time."

It is a little curious that so many of her employers remember her at all. She never had very important jobs, and she never stayed in one place long.

She has talked a lot about the Queen Hotel in Halifax; says she likes it best of all the jobs she's had. The Queen Hotel is one of the best hotels in Halifax. Inquiry of the proprietor, a woman, elicited a long and courteous reply, but no record existed of any Catharine Myers. A second letter was sent, inclosing a picture of the Myers woman. Upon receipt of this picture, the lady, and she is surely one, wrote a long and enthusiastic letter saying yes, that she remembers Catharine, but her name was not Myers. She gives the woman's name, and her birthplace. It is in Canada.

NO attempt has been made, as yet, to follow up this information. If Catharine Myers is so careful of her people that she will rot in jail before she will embarrass them, the present investigators will try all other avenues before they resort to this one. Nevertheless, it seems quite clear that Catharine Myers does come from a little Canadian fishing village, and not from Norwich or Philadelphia. That she might do the work of two ordinary girls, as Mr. Goldstone says, is entirely probable. She is five feet nine inches tall, and she weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Or, at least, she did when she was incarcerated at Auburn.

She may have been good-looking once. She isn't now. She is tall and gaunt. Her only attraction is her smile; when she smiles she seems a different sort of person.

She says that whenever she got a day off she'd go down to the water front. She'd walk out along the stringpieces and the wharfs, and stroll up and down, and ask sailors if they'd ever heard of Mickey Doyle, gunner's mate, third class, off the U. S. S. DeMave. Most of them would say no; some of them would kid her along, say, sure they knew him—they'd seen him in Fayal, in Horta, in Liverpool, in Honolulu, and ask her if they wouldn't do just as well. And she'd grin and say no, thanks, she was looking for Mickey Doyle.

ONE thing is sure: she knows as much about the New York and Philadelphia water fronts as if she were a tugboat captain or a chandler. She can begin at the Battery and go up to Twenty-third Street, naming the piers. She knows the East River side, too, but that's not quite so hard. And she boasts that she knows five other ports just as well.

Then, after long waiting, she did hear of him.

She saw his picture in a post office on Eighteenth Street in Phillie. Front and side face. "Mickey (Michael) Doyle, alias this, alias that, wanted for felony. . . ."

Four months later she read in the papers that Mickey Doyle had been sentenced to ten years in a Middle-Western jail. Never mind which one. There was something a little mysterious about the way he got out of that jail. He never served a year of that sentence.

But Catharine Myers never knew anything about that. And if she was upset by the discovery that her sweetheart was a criminal, she bore up well.

Down she sat and wrote a long letter to Doyle, asking if there was anything she could do for him. That was the first thing in her mind. The rest of it, no doubt, was personal.

Mickey Doyle answered that letter, and gallantly enough. Sure, he remembered her; sure, he was glad to hear from her. She could send him some cigarettes, if she'd be so kind.

This letter is still in existence. It is being preserved, together with the other meager personal effects of Catharine Myers, at Auburn Prison, against the day when she's released, if that day ever comes. Brief, and ill-spelled, and ungrammatical, its flimsy prison paper creased and torn, it is the only souvenir she has of her lover. He never wrote to her again.

But she kept writing to him, and she kept sending him cigarettes, kept sending them long after Doyle was again at large. She didn't mind that he never answered her. Writing was a task for her, and she knew it must be just as hard for him. She thought, perhaps, he'd got himself into more trouble in the jail, and that they'd taken his privileges away from him. Or, at any rate, that's what she says now, after she's found out what prison life is like.

You see how difficult this is, don't you? The woman does not tell the truth. She contradicts herself constantly. Of one thing, however, there can be little doubt: her passion for Doyle was the mainspring of her life, the thing which gave it meaning and significance. She has known nothing but hardship, and poverty, and pain, but she does not think of any of this. Doyle is her hero still; she thinks of him as her gallant lover. The years were passing, dull, stupid years, with one wearying ill-paid job after another, and a tiresome procession of shabby lodgings and gray towns. She worked her way to Cleveland, to Ashtabula, to Indianapolis, to Chicago. She didn't beat her way; she worked it. And then, at last, she got out to that Middle-Western penitentiary, and found that Doyle had long since gone. Where had he gone? They shrugged their shoulders. Back East, they thought.

And back East she followed him, this tawdry Evangeline. Back East again, over the same rough road, and with the same grim faithfulness. You want to tell anybody anything about futility, try telling it to a fisherman, or a fisherman's wife or daughter. They don't mind futility. They're used to it.

And she found him.

The rest of this record is not a matter for speculation or conjecture or patient searching for whatever truth there may be in the rambling statements of an untruthful woman.

Go down to any newspaper morgue and see if they'll let you take a look at the file of the Union Park Bank robbery. The date is September, 1928.

On September 20, 1928, at eight o'clock of night, Catharine Myers started for home—she worked on Pearl Street, below Beaver. The financial district is pretty quiet after six o'clock; on the streets there's scarcely a soul.

AN automobile was parked on the corner of Pine and William streets; a big car it was, and the engine was running. At the wheel there was a man in a chauffeur's uniform, stiff cap, puttees, and all.

She looked at him, and her heart stopped.

"Mickey," she said, and he grinned and said hello to her, probably from force of habit.

"Don't you know me?" she said, and waited.

"Sure. Sure."

"I'm Catharine."

"Oh. Oh. What do you know? What do you know about that, huh? Say. Say, lookit here, kid. I—I'm workin' on a job. I— Say, listen."

"Sure, Mickey, I know you're workin' on a job. When'd you get out, darling? Gee, I'm so glad to see you—"

"Hey! Listen. Nix. Nix, kid. Say, lookit here, Kitty, you better scram, see? I tell you, I'm workin' on a job. Listen. Tell you what. I'll meet you tomorrow night. Tomorrow night, huh? Eight o'clock. Where'll I meet you? In front of Perry's drug store, huh? I do' wanta chase you, kid, but Judas, I'm workin' on a job—"

"You waitin' for a girl, Mickey?"

"No, no, Judas, no! I'm workin' on a job, I tell you."

Just then three men came out of a building. They were carrying briefcases; one had a suitcase, only one. They were not hurrying, but they were not loitering, either.

"O. K.?" said Mickey.

"Come on. Step on it." They shoved past Catharine, not too gently.

"Where's Larry?" said Mickey.

They say that's one thing about Mickey Doyle. His car didn't start till all the passengers were inside. Not every driver is so particular.

"Larry is—he ain't ridin'. Come on. Judas, let's go. The bull rumbled Larry back there. Come on."

A man in a uniform came out of the building they'd just left on the double. He had a gun in his left hand. His right was hanging limp, and the sleeve was ripped and torn and soaking.

"Stick 'em up," he said. "Come on. Get out of that car."

The gun was pointed at all of them, but to Catharine Myers it seemed that Mickey Doyle was the real target. So he should have been. The driver first is a good working rule.

"Go on, Mickey!" shouted Catharine Myers. "Good luck, darling," and with that she went into the cop. The cop was crippled, and he wasn't shooting any woman. He cursed her, and tried to shove her away. He'd have had as much chance with a mountain lion. Catharine Myers was all over him, kicking, clawing, hammering with both her long arms.

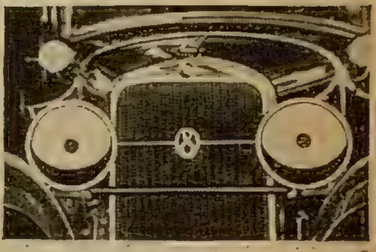
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

DANGEROUS DIMMING ENDED..
Road Light Doubled!

AMAZING INVENTION FITS ANY HEADLIGHT...

Revolutionizes Night Driving!

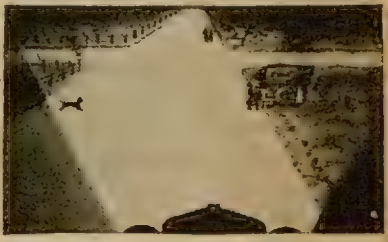
At last! Night driving suddenly becomes actually SAFER than day! At one sweep, a tiny, inexpensive invention banishes glare yet doubles road illumination! Cuts through every light on the road! Fits any car. Use coupon QUICK for liberal FREE TEST OFFER!—



EVEN LOOKS DIFFERENT

Looks absolutely unique and entirely different. Every sale brings dozens more. It's the greatest "self-advertiser" ever known.

IT is a well-known fact that motor car manufacturers have solved every big problem except one. As soon as the sun goes down at night, the highways of America break forth into a constant rushing stream of "dimming and damning." Speed is cut down one-third to one-half. Every Monday morning finds the highways littered with broken glass, wrecks, cars in the ditch, overturned, shattered against telephone posts. Every man who ever groped dizzily down the highway in traffic at night knows the horrible sensation of being half-blinded by cars on his left, unable to see the ditch on his right, his own lights seeming dim and shadowy and practically worthless. Now, in a twinkling, this curse of night driving is lifted completely and *inexpensively* from the shoulders of the entire motoring world!



LIGHTS UP THE WHOLE ROADWAY

Lights entire roadway, including ditch. Absolutely no glare to oncoming car. Unique double-reflected, "infused" light beam cuts through every light on the road. No flickering "shadows." Even lights distant objects with daylight clearness.

FITS ANY HEADLIGHT

This new lighting discovery is called Perfect-O-Lite. It is a little invention that replaces the "bulbs" in your automobile headlights. No extra wiring or installation. Yet actually DOES double road illumination. Banishes need for Glare Shields. Cuts through the other fellow's light, yet absolutely cannot glare in his eyes. Makes ruts, animals, children, detour signs, etc., visible at least three times as far. Makes night driving at 40 to 50 miles an hour safe and easy.

NO GLARE . . . NO DANGEROUS DIMMING

Throws all light on roadway. Shoots through fog, mist, rain and snow like magic!

The secret of this new light is in the kind of "beam" or "ray" that it throws. Instead of ordinary light this new invention throws a solid beam of double-reflected or "infused" light down the entire roadway. Shows up ditches at the side, as well as distant objects, absolutely clear, without the usual flickering "shadows." Space here limits further discussion of the facts.

MAKE YOUR OWN TEST FREE

Under an introductory offer you are now invited to be the judge and jury without risking one penny. The coupon brings full details of the invention, offer of a set on FREE TEST and facts about agent's money-making opportunities. Mail the coupon, without obligation, TODAY!

AGENTS! Davis Made $1400 in 1 Week

This new invention unquestionably opens up one of the most amazing money-making opportunities ever presented. Here actually IS that chance for $8 to $14 in your FIRST hour, $6,000 to $10,000 THIS year, with no limit WHATEVER for Distributors! Fleet owners buy quantities. Wallace & Tiernan, N. J. trucks just equipped. Other big orders flooding in. A real self-advertiser; each car equipped is seen by thousands. Davis, Pa., made $1,400 in one week. Start full-time or spare-time. Use coupon for FREE TEST OFFER and details of Exclusive Territory, etc.

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Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rush details of your Free Test Offer, also send facts about agent's money-making opportunities without obligation.
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out of humor?

when you race through lunch
chew
BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION
for digestion

MANY'S the busy day you've only a minute to swallow your lunch on the jump. That's bad for your digestion — and for your disposition too — !

Try chewing a stick of Beeman's after every meal. It's *the pepsin gum* — the pleasant, convenient digestive aid that Dr. Beeman perfected over 30 years ago.

Millions favor this delicious gum for health, for flavor and for its satisfying smoothness. When you pay your luncheon check, ask for a pack of Beeman's.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

EVEN UNTO THE ALTARS
Continued from page forty-five

And Mickey Doyle, who'd done a lot of foolish things in his life, but who had the reputation of waiting for all his passengers, did something for which he has been bitterly and severely criticized wherever yeggmen gather. He took one look at his girl fighting the cop, the girl that he had planned to stand up, to disappoint, at Perry's drug store the next evening. This, however, was different. He snarled and went over the side of the car into action. He tore at Catharine's shoulder, tried to swing her away, tried to reach around and plug the policeman. But the cop was faster. He shot Mickey twice. That was a very good cop. His name was Thomas F. J. X. Cunningham. He died in Bellevue Hospital four days later.

It wasn't necessary to take Mickey Doyle to any hospital.

She doesn't care much whether she gets out of jail.

Meanwhile the car with Mickey Doyle's friends went tearing out. None of them was ever captured, but some of the bonds were afterward recovered.

It wasn't at all hard to capture Catharine Myers. After Mickey dropped, she stopped fighting.

They gave her a rough time at the station house. You can't blame them much. She admitted everything, including a great deal that wasn't so. She wasn't any part of that Union Park Bank job. That's well known now. But the police couldn't tell that. They tangled her up a dozen times, and then they were enraged because they thought she did know something, and was holding out on them.

They gave her ten years.

BUT it was Larry Stone who killed Officer Cunningham. Mickey's gun was never fired. And certainly what Catharine Myers did to the cop didn't kill him, though no doubt it didn't do him any good. They gave her ten years anyhow. She's done two.

She says, "I told him to go on. He wouldn't go on. He wouldn't leave me. The last thing he done was to grab ahold of my shoulder, so as to get between me and the bull. That's how he got shot."

That's exactly how he got shot.

Listen. Do you happen to believe this stuff about people saving their souls and so on? If you do, don't you think maybe this big stupid woman saved Mickey Doyle's soul? He didn't have to get out of that car. All he had to do was put her into high.

But the woman's still here. What about her? You think it'll help to save her soul, keeping her in Auburn Prison?

She's guilty of something, sure. She stepped in, swinging at a man who pointed a gun at the person she loved most in the world. Well, how about you? Wouldn't you? What good is your sweetheart, if you wouldn't? What good are you?

SHE doesn't care much whether she gets out of jail. What's the difference to her? Her life can't be anything but some more mops and brooms and scrubbing pails and boilers full of greasy dishes. What else has she got to wait for, now?

However, there's this: It's right for us to consider that this is a poor, miserable, broken woman, and to try to do what we can for her. But that's not the way she thinks about herself.

She thinks of herself as proud and triumphant; she regards her life as a pageant, a panorama, a march to victory.

You see, she's more than a romantic liar. She's a true romantic; she thinks only of the beautiful things that have happened to her and doesn't count the dull years in between. Jail or no jail, that woman wouldn't swap places with anybody in the world.

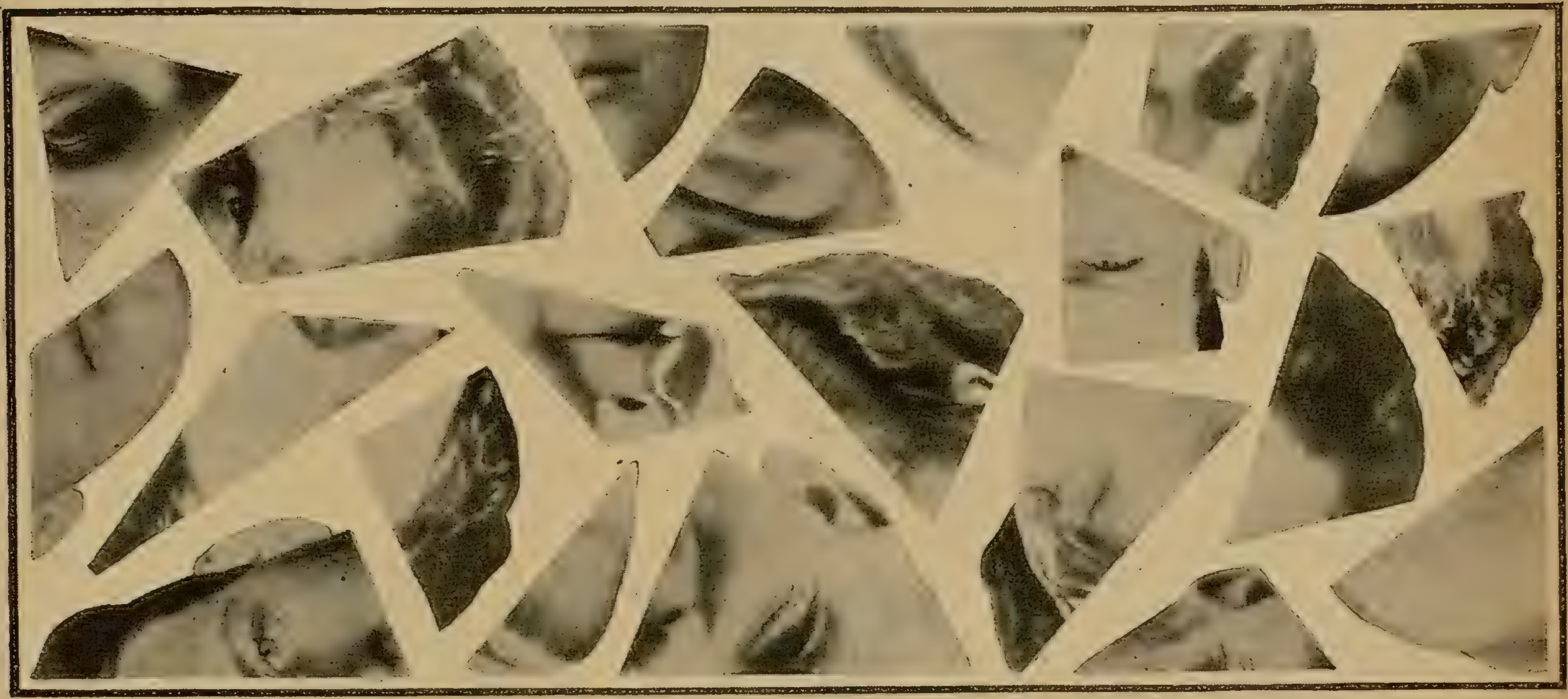
THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 27

1—Diabetes.
2—One whose income is derived from other companies' securities which it owns.
3—Brazil.
4—A star of the first magnitude near one shoulder of the constellation Orion.
5—Thomas Jefferson.
6—A Midsummer Night's Dream.
7—No; it was passed over his veto.
8—Poliomyelitis.
9—He hanged himself.
10—A sculptor of ancient Greece.
11—North Carolina and Virginia.
12—A Spanish national hero who lived in the eleventh century.
13—Pompeii and Herculaneum.
14—Lake Erie.
15—In Northampton, Massachusetts.
16—Two hours.
17—One who shirks his duty by pretending illness or inability.
18—Constantinople.
19—Thirty-two.
20—Ohio.

$5,000 *in* CASH PRIZES

for Jig-Saw Puzzlers!



Cut Out These Pieces and Arrange Them Into Pictures of Three Prominent People and You'll Be on the Way Toward One of the 311 Big Cash Prizes

GET out your scissors and cut into a generous share of the $5,000 cash prize fund Liberty offers the winners of this interesting new contest. Besides your scissors and a little paste, all you need is an everyday knowledge of important people's faces—faces you have seen in newspapers, in magazines, and in books times without number, and possibly in the news reels, too. That's all there is to it.

To help you even further, Liberty prints at the foot of this page a set of six pictures each of which will be used during this contest and three of which have been used in constructing this week's puzzle. It may help you toward assembling the puzzle if you refer to these pictures as you go along.

The jig-saw puzzle above is the first of a series of ten. Assemble the pictures and identify them. Save each week's results until you have the complete set of thirty pictures identified. Then send them in accompanied by the brief letter as instructed in the rules at the right.

Read the schedule of prizes! This is going to be a cinch for somebody. Why not you? Get busy. Now!

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$1,000
Second Prize	500
Third Prize	100
8 Fourth Prizes, each $50, total	400
300 Fifth Prizes, each $10, total	3,000
311 Prizes ... Total	$5,000

The RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a jig-saw puzzle comprised of the pictures of people who have been, or now are, prominent in the news of the day and whose pictures are frequently seen in newspapers, magazines, and elsewhere.

2—Each week's puzzle when cut apart and correctly assembled will result in three separate and complete pictures.

3—Write plainly, or print, the name of the person it portrays below each picture.

4—Save all solutions until you have a complete set of thirty pictures identified.

5—Then write one letter of not more than seventy-five words, by which each entry must be accompanied, telling "What I most admire about the character of one of the persons I have identified in this contest."

6—You need not purchase Liberty nor cut out the printed puzzles in order to compete. You may trace the puzzles from the magazine and assemble your solutions from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

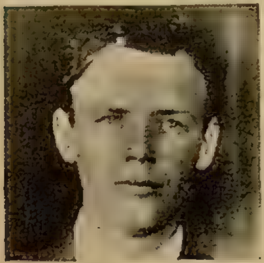
7—When you have your complete set of thirty pictures identified, attach your seventy-five-word letter and send by first-class mail to JIG-SAW, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

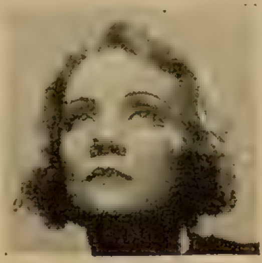
8—All entries must be received before the close of business Thursday, November 26, 1931.

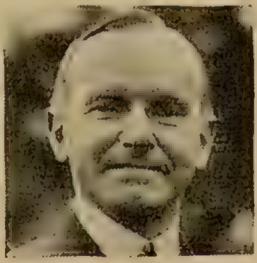
9—For the set of solutions most nearly correct accompanied by the best letter Liberty will award $1,000; for the next best, $500; for the next best, $100, etc., according to the accompanying cash prize schedule.

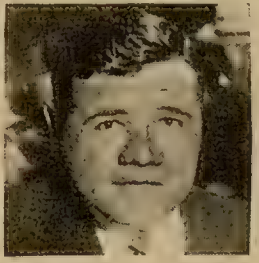
10—The judges will be appointed by Liberty Magazine. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries can be returned nor can we enter into any correspondence relative thereto. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

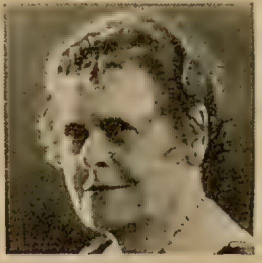
11—Announcement of awards will be made in the earliest issue of Liberty Magazine compatible with careful and accurate judging.

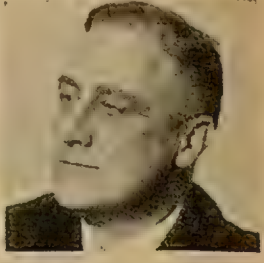












WATCH FOR THE SECOND PUZZLE OF THIS SERIES NEXT WEEK!

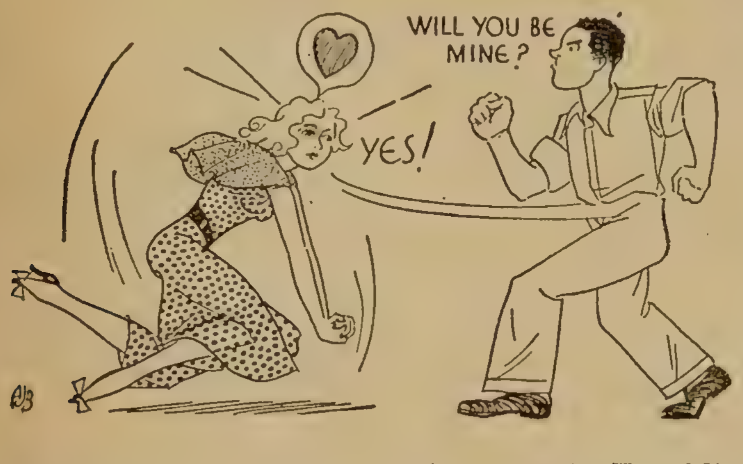
Vox

Simple Suggestion for a Happier World

QUINCY, ILL.—Joseph Gollomb's story entitled "The Ocean for a Headache" was a peach.

The best part of the story, in my opinion, was where the hero socked the heroine in the solar plexus and on the jaw, after which he had her eating out of his hand.

That has been my standpoint ever since woman suffrage came in and some of these women have been trying to run the country.


WILL YOU BE MINE?
YES!

From my personal experience I find the best way to handle those dames who think they are not only the equal of men, but their superiors, is to sock them right between the eyes. After that they will cuddle right into you.

Fellow men (I do not recognize mollycoddles, sheiks, etc., as men), stand up and assert your rights! Show these dames you are their masters, and this will be a better country.—*J. Kindheart.*

Jay Franklin's Mail Box

DETROIT, MICH.—I got my five cents back out of Jay Franklin's "Are Americans Fools?" All the rest of the number was velvet. We aren't fools; but government, today, is too much in the interest of organized minorities; the poor old patient people are political nonentities.—*M. D. Follin.*

DALLAS, TEXAS.—Whoever this bird that went by the name of Jay Franklin is, he is one step, and that is all, ahead of the bughouse.

Just as all of us get to thinking what a great race of people we are, Franklin has to come along and ruin the whole day.

Every time I look at his story I get so mad that I want to commit homicide. I was just thinking that Liberty couldn't be beaten till I saw this.—*Connell Miller.*

FRANKLIN, PA.—I found, in Liberty for August 22, the most compelling and penetrating article I have ever read anywhere; I refer to Jay Franklin's "Are Americans Fools?"

Reams and reams of copy have been tossed about for the past few years, all trying to explain one thing: our present depression. In a few well chosen words Mr. Franklin, the anonymous one, shows us exactly what has ailed this grand big country of ours since the days of Teddy Roosevelt—the lack of leaders who combine courage with a few ideals and some honesty.

There is nothing wrong with the mass of American people—it's the jellyfishes whom we elect to represent us.

America at the present time reminds me of some huge circus strong man with the brains of a flea.

You are in the right path now—keep it up!—*Erich L. Schuessler.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Who wrote "Are Americans Fools?" I'd like to meet him in a dark alley some night. That crack he made about our Jimmy Walker! Jimmy has done more for New York City than any other mayor we have had.

I didn't like the crack Franklin made about Al Smith. Any man that can be Governor of the largest, richest, finest, and best state in the Union for over a tenth of a century can be President of six United States and still have enough time left over to play golf, poker, and get a little drink once in a while.—*A Citizen of the World's Largest City.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I just want to say that Jay Franklin's "Are Americans Fools?" should be put to a tune and be made our national anthem.—*C. Hainley.*

HANNIBAL, MO.—All honor to Liberty for publishing the article "Are Americans Fools?" by Jay Franklin. It was one of the most searching, entertaining, and true articles I have ever read.

A few more bits of writing of this type and Americans will begin to try to think.—*A. Paul Clarkson.*

One of These Two Must Be Wrong

CHICAGO, ILL.—Say, Mr. Editor, aren't you in danger of slipping into a rut? Seems to me you might vary your magazine a little more. You might make a start by putting in more baseball stories, more Western stories, more sea stories, and more business stories and business articles.

Think it over.—*Fred.*

MEDIA, PA.—Am I intruding? Forgive me if I am, because I'm not staying long. I just want to say how very much I have enjoyed Liberty as a whole.

It is a treat to come across a good, clean magazine such as yours. It has variety from cover to cover, and is the best kind of a pal in all places and at all times.—*Martha Kreider.*

"Unemployment—A Serious Problem"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your editorial in Liberty entitled "Unemployment—A Serious Problem," appeared to me to contain a suggestion of a real remedy for reviving prosperity in our land.

It is my belief that you struck the bull's-eye in the one sentence: "Those unable to find jobs must go back to the land."

But, naturally, the question arises: Whose land? Also, how can they go back?

The real solution is, no doubt, a trend back to the land, but it should be a trend guided by the government of the United States, and not aided by capitalism, except to such extent as capitalism may be urged to purchase the government securities issued for the purpose of carrying out the plan.—*Fred W. Goshorn.*

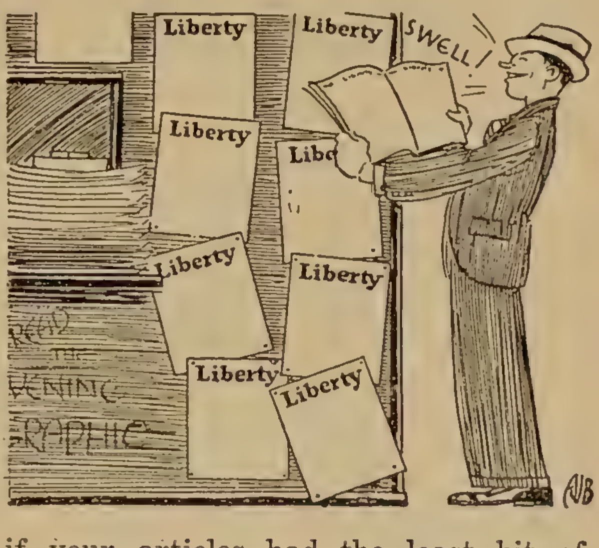
ANNAPOLIS, MD.—Regarding your editorial on unemployment, can your editorial writer tell me how he is going to get the people to go on those cute little farms?

Are they to live the primitive life of, say, a Chinese coolie?

And if they become a trifle ambitious and raise a little more than they need, to sell, will that not also increase the already great overproduction in farm products?—*Bill.*

Go Soak Your Head

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I think—no, I know—that your magazine would be hot stuff if your stories were more interesting and would not end just as you get all het up, or just as you begin to know what it's all about. It would be hot stuff if your articles had the least bit of sense to them, or if any mortal human had a chance at your everlasting contests, or if you could get two Libertys for a nickel.



In other words, Liberty would be good if the whole staff went to a wild party, forgot to come back, and just left the magazine's pages blank.—*A Friend of the Family.*

Pop

A Little Blubber

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—As a rule I never read fiction because it gives me an earache. But on pages 8 and 9 of your August 15 number you published a picture drawn by W. T. Benda that gave me a genuine heartache. (It's a drawing of a lady talking to a man. At least I suppose she's a lady. She wasn't dressed like one, but let it go. She had just said, "I want—I want—I want the whole world!")

I couldn't keep from blubbering a little because the lady looked like she was too dumb to realize there's about sixty million other ladies in this country after the same thing. And most of 'em have brains!—*B. B.*

From One Who Knows His Onions

CHICAGO, ILL.—Who is this Vox Popper of yours, C. E. Heilmann, the "Voice from Kansas"? The one who says the wets should stick their heads in a barrel of beer and not come up. And who says a "brilliant" psychologist once remarked that liquor never helped one's mind, morals, or pocketbook, so why should it be tolerated?

Well—neither did onions, but a majority of the people like them.—*F. H. Arisman.*

At Odds with Mr. Ludwig

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Of all the boloney I ever saw, that sliced by Emil Ludwig about Charlie Chaplin was the thickest. He calls him "the world's most famous man." That is certainly letting imagination run away with good judgment. Chaplin is merely an actor, a good one, I'll admit, but what has he ever done for the world that makes him "a Christly figure"?

Why should the fact that an actor has been lucky enough, or smart enough, to make a fortune for himself "stagger the world"?

The trouble with everybody connected with the production of moving pictures is that they think the whole world revolves around the film industry. Whereas, the movies are but one of several forms of recreation. After the *important* business of each day is done, we seek amusement, of which the movie is but one of many kinds. And in the movies there are many stars.

So Chaplin has "shaken the masses from their stupidities and lethargies"? Now, ain't it just too bad about us masses? Well, he'll have to do a lot of shaking to convince me he is the world's most famous man.—*Cleo Danna.*

Look Out, You'll Catch Cold

ORMOND, FLA.—"The Golden Virgin," by Beatrice Grimshaw, was certainly the best ever. Beatrice, you are the "berries" when it comes to South Sea stories! During the 33 minutes and 45 seconds spent reading this I lived on Adelaide Island and wore a loin cloth. —*John Stanton.*

On Our Metal

CHICAGO, ILL.—As usual I was first at the news stand to purchase your issue of August 15. Going through the magazine I was rather intrigued with the titles of two stories, namely, "The Golden Virgin," by Beatrice Grimshaw, and "The Silver Bride," by Ethel M. Dell.

The thought occurred to me that the magazine was not complete unless it included "The Platinum Baby," by Whosis.—*John A. Hartman.*

For Mr. Adams

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO—Your article entitled "Nurses," by Franklin P. Adams, surely told the truth.

Liberty has a national circulation, but this article should be published by other national magazines. It would give the public an idea of what to expect if unfortunate enough to have to go to any hospital.—*A Victim.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—We hope Franklin Adams didn't get more than five cents for his article about nurses—seems as though he should have paid you for the ink used to print it.

What he knows about nurses is probably from the standpoint of a patient in the loony ward and if he keeps up that patter he'll never get an honorable discharge from said ward.—*Two Would-be Executioners of Adams.*

And How!

BOSTON, MASS.—I still have the first issue of Liberty. And I just read the latest one. What an improvement! Boy, you've been *moving!—Pete.*

Sure You Will

COTUIT, MASS.—Some day I'll be able to tell my great grandchildren I read Liberty when I was a girl.—*Jeanne.*

Honesty in an Amusement Park

BETHANY BEACH, DEL.—I have never felt the urge to write a letter to any publication until I read, with mounting indignation, an article written by Courtney Ryley Cooper, entitled "Don't Be a Sucker in an Amusement Park."

While I agree with Mr. Cooper in most of his statements, I seriously object to being classed as a "grifter" or one mulcting the unsuspecting public out of its money. My games of science and skill are *not* gaffed, but are fair, which eliminates me from the ninety per cent of which he writes, nor can they be "gimmicked," because I am not a grifting owner. All my prizes can be won fairly.

I know another concessionaire who has what is called the Devil Ball, a game in which many balls run across the counter.

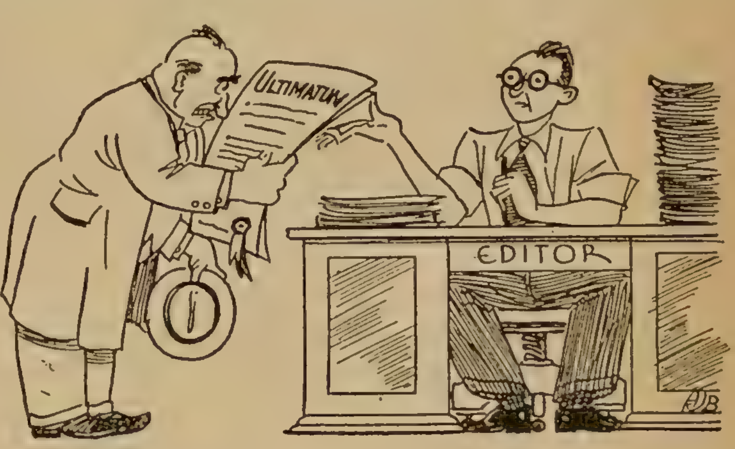
Large prizes go out just the same as smaller ones, and I have seen balls for every article on his shelves.

Another ran a fish pond the same way. But Mr. Cooper, because of his own personal experiences, has chosen to class *all* concessionaires either as "grifters" or "would-be grifters," which is unfair to many of us in this business who play fair.

Why not say that all policemen the country over accept bribes and graft when a few have been caught doing so? It is just as sensible.—*Carl Savage.*

You'll Have to Do Better on Your Second Kick

GALESBURG, ILL.—Understand, I'm not the kind of a fellow that's always kicking. This, in fact, is my first. For the past three years I've been a regular purchaser of Liberty. Up until recently I have always been satisfied that I was getting my money's worth. But now, due to the depression, the value of the American nickel has increased almost one-third.



Still your magazine continues the same.

I feel as though I'm being cheated. You either will have to cut your price or better your magazine to hold my business.

This, my dear editor, is an ultimatum. —*W. H. A.*

ONCE ALL BUT GIVEN UP FOR LOST

Yet new food brought back his strength so fast, parents could hardly believe their eyes!

● *Jimmy-Dick Coughlin, 11410 Knowlton Ave., Cleveland, Ohio*

"I WAS FORCED to put my baby on the bottle," writes Mrs. Richard Coughlin, "when he was but three weeks old. We tried different foods all with the same result. He would no sooner get it down than it was up. One day my mother said, 'If I were you, I would not let that baby go down hill as fast as he has for the last month. *I am afraid if you don't soon do something, it will be too late.*'

"Well, I got a can of Eagle Brand and prepared a feeding. And sure enough, he kept every bit of it down. From then on, he gained so fast, we could hardly believe our eyes.

"I can't say enough for Eagle Brand. I only hope that all mothers who have had the same trouble with their babies as I had will just try Eagle Brand."

• • •

If your baby is not gaining as he should, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand Milk. Send for our free, helpful booklet—the new and enlarged edition of "Baby's Welfare"—which contains all sorts of practical feeding information. Mail coupon to-day.

● (*Every picture and letter published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent us by a grateful parent or other relative.*)

FREE! **Wonderful baby booklet!**

THE BORDEN COMPANY, Dept. 12-Q, Borden Building,
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of the new edition of "Baby's Welfare." My baby is____months old.

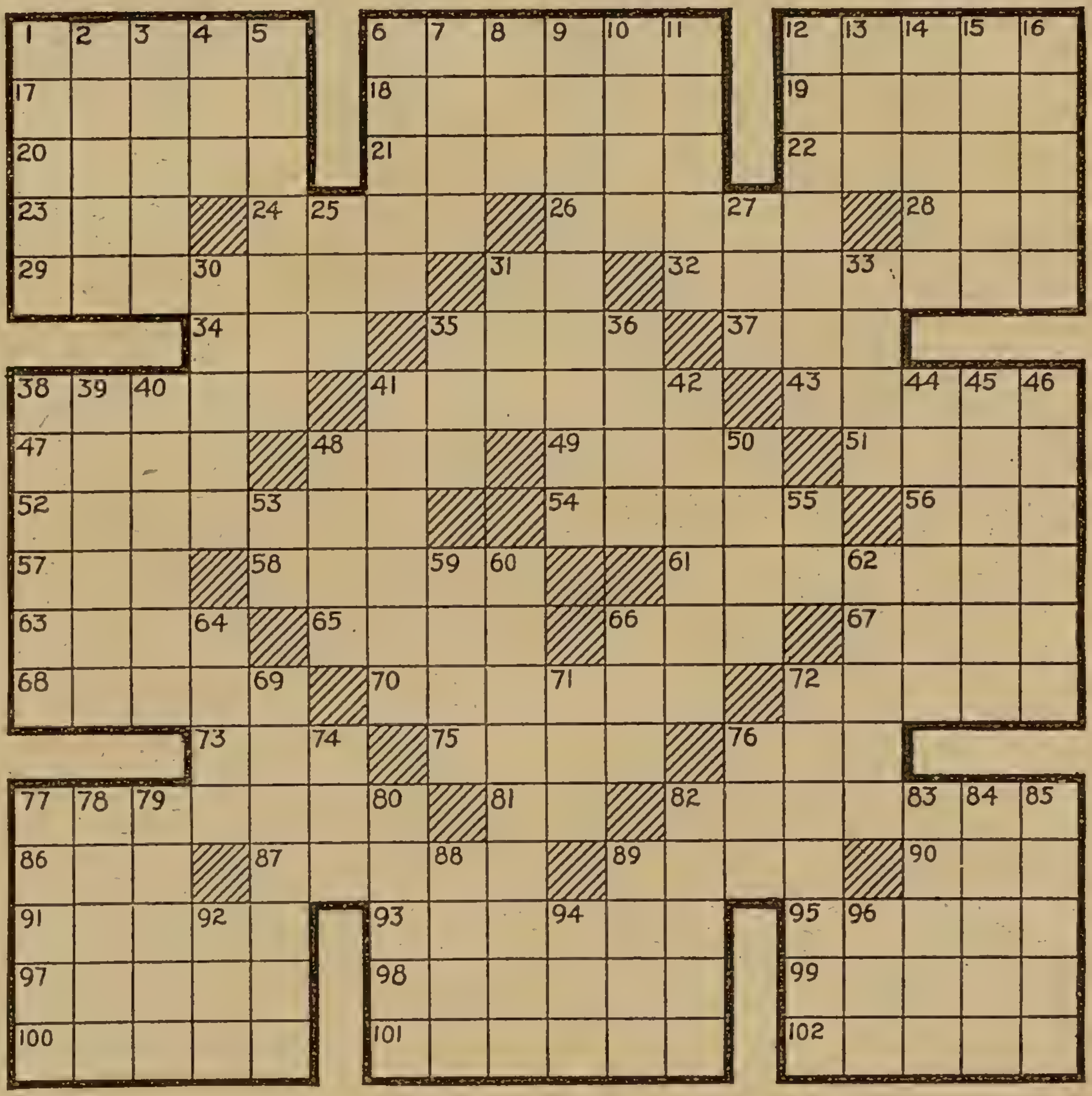
*Name*________________

*Address*________________

*City*________ *State*________

Please print name and address plainly

Two New Puzzles:



HORIZONTAL

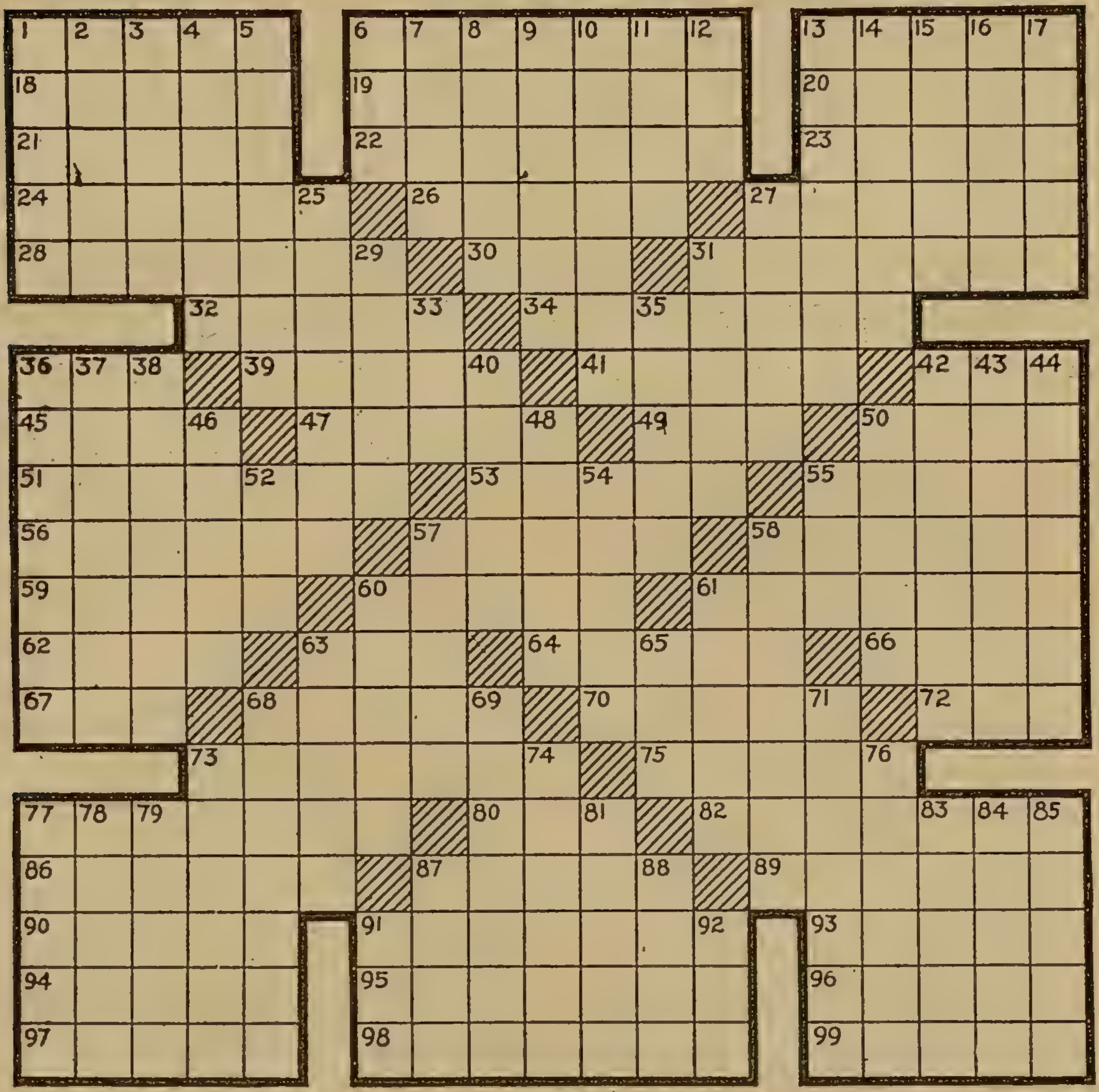
1 Bedding for cattle
6 Endeavor
12 Caster
17 Figure of speech
18 A refrigerant
19 Of the moon
20 Unwind
21 Animal's horn
22 Aromatic seeds
23 Frost
24 The catch of fish on a fishing vessel
26 Jogs
28 Mound
29 Peradventure
31 Either
32 Quell; suppress
34 Craft
35 Daughter of Uranus (Greek religion)
37 Born
38 To mark with lines or notches
41 Ask or call for with authority
43 Defies
47 Any of several vetches
48 Offer to pay
49 To be stocked to overflowing
51 Saucy
52 Beasts
54 Make oath
56 Sailor
57 Label
58 Repasts
61 Definite; exact
63 Part of the eye
65 Let fall
66 Fit of ill temper
67 Cardinal number (plural)
68 Misanthrope
70 Melted
72 Drinking vessel
73 Came to rest
75 Common laborer
76 Struck
77 Zinc
81 Not
82 Individuals
86 Hard subsoil
87 Elevate
89 Grit; courage
90 Authoritative rule
91 Musical work
93 Sums
95 Select class
97 Forgive
98 Educe
99 Competitor
100 Commerce
101 Withdraw
102 Bewitch; charm

VERTICAL

1 Denude
2 Part of a harness
3 Wanderer
4 A primate
5 State of doing well
6 Disfigures
7 Quality of sound
8 A disease peculiar to sheep
9 Abuses
10 Swerve
11 Mistake
12 Embraced
13 A score in baseball
14 Join
15 Relieves of tension
16 Plants
25 Appropriate
27 Cardinal number
30 Seraglio
31 Measure of resistance (electricity)
33 Harvest
35 A color
36 Afresh
38 At rest
39 A bird
40 Source; beginning
41 Deprive of weapons
42 Cause to become deeper
44 Membrane of the eye
45 Blots out
46 Strain
48 Let blood
50 Market
53 Exist
55 Note of the diatonic scale
59 Fold or doubling of a cord
60 Of the spleen
62 Young equines
64 Threshold
66 Inclosure
69 Salt of citric acid
71 Also
72 Cavilers
74 Beverage
76 A fowl
77 Pastime
78 Document
79 Injection
80 Ceremonies
82 Adhesive compound
83 Woman's name
84 Of birth
85 To grow larger
88 A fish
89 Slipped
92 Quit of
94 Playing card
96 Rim or margin, as of a vessel

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

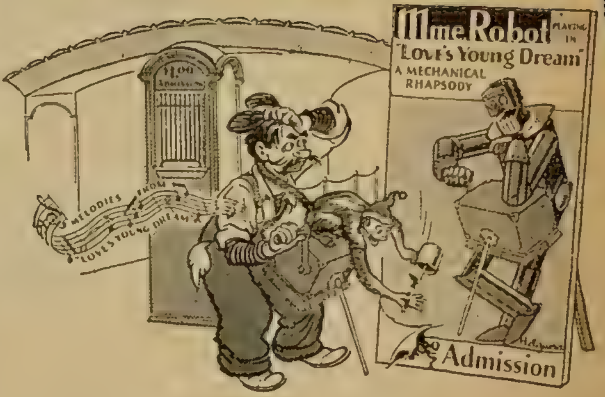
1 Classifier
6 Positivism
13 A king of Phrygia
18 Accustom to
19 Indisposition to exertion
20 Concerning
21 Climbing plants
22 Prominent
23 To hazard, as a bet
24 Chooses
26 Approaches
27 Woman's name
28 Having made and left a will
30 Note in Guido's scale
31 Avoided
32 Leather strip
34 Gazers
36 A constellation
39 Corroded
41 Woman's name
42 Vehicle
45 Espouses
47 Import
49 Club
50 A pastime
51 A nonprofessional
53 Prongs
55 Genus of tropical American plants
56 Natives of an ancient empire
57 Postpone
58 Courses of travel
59 Hauls
60 Poles
61 Intimate; hint
62 Slave
63 Comrade
64 Imprint
66 County in Ohio
67 Soak
68 Risks
70 Gaiters
72 Downcast
73 Hates
75 A conveyance
77 Dislodges
80 Exclamation
82 Trailing plant
86 A corrective
87 Not freshly made
89 Species of weasel
90 Slide
91 Bovine
93 Female students in a coeducational school
94 Woman's name
95 Purposes
96 Listlessness
97 Colorers
98 Wife of a lord
99 German Orientalist

VERTICAL

1 Fastening device
2 Old-womanish
3 Airs
4 Builds
5 Declare again
6 Prefix; on this side
7 Biblical name (Genesis xxxviii)
8 Skirmish; affray
9 Tests
10 Repeat
11 Transgressions
12 Entangle
13 Control
14 Buries
15 Distributed
16 Joint
17 Place
25 Cloud form
27 Lithe
29 Consumer
31 Songs
33 Inclosure
35 Resinous substance
36 Judge
37 Repentant regret
38 Unyielding
40 Memoranda
42 Gallops moderately
43 Loss of memory
44 Beaten at the game of omber
46 Platform
48 Clefts
50 Measure
52 Being, in the most abstract sense
54 Cozy residences
55 Gear-wheel tooth
57 Valleys
58 Hernia
60 Quadrupeds
61 Clever
63 Small pie
65 Appropriate
68 Dulls
69 Law
71 Rarer
73 Conveyer of property
74 Participant
76 Japanese garment
77 Egged
78 Woman's name
79 Facial expression
81 Range in rows
83 Mortgages
84 Endow
85 Gum
87 Possessing a rational mind
88 Terminates
91 Hint
92 A letter of the alphabet

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

RIVALS



THE hurdy-gurdy man meets a baffling problem. Why should his rival, the Robot of Canned Music, perform for money in a theatre, while he and his monkey receive only adjurations to move out of the block? Truly, a strange enigma!

Millions have found canned music unsatisfying and have joined the Music Defense League in protest against its substitution for Living Music in the theatre.

If you love good music and value its cultural influence on our national life, it is your privilege to do likewise. Just sign and mail this coupon.

L-9-19
AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name ....

Address ....

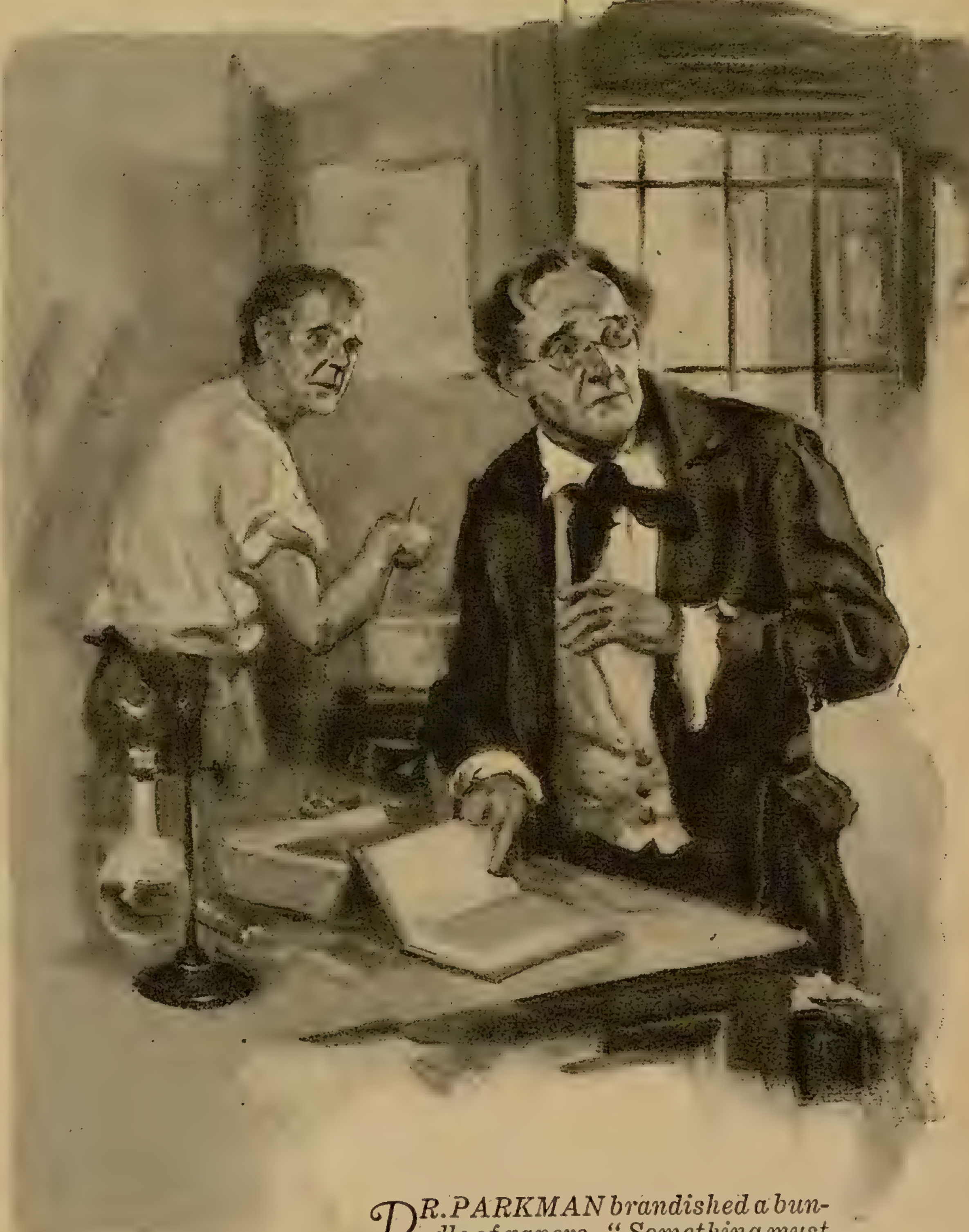
City .... *State* ....

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)

JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*
1440 Broadway New York, N. Y.

The Blue Blood



DR. PARKMAN brandished a bundle of papers. "Something must be done tomorrow!" he announced.

(Reading time: 28 minutes 45 seconds.)

NUMBER 8 Walnut Street, on the slope of Beacon Hill in Boston, is a solid, very respectable, and rather gloomy house. It looks today probably much as it did on a late autumn afternoon eighty-two years ago, when there were consternation and sorrow inside its brick walls.

The master of the house had not come home to dinner—at half past two in the afternoon, then the fashionable hour. Such unexplained absence on the part of any dweller on Beacon Hill would have been startling, but there were reasons why the family at Number 8 were especially disturbed. The head of the household, Dr. George Parkman, was the most orderly and precise man in the world. He kept all his appointments with clocklike precision, and required others to be equally exact.

Yet the short November afternoon waned; candles or oil lamps were lighted; and still there came no word of the doctor to reassure his wife and invalid daughter. Telephone inquiries could not be made in this year 1849, but messengers were sent to the various friends and business associates of the missing man.

There was no news of him even next morning, and his brother, the clergyman, was notified. When he came to the house to consider what should be done, he may have brought his son, Francis Parkman, with him. This young man, recently graduated from college, was to become the distinguished member of the family, as the historian of France in North America, and a man of noble and resolute character.

Dr. Parkman was well connected in every way. His brother-in-law was the merchant, Robert Gould Shaw, grandfather of the gallant soldier whose statue, the famous Shaw Memorial, now stands near the State House.

The doctor was nearly sixty years old, and for his local prominence, as well as for his peculiar appearance, was known to hundreds of people upon the streets of Boston. He had taken a degree in medicine at the University of Aberdeen, but did not practice his profession. Instead, he engaged in business and finance—hurrying to and fro to the banks on State Street, or out to Cambridge and back, consulting with his business agent and others. He was a rather tall and very lean man, with noticeable teeth, and a lower jaw so unusual that when a woman told her family that she had seen "Chin" in the street, they knew that she meant Dr. Parkman.

The doctor was impatient, usually in a hurry. The horse upon which he rode was not always in sympathy with his mood, so the doctor would sometimes dismount, leave the horse standing in the street, and push ahead on foot.

At noon of the Friday when he disappeared, he had plainly intended to return as usual. For, after a call at the Merchants' Bank, he bought for his daughter a head of lettuce (then a delicacy in November) and left it in a paper bag at Holland's grocery at the corner of Blossom and Vine streets. He said he would be back to get it in a few minutes; but bag and lettuce were still there in the evening.

On Saturday morning the city marshal, whose name was Tukey, had his men quietly searching deserted premises. Later a general alarm went out. The river and harbor were dragged. Search parties explored round about, going fifty or sixty miles, to towns in the interior, and up and down the coast. Handbills offered $3,000 reward for the doctor's discovery if alive, or $1,000 for his body if there had been a disaster. He was said to have been carrying a large sum of money. The description of his costume says that he wore a dark frock coat, dark pantaloons, purple silk vest, with dark-figured black stock, and a black hat.

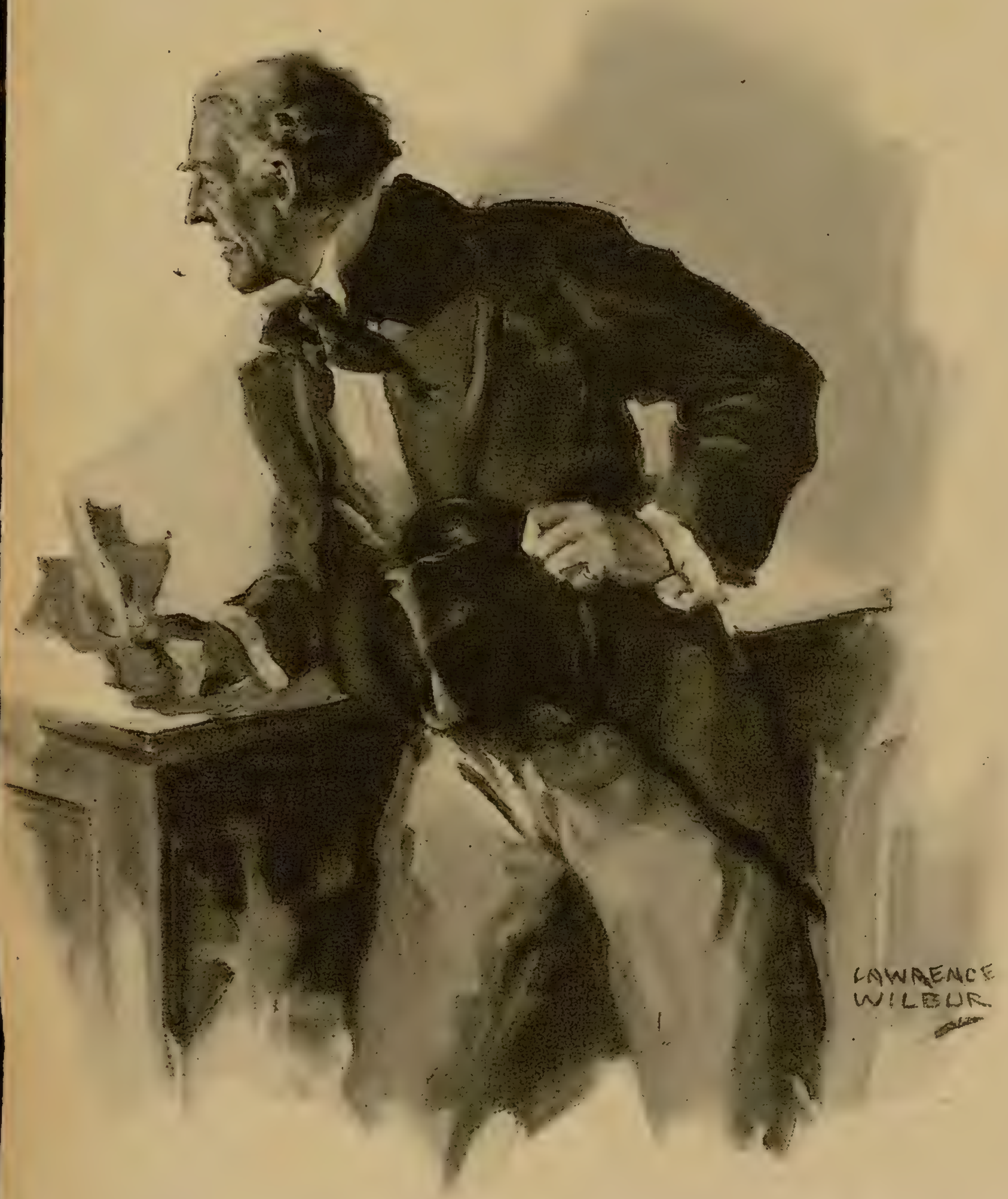
When these advertisements appeared Saturday night in the Boston Evening Transcript, the people were generally aware of the strange disappearance, and everybody was talking about it. Citizens began to discuss rumors—most of them false—that Dr. Parkman had been

Mystery *of* Boston

In Which Circumstantial Evidence Finally Wrings a Confession from a Dignified Harvard Professor

By EDMUND PEARSON

Pictures by LAWRENCE WILBUR



seen here and there on the streets some time or other on Friday. The doctor's son was in Europe; but his nephew, Mr. Blake, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Shaw, were extremely active in the search.

On Sunday afternoon the Parkman family, together with his brother, the clergyman, were sitting in the house in Walnut Street, all in great distress and agitation. They had stayed away from church, hoping to hear something to solve the mystery.

A caller was announced: Professor Webster. He came in and very abruptly addressed the clergyman:

"I came to tell you that I saw your brother at half past one on Friday, and paid him some money."

Mrs. Parkman, after a moment's pause, replied:

"Oh, then you are the gentleman who came to the house at half past nine that morning and made an appointment with my husband?"

They had been trying to find out about this man, as the servant had not recognized him. Professor Webster said:

"Yes, it was I; and I should have been here before, but I did not hear of his disappearance until last night. And this morning I thought you would be at church."

The professor added that he met Dr. Parkman, according to the appointment, at the college at 1:30; that he paid him $483 and some cents; that the doctor then dashed a pen through one of the papers he had in his hand, and with the papers still in his hand, and holding the money also, hurried out of the college in his impetuous way, and Professor Webster saw him no more.

THIS information made Professor Webster a person of interest. He was professor of chemistry and mineralogy at Harvard, and he also lectured on chemistry in the Massachusetts Medical College on North Grove Street, Boston. A few men—one of them Robert Gould Shaw—knew that the relations between Dr. Parkman and Professor Webster for some years had been unhappy.

To Mr. Shaw, in 1848, had come Professor Webster with a sad tale of his financial troubles. Here he was, a man approaching sixty years, professor in a university, and on the miserable salary of $1,200 a year. (Probably the equivalent of $2,400 today, but still inadequate.) He had a wife and three daughters; another daughter was married and lived in the Azores. He had a few hundreds more a year, the fees of his lectures in the Medical College, but these fluctuated. Mr. Shaw may have known that Webster had quickly spent the $50,000 left him by his father, and had acquired hospitable but extravagant habits. He did know that the professor loved to entertain. And now sheriffs were in the house, and attachments on the furniture!

Mr. Shaw sympathized with the scholar; everyone who knew Professor Webster thought him a kindly man. And he was easily persuaded to "buy" from the professor his cabinet of minerals, giving him $1,200 and taking a bill

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BLUE-BLOOD MYSTERY OF BOSTON
Continued from page fifty-three

of sale, but leaving the minerals in the Webster house in Cambridge. Then Mr. Shaw went to Dr. Parkman to rag him a little on the fact that Harvard paid a professor only $100 a month. He also mentioned the minerals, and to his surprise Dr. Parkman exploded with wrath.

"Those minerals are not his to sell!" he shouted. "I have a mortgage on them, and I can show it to you!"

This was true. Professor Webster had been borrowing from Dr. Parkman for years: once a loan of $400, and once $2,432. The larger sum was advanced by Dr. Parkman together with a few other men, who took as security a mortgage on Webster's furniture, including the minerals.

There were never two men so ill suited to carry on business of this kind as Dr. Parkman and Professor Webster. Each of them was, in most respects, honest and kindly; each ranked as a scholar and a gentleman. Yet, as a debtor, Webster was shifty and evasive. And as creditor Parkman was given to nagging and making himself a pest. He would inform Webster, by letter, that he was a fraud, and, to guard against accidents in the mails, would send the same message by word of mouth. It is even said that he used to come to Webster's lectures, sit in the front row, push out that formidable jaw of his, and exhibit all those shining teeth. They were especially fine teeth—made by Dr. Keep, a friend of both men.

This glittering display of dentistry quite upset Professor Webster and made it hard for him to talk to the young men about chemistry. Webster knew that when a lecture was over Dr. Parkman would meet him with some new reproaches and a proposal to garnishee his lecture fees. Dr. Parkman's indignation was redoubled because he felt he had secured Webster his professorship, and because the land on which the Medical College was built was his gift. In recognition of this generosity, the authorities had named the Parkman Chair of Anatomy, and its professor, none other than little Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, was often describing the human body to his students in the classroom above Webster's.

After Dr. Parkman left his lettuce at Holland's grocery on that unlucky Friday, he had been seen, as the police discovered, going *toward* the Medical College. He was not seen to enter it, however, nor was he ever seen leaving it—except by Professor Webster. But now, after the revelation of Sunday, attention was directed to the college. It would be too much to say that any general suspicion had been aroused against that dismal building. But Mr. Blake called on Professor Webster on Monday, with no result; and on Tuesday a party of officers made a casual inspection. Searches of the kind were being made all over Boston and Cambridge.

DURING the investigation the usual number of anonymous letters were received by Marshal Tukey and others. One of the most curious seemed to have been written with a brush or stub of a match dipped in ink. It was postmarked East Cambridge, November 30, and said:

MR. TUKEY, Boston

Dr Parkman was took on Bord the ship herculan and this is al I dare to say or I shal be kiled. Est Cambrge. one of the men give me his Watch but I was feared to keep it and throwd it in the water right side the road to the long brige to Boston.

One man had some dark suspicions. He was Ephraim Littlefield, janitor of the college. He had known both the professor and the doctor for years, and one afternoon of the previous week had witnessed a painful interview.

It was in Professor Webster's private laboratory, a shadowy room lighted by three or four candles. The janitor had been called in to help the professor prepare a solution—some chemical hell-broth or other. He was stirring water on the stove, while the professor stood at a table, "looking at a chemical book," as Littlefield said.

Dr. Parkman, to the surprise of both men, suddenly appeared, and spoke in a loud voice:

"Dr. Webster, are you ready for me tonight?"

The professor replied:

"No, sir; I am not ready."

Dr. Parkman then accused him of fraudulent actions, and brandished a bunch of papers.

"Something must be done tomorrow!" he announced, and stalked out.

Nothing was done on the morrow, and the following Friday had seen them making an appointment for the same place. During the week the professor asked Littlefield about the condition of the vault where remains from the dissecting room were placed. Later he sent the janitor over to the Massachusetts General Hospital to get a pint of blood—"for an experiment."

On Friday, at 1:45, Littlefield was one of those who saw Dr. Parkman striding toward the college; but he was called away before he saw whether or not he came in. From one o'clock till two on that day Dr. Holmes was lecturing in the room above, and Littlefield went upstairs to close the room after the lecture, "and to help the doctor clear away his table"—that is, put back in their cabinets the bones, specimens in jars, or other melancholy remnants which had been used for purposes of illustration. The dapper little Dr. Holmes and the lank, cadaverous janitor finished this work, sublimely unaware of near-by events, then proceeding, which were to agitate the nation for months.

Late Friday afternoon Littlefield met Professor Webster, somberly coming down the back stairs of the college with a candle in his hand. He always used candles in preference to lamps.

FOR the next two or three days the janitor was unable to get into Professor Webster's rooms to render his usual services of tidying up. Doors were kept locked, contrary to custom; fires were burning in the furnace at unusual times, and a stream of water was heard running in the sink.

By the middle of the week following Dr. Parkman's disappearance, Littlefield had become heartily sick of hearing people on the street say:

"Oh, they'll find Parkman in the Medical College, if they'll only make a real search."

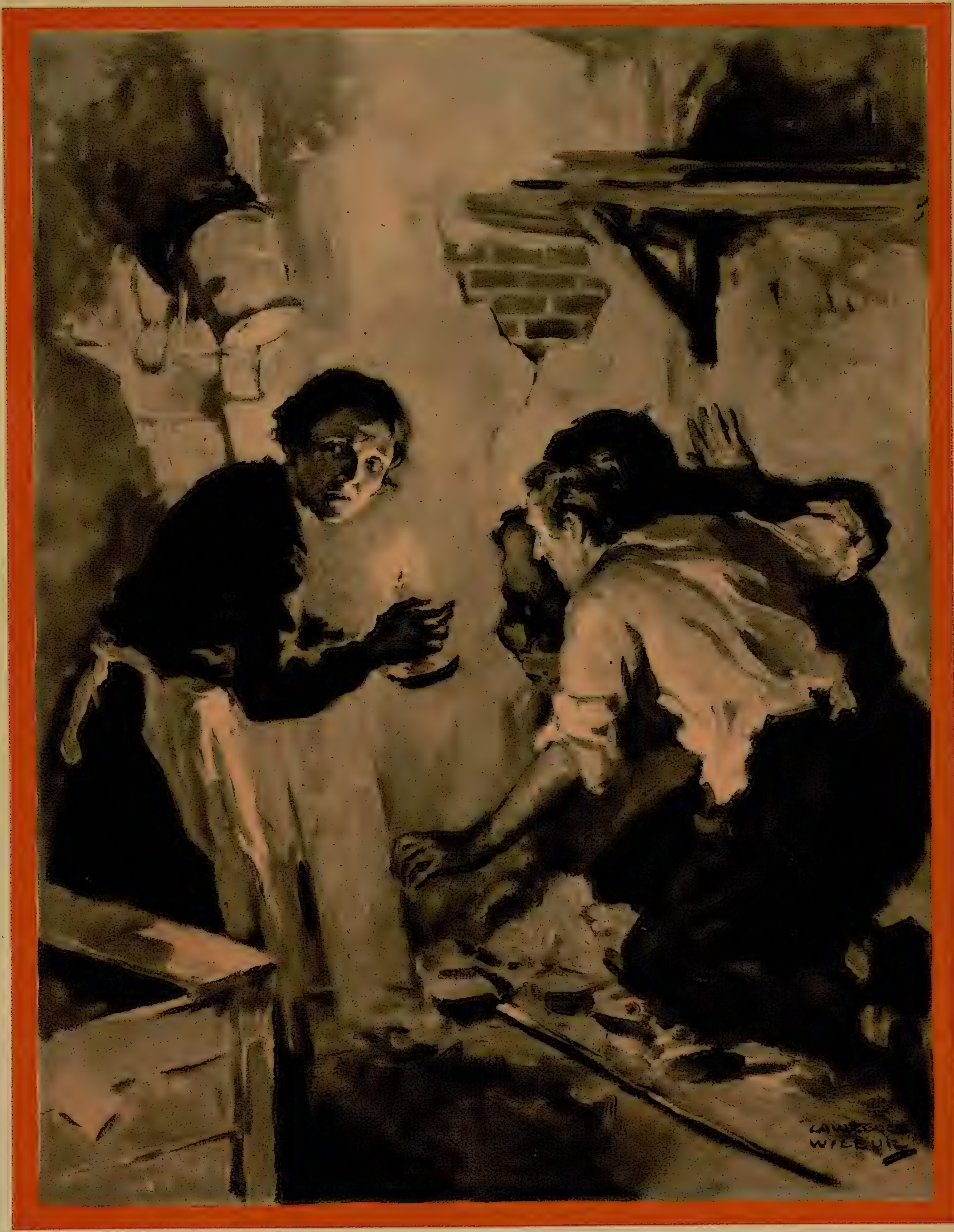
Medical schools were perhaps not in the best repute at that time.

Many people were alive who could easily remember when Burke and Hare were carrying on their traffic in Edinburgh, murdering people and selling them to an easy-going lecturer in a medical college, who complimented his purveyors on the freshness of the bodies, but never inquired how they came to be so fresh.

Consequently, as Professor Webster's conduct became more and more incomprehensible to Littlefield, and as it culminated in an absolutely unprecedented gift, an order for a Thanksgiving turkey, the janitor decided to DO SOMETHING. He looked upon the bird as a hush-turkey, but he took it nevertheless. He began lying on his stomach and trying to look under the cracks of doors, peering through keyholes, and cutting little bits out of wooden partitions, in order to find out what the professor was working at beyond all ordinary professorial hours. He went down into the cellar and, with his wife as sentry in case the professor approached, attacked a brick wall with a crowbar, in order to penetrate a vault under the professor's rooms.

Strengthened and fortified by Professor Webster's turkey, he spent all the afternoon of Thanksgiving day in this tough and gritty work. He had put in the morning cleaning up his own cellar, and you might expect to hear that by nightfall he was all fagged out. This would show, however, that you do not know the old Massachusetts Littlefields. Instead of lolling at home, he went that evening to a ball given by the Sons of Temperance, stayed until 4 A. M., and danced eighteen out of the twenty dances.

Why he slighted the other two does not appear in evidence. Perhaps Mrs. Littlefield reminded him of his grim work still incomplete in the cellar. At all events, she began calling him before eight o'clock that morning



In the afternoon Littlefield broke through the wall, and could see by his dim light into the vault.

and had him out of bed before nine. It was an exciting day for the Littlefields. He talked to one or two of the professors, hinted at his suspicions, and asked their advice about what he was doing. They told him to proceed. But he had to guard against a surprise, as Professor Webster was in and out during the day. There were others who interrupted him, and there was some of his regular work to be performed.

In the afternoon (it was Friday, one week after Dr. Parkman's vanishing) Littlefield broke through the wall, and could see, by his dim light, into the vault.

"The first thing I saw was the pelvis of a man, and two parts of a leg. The water was running down over these remains from the sink. I knew it was no place for these things."

He locked up the cellar, and went to notify Dr. Bigelow, one of the professors. He also went to Mr. Shaw's, where

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BLUE-BLOOD MYSTERY OF BOSTON
Continued from page fifty-five

he found the city marshal. Policemen were sent out to Cambridge to bring Professor Webster back into Boston. For some reason a deception was practiced on him, and he was told he was wanted at the college to help in a further search. The carriage drove to the jail, however, and the professor was arrested.

In great agitation, he began to ask questions:

"Have they found Dr. Parkman? Where did they find him? Did they find the whole of the body? How came they to suspect me? Oh! what will they think of me?"

He made other remarks, tending to throw suspicion on Littlefield. As he was not watched carefully, he had an opportunity to swallow something which he took from his pocket. It threw him into violent convulsions; but he recovered in an hour, and was able to accompany the officers to the college. Afterward he admitted that he had taken strychnine, but for some strange reason it did him no great harm.

This attempt at self-destruction must have reminded the officers of the words of Daniel Webster (not a relative of the professor) in a famous murder trial twenty years earlier:

"Suicide is confession."

Many crimes, however, which are practically admitted at the time of the arrest are vigorously and indignantly denied when friends and lawyers for the defense have rallied to the prisoner.

In March, 1850, the professor was the central figure in a trial which to lawyers and to historians of crime is still a landmark—to lawyers perhaps because the state was under necessity of proving the *corpus delicti* under such unusual conditions; and also because of Chief Justice Shaw's charge to the jury, which is frequently cited in courts today, especially as it bears upon the nature of circumstantial evidence. To historians of crime in many countries the case has always been of intense interest because of the social and academic positions of both men, and the sympathy which must be felt for both of them. Each thought that the other had wronged him; each is entitled to our pity.

SOME distinguished men, like Charles Sumner, believed in the professor's innocence. The great advocate, Rufus Choate, was asked to undertake the defense. After hearing the evidence he agreed to take the case, but only if the killing should be admitted. In that event, he would try to convince the jury that it was not murder but manslaughter. The professor and his family absolutely refused to admit guilt in any degree. And many persons were sure that guilt would never be proved, for lack of convincing evidence that the human fragments which were found were really those of Dr. Parkman.

Another lawyer, by no means great but in later years rather famous, A. Oakey Hall, district attorney and mayor of New York in the time of the Tweed Ring, made himself silly in a pamphlet in which he denounced the prosecution of the professor as the result of "Puritan bigotry" and "Bostonian snobbishness." A curious comparison comes down to us from this great law case of the days of our grandfathers. Much lamentation is now heard about the space in newspapers devoted to murder trials, and I fully agree that a certain kind of newspaper enterprise in this field is pretty poisonous. But when anyone intimates that our grandsires were purer in this respect, and that they were almost free from a "morbid interest" in crime, I wish he would look at any one of the sober newspapers of March, 1850. The New York Herald, for instance, then a paper of only four pages, each day reported the proceedings fully, in three or four closely printed columns, *and on the front page.*

As for the public excitement, it was actually proposed in Boston, to accommodate the throngs of people who wished to attend the trial, that it be held in Tremont Temple, the largest hall in the city. It was finally held in the Courthouse. The floor was closed to all but privileged spectators, and the gallery opened to the public. The police were ordered to change this audience every ten minutes, and by this method *from 55,000 to 60,000 persons had a glimpse of the proceedings.*

It was shown by the state that Professor Webster had performed some tortuous acts with checks and notes which the defense could not explain. He had said that Dr. Parkman had agreed to cancel the note for $2,432, although Dr. Parkman, as only one of the creditors on that note, did not possess the sole power to give a release.

In addition to the pieces of a human body found in the vault—not the vault where such things were usually placed—other and larger parts of a body were discovered in a tea chest filled with tanbark. Professor Webster had sent in, by an expressman, some tanbark from Cambridge that week.

AN enormous amount of expert evidence was introduced: from medical men, handwriting specialists, and others. Some of it was curious. On the difficulty of disposing of human remains by fire, Dr. Woodbridge Strong related an experience he had in 1820 in his office on Cornhill in Boston. He had a pirate, kindly given to him by the United States marshal for scientific purposes.

"He was a muscular, stout man," said the doctor. After the dissection was over, Dr. Strong began the process of ridding himself of what remained "in a large, old-fashioned fireplace." It took all night and part of next day, and one is not surprised to hear that at about eleven o'clock the neighbors objected and the police came in to inquire.

The picture of a doctor destroying a large, stout pirate on Cornhill, Boston, is rather quaint, and serves to date the Webster trial as one of long ago.

Prisoners were not allowed to testify at this time. Webster's attorneys made for him a sweeping denial of all charges. They raised doubts as to whether Dr. Parkman's body had been found. They suggested that if it had, it might have been placed there by somebody (perhaps Littlefield) in order to incriminate the professor. And, most impressive of all, they produced some witnesses who said they had seen Dr. Parkman alive on the streets of Boston hours after his supposed death. One very nice and absolutely honest old lady swore, with all due citation of corroborating detail, that she saw Dr. Parkman, and bowed to him, and received his bow in return, at five o'clock that Friday afternoon. Dr. Parkman at that moment was cold in death, but I have little doubt that this old lady insisted, to the very last breath of her life, that she was positively not mistaken.

The case against the professor was all circumstantial. Nobody saw the two men together at the college on that day. But there came the final, clinching bit of circumstantial evidence when Dr. Nathan Keep, a friend of both the men, testified as to the bits of false teeth found in the furnace. In the presence of the jury, he fitted the mold which he had made, and which was still in his possession, to the fragments found in the furnace. As he realized the import of his testimony he burst into tears.

Without this evidence that the body was really Dr. Parkman's, the case might have failed. The other bones and pieces were inconclusive. All that the experts could say was that they were not inconsistent with being from the body of someone of the age, size, and physical characteristics of the missing man. It is even possible that without the testimony of the dentist the case would have been so incomplete that the chief justice would have directed an acquittal. Those gleaming white teeth were an omen of evil to Professor Webster to the end. "Parkman's teeth" became a phrase in the Massachusetts courts to denote a bit of irrefutable proof.

A large number of Professor Webster's friends and colleagues, including Jared Sparks, president of Harvard, appeared at the trial and testified as to his previous good character and amiable disposition.

The jury took their duties with extreme seriousness—as I think juries usually do in capital cases. In the devout manner of that time, they daily asked for Divine guidance, and on the last night opened their deliberations with solemn prayer. They were out three hours, and at midnight came into the crowded court with a verdict of guilty.

During the rest of the spring and early summer Professor Webster maintained his strong protestations of innocence. Many took part in denouncing the verdict. It was at this time that Mr. A. Oakey Hall issued his manifesto ridiculing or attacking the state's witnesses, praising the clear-sighted courage of the witnesses for the defense (especially the old lady who thought she had seen Dr. Parkman on the street), assailing the trial as a glaring instance of the perfidy of New England, and (of course) referring to the "burning" of the Salem witches.

The court having refused the application for a writ of error, appeals were made to the governor and council. In such impressive language as this, the condemned man addressed the chief magistrate:

"To Him who seeth in secret, and before Whom I may ere long be called to appear, would I appeal for the truth of what I now declare. . . ." And "Repeating in the most solemn and positive manner, and under the fullest sense of my responsibility as a man and as a Christian, that I am wholly innocent of this charge, to the truth of which the Searcher of all hearts is a witness . . . ."

Many years later, when the bodies of Sacco and Vanzetti lay in the morgue which, I believe, is near the site of the old Medical College where Dr. Parkman was murdered, a number of earnest believers in the guiltlessness of those men quoted their solemn utterances on the eve of execution, and cited them as strong indications of innocence. One of the papers then reprinted the statements of Professor Webster, as given here, in illustration of the fact that this form of argument is fallible.

After the lapse of some weeks, Professor Webster asked that his statement be withdrawn, and then made a long and detailed confession.

IT is a tragic document, even when one remembers that its author was still endeavoring to put himself in the best possible light and to show that he had great provocation.

He said that Dr. Parkman came to the interview at the college, and immediately replied to his plea for more time by calling him a scoundrel and a liar. Dr. Parkman said:

"I got you into your office, and now I will get you out of it!"

Finally Dr. Parkman (according to this account) was brandishing papers in Webster's face, gesticulating and threatening. Said Professor Webster:

> I seized whatever thing was handiest—it was a stick of wood—and dealt him an instantaneous blow with all the force that passion could give it. I did not know, nor think, nor care where I should hit him, nor how hard, nor what the effect would be. It was on the side of his head, and there was nothing to break the force of the blow. He fell instantly upon the pavement.
>
> There was no second blow. He did not move. I stooped down over him, and he seemed to be lifeless. Blood flowed from his mouth, and I got a sponge and wiped it away. I got some ammonia and applied it to his nose; but without effect.
>
> Perhaps I spent ten minutes in attempts to resuscitate him; but I found that he was absolutely dead. In my horror and consternation I ran instinctively to the doors and bolted them—the doors of the lecture room and of the laboratory below. And then, what was I to do?
>
> It never occurred to me to go out and declare what had been done and obtain assistance. I saw nothing but the alternative of a successful removal and concealment of the body, on the one hand, and of infamy and destruction on the other.
>
> The first thing I did, as soon as I could do anything, was to drag the body into the private room adjoining. There I took off the clothes, and began putting them into the fire which was burning in the upper laboratory. They were all consumed there that afternoon—with papers, pocketbook, or whatever else they may have contained.
>
> I did not examine the pockets, nor remove anything except the watch. I saw that, or the chain of it, hanging out; and I took it and threw it over the bridge as I went to Cambridge.
>
> My next move was to get the body into the sink which stands in the small private room. By setting the body partially erect against the corner, and getting up into the sink myself, I succeeded in drawing it up. There it was entirely dismembered. It was quickly done, as a work of terrible and desperate necessity.

TO the end Professor Webster insisted that his crime was, at worst, manslaughter, done in a moment of rage and under intense provocation. Many have always agreed with him. Had he instantly given himself up to the police, his sentence would probably have been a term of years in prison.

Certain things, however, as the reader has noted, did point to a premeditated murder. His statements could no longer be accepted as always credible, and his attempts to cast suspicion on Littlefield had alienated sympathy. He admitted writing the East Cambridge letter.

In his last days he made a humble apology to Littlefield, and addressed a letter, in deepest contrition, to the brother of the murdered man. Calm, and acknowledging the justice of his sentence, he was hanged on the last Friday in August.

His confession staggered those who had been insisting that "such a man could not have done it," "a gentleman and a Christian," "a teacher in a great university," "a loving husband and father," and so on. These are folk who know little about crime, and dislike to recognize that the capability for committing a murder may be present, under certain circumstances, in all of us. They repeat the old nonsense that "all murderers are insane," simply because they prefer to believe that there is a great difference between a murderer like Professor Webster and their own virtuous selves.

The interest in Professor Webster has not waned. Recently Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe made the discovery that Webster was a student of medicine at Guy's Hospital in London at the same time with John Keats. So it is possible that he may have known the young man who was to write the Ode to a Nightingale.

Of all the stories, however, perhaps the strangest was told by Longfellow. In 1869 Charles Dickens, in company with Dr. Holmes, visited the scene of the murder.

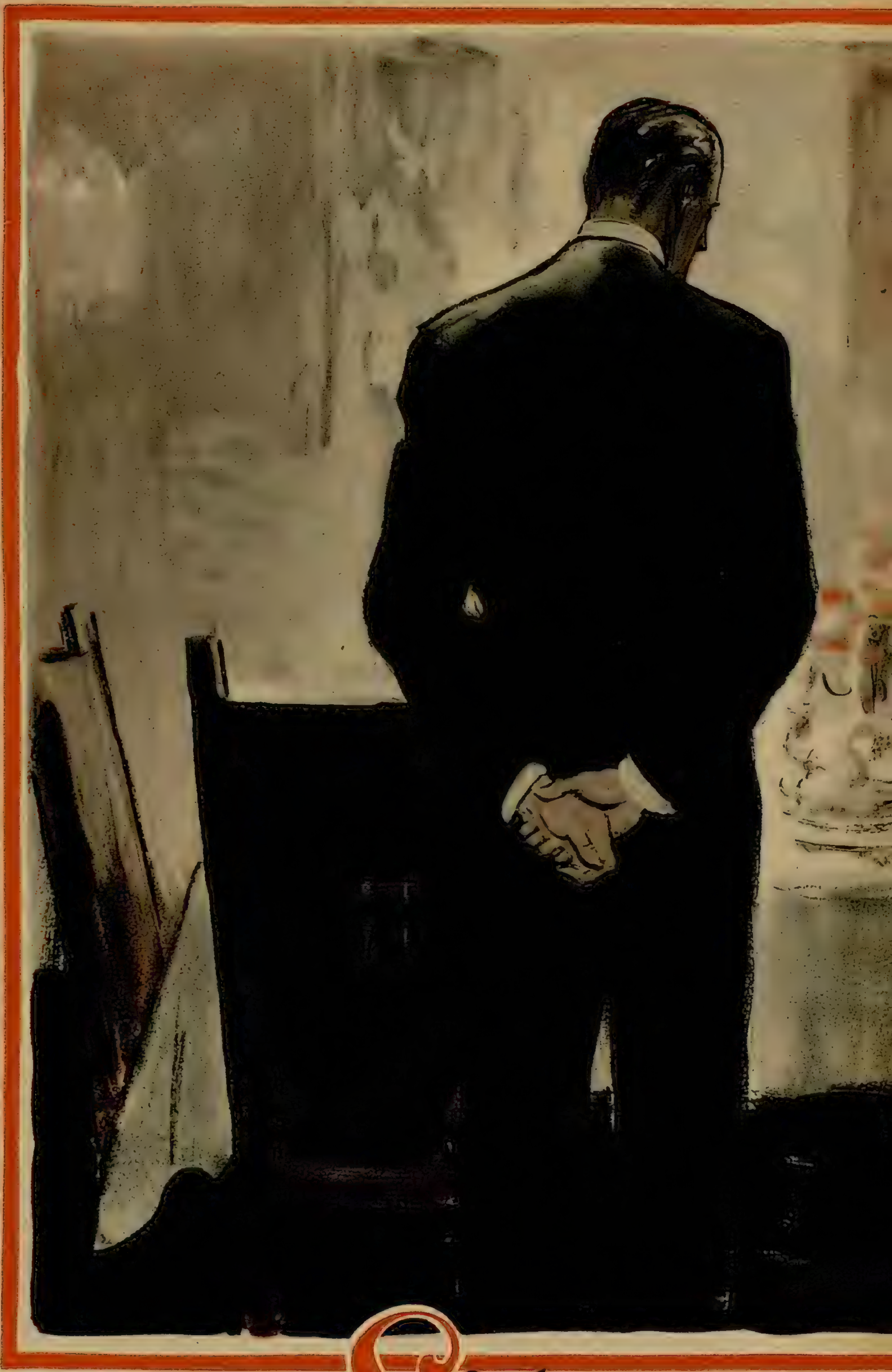
This was during the second visit of Dickens to this country.

He had always been interested in Professor Webster. That evening, at dinner, Longfellow described a dinner which he had attended at Professor Webster's house a year or two before the murder. It was a dinner for men, given in honor of some distinguished foreign visitor.

At the end of the dinner the host had the lights lowered and told a servant to "bring in that thing I told you about." The servant brought in and placed on the table a bowl of burning chemicals, which cast a horrible greenish light on the faces of everyone in the room.

Professor Webster then rose, produced a rope, and put it around his own neck in a noose. He cast the other end over the chandelier, leaned over the ghastly fires which flickered from the bowl, tilted his head on one side, and protruded his tongue in imitation of a man who had been hanged!

This is the third in a series of stories by Mr. Pearson of famous murders. Another will appear in next week's Liberty.



Silver

By ETHEL M. DELL

Pictures by
JAY BARNUM

(Reading time: 35 min. 45 sec.)

THIS is the story of Marcia Templeton's rebellion. Chilled by the coldness of her ambitious husband and the self-absorption of her children, Dennis and Goldie, she yielded to the love-making of Eric Morven, and consented to drive with him to a steamer which would carry them from England to Canada. The car overturned, Eric was injured, but, help having come from the hotel near by, he persuaded Marcia to leave. Arriving home, she learned that Dennis had appendicitis.

Mercifully, Dennis lived.

PART SEVEN—THE LOCKED DOOR

IT was not till Marcia returned from her ten weeks' sojourn on the east coast with Dennis that her husband marked the change in her.

It came upon him rather suddenly one evening in October, after the children were back in school, when unexpectedly he wanted to speak to her and found a locked door between his room and hers. Surprised, he went out into the passage and applied for admittance there. Her voice at once gave him permission to enter, and he did so, to find her lying quite idle on a sofa near the window. The daylight had almost gone, but there was no illumination in the room. Only a lamppost on the road outside gleamed with a shifting glow through rustling leaves.

He paused on the threshold, sensing something within with which he was unfamiliar. " What, Marcia! All alone in the dark? "

" Yes." Rather wearily her voice answered him. " All alone in the dark! But switch on the light if you like! "

He did so, and advanced, looking at her questioningly. " Is anything the matter, my dear? Aren't you well? "

Her eyes, shadowy and inscrutable in her pale face, smiled at him. " Yes, I am quite well. Just resting, that's all."

Her quiet words did not hold dismissal, yet he paused again, as if arrested by something.

He came to a chair near her and sat down. " I thought you might be interested to know that Lord Bevis has finally decided to retire at the end of the year."

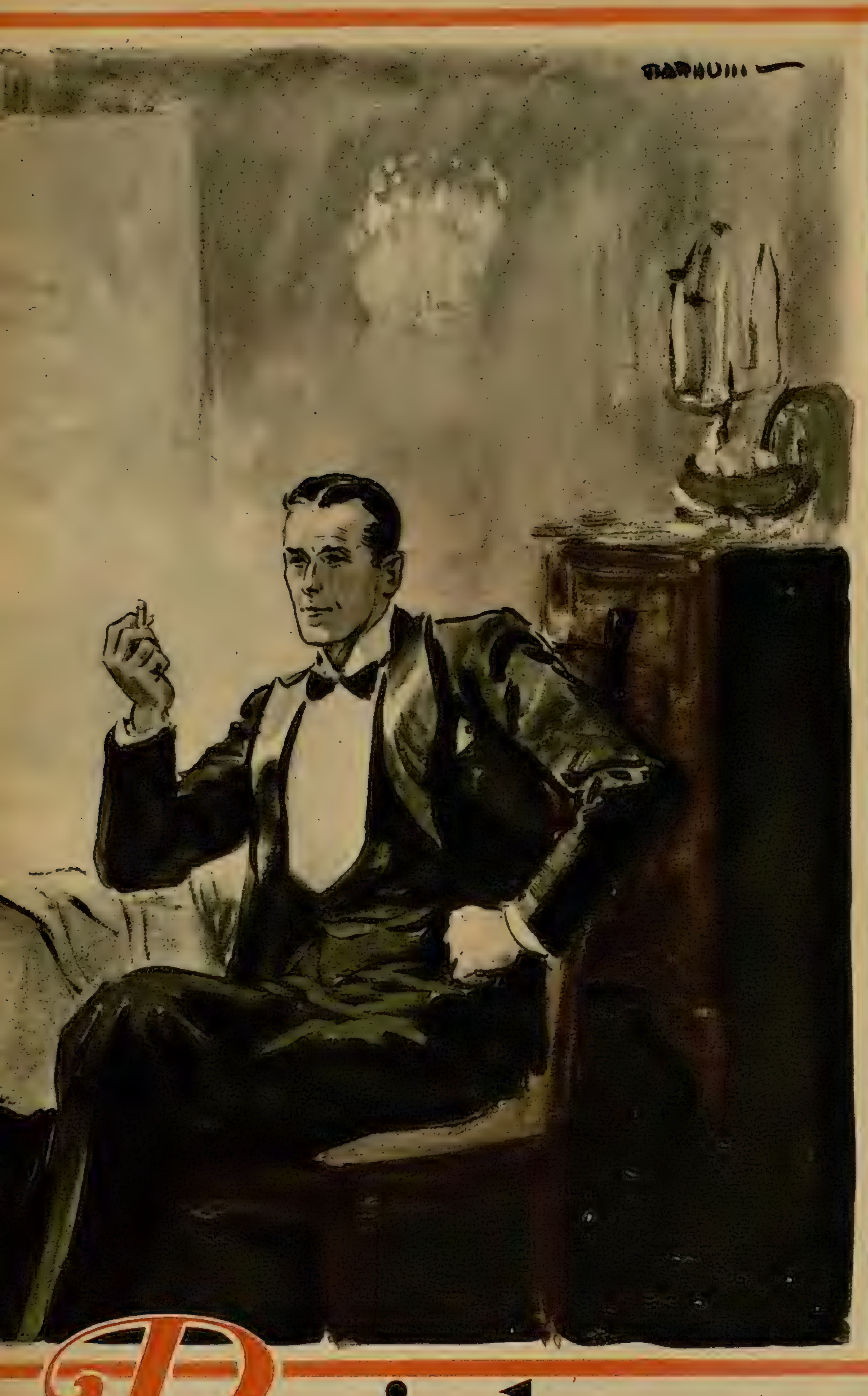
" Oh, I see." Marcia still spoke with a certain weariness. " And the vacant judgeship—"

He stroked his chin, faintly smiling. " Well, my dear, if it is offered to me, I shall be the youngest judge."

Marcia lay silent.

Sir Everard sat for several moments absorbed in contemplation of the news which he had just imparted, then, at length, slowly his first impression began to reassert itself. He looked at his wife with renewed attention.

" You're not looking very well, my dear," he said. "I am



"I THINK," said Sir Everard, rising, "that you are rather apt to forget that there is such a thing as virtue, as well as vice, even in these days."

Bride

A Story of the Stratagems of a Love-Hungry Wife

afraid you didn't get much of a holiday, after all, this summer."

"I am taking one now," she said quietly.

"You are going away again?" he questioned.

"Perhaps I may," she said; adding, after a short pause, "It wouldn't matter if I did, would it?"

"I think it would be a very good idea," he said. "But it is getting rather late in the year, isn't it? Where would you go?"

She hesitated a moment, then, once more very quietly, "I don't think I will tell you—or anybody—that," she said. "I have often thought that a week—or even a fortnight—out of every year spent in complete retirement and obscurity would be a very excellent thing for all society women. If you don't mind, that is the sort of holiday I propose to take."

It was a suggestion which a few years before would have astounded him, but the war had instituted a change of outlook which it was impossible to ignore. She had gone her own way during those four years, and he had permitted it.

"I am willing," he said, "to agree to anything that is for your good. But I should certainly prefer not to be left more than a week without news of you."

"VERY well," she said in the same quiet voice. "A week. One week in every year. You will agree to that?"

He stiffened a little. It was almost as if she were driving a bargain with him. "I think provision for one year at a time is enough," he said, and passed on deliberately, with the air of putting an end to the subject. "And now for another matter! Did you know that that door was locked?"

He indicated the door that communicated with his own room.

It was behind Marcia's couch, but she did not turn her head. "Yes, I knew," she said. "Why?"

"That is what I want to ask you," he said somewhat ponderously. "Why?"

Dead silence followed his words. Sir Everard got up. There was something in the room he could not grasp, something hostile that quickened his blood as if in answer to a definite challenge.

"Tell me why!" he said with authority.

She remained absolutely passive, save for her eyes. They were alight, burning, somehow dreadful.

"I didn't think that you ever used it," she said.

Again he stiffened like a man in expectation of a blow. "That is no reason," he said. "Please unlock it again!"

"I am afraid," she said slowly, "I have lost the key."

His hands clenched. He was suddenly angry, overwhelmingly angry, perhaps more so than he had ever been in the whole of his well ordered life.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page fifty-nine

Standing over her, he spoke in tones half strangled. " Then you will find it," he said. " Do you hear me? You will find it—tonight."

" Everard! " she said in utter astonishment. It was almost like a cry. He had never been angry with her before.

He stood looking down at her, and he saw that she was deathly pale. With an enormous effort he controlled himself, but he spoke with indomitable determination. " I mean what I have said," he told her grimly. " I always do. That door will be unlocked tonight. You understand? "

" Very well," she said faintly.

He stood a moment longer, looking upon her with a deep intensity, then without another word he turned, squarely compelling himself, and left her.

II

" HE is longing to see you," said Peter.

He took the suitcase from her hand, surveyed the slim tall figure he had come to meet with a species of wonder mingling with the old boyish respect.

" Is he, Peter? " she said.

He nodded, turning beside her toward the station barrier. " He's had a ghastly time—a rotten time. There's the hotel bus waiting. Do you mind? "

" Oh, let them take my suitcase and we can walk," she said.

They left the station yard and walked along a stretch of road that ran by a sawmill. The clatter and shrieking of the machinery filled the silence. Then they came to a narrow passage between stone walls, and up this Peter turned. The October sunshine gleamed golden upon beech trees at the end, and under their feet was a litter of leaves. The noises of the timber yard dropped behind them, and they came to a white gate that led into the old churchyard. They passed through it, and then, as if by mutual consent, under the shadow of the thinning beech trees they paused.

" Now—tell me! " said Marcia.

He looked at her with his straight boyish regard. " Well," he said, " you've got to know it—even if he hasn't told you. It's hopeless."

Her eyes were on the drifting beech leaves. " You mean he is—dying? " she said.

He made a rather desperate gesture. " One man gave him a few months. The last said it might run into years. But anyhow—it's hopeless."

" He is—quite crippled? " she questioned. He ground his heel into the path. " From the waist downward. It's—it's damnable. You wouldn't—ask a dog—to endure it."

The sudden passion of speech and action moved Marcia. She put a light hand on his arm. " We must try to make it bearable—between us, Peter," she said.

He grasped the hand unexpectedly. " I'm so fond of the old chap," he blurted forth, and turned his face aside.

She saw his chin quivering. " Let's walk on! " she said.

They moved forward between the gravestones, and Peter found his voice again. " It was awfully good of you to come down. I hope Dennis is all right again? "

" Oh, yes, he is back at school now," she said. " He was terribly ill for a week, but it's all over now."

" And you? " he said. " You're awfully thin, aren't you? "

" I am quite all right," she said, smiling a little in anticipation of his next question.

It came rather self-consciously. " And Goldie? She's all right too, I suppose? "

" Yes, quite," said Marcia.

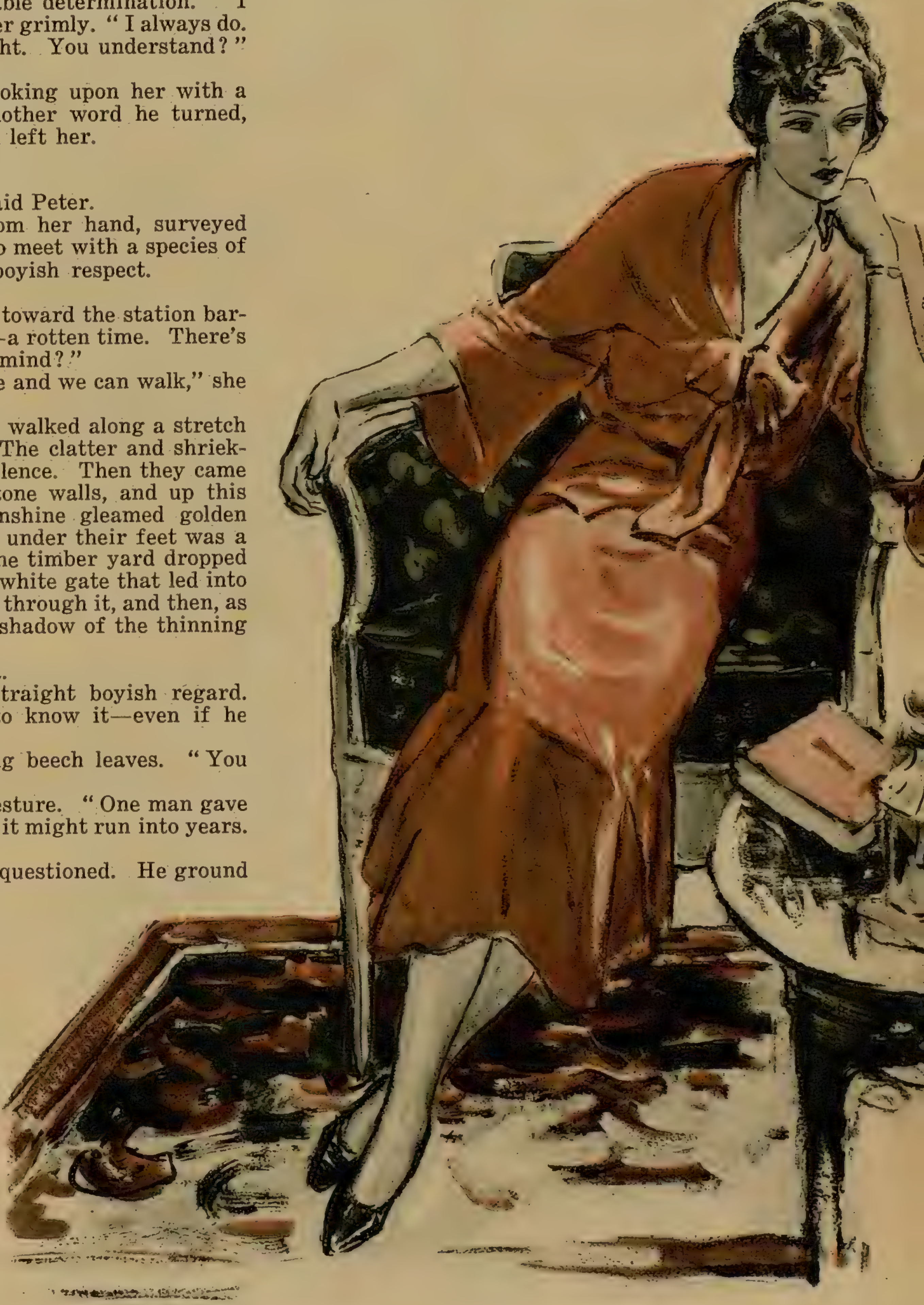
They were passing the old gray church now, and Peter seemed to be deep in thought. He spoke at length very abruptly:

" I'm rather keen on Goldie. I hope you don't mind."

" My dear boy, why should I? " said Marcia.

His face was a hot crimson. " I dare say it'll never come to anything, but I thought I'd like you to know. I'm going to Canada directly—as soon as Eric is fixed up with someone decent to look after him. That landlord chap—Dan Bellamy—is a good sort. He'll keep an eye on him too. And you—you will? "

" Of course I will! " Marcia said warmly.



"I'VE thought of you," she said, "continually—sleeping and waking. To have left you like that. I don't know how I did it."

"Thanks. You see"—the boy spoke with more confidence—"I may be away for some time. Tregassa Castle is let for ten years, so that's off our hands."

"And you're going to take charge of the ranch?" said Marcia.

"Well, it's the least I can do for him, isn't it?" said Peter. "If he hadn't come over here after my beastly affairs, this would never have happened."

"Oh, Peter!" she said gently and very sadly. "Don't let us talk of—that sort of responsibility!"

"No. All right," said Peter quickly. "I'm sorry."

She wondered how much he knew, but it was impossible to ask him. There was about him a delicacy, a quiet chivalry, that held her back. She turned instead to that which she more earnestly desired to know. "Tell me how he bears it!" she said.

"He is wonderful," said Peter simply. "I've never seen him give way—never once. He says he won't waste any more money over specialists, for it's evidently beyond them. The local doctor—just an ordinary country practitioner—has a theory of his own, and sticks to it that—if he lives, as the other fellows declare he won't—it may eventually, quite suddenly, right itself. Some shock to the nervous system or even some violent wrench—if it were the right sort of wrench and didn't sever the spinal cord—might do it. But they're all in the dark. Even the X ray doesn't seem to help. It's damnably hard," he glanced at her half apologetically, "when one would give one's right hand to help."

"One would," said Marcia. "But—Peter—I sometimes think—that that sort of case belongs to God alone. He makes His prisoners—and He releases them—as He sees fit."

"You always find something decent to say," said Peter.

They had reached a gate at the other end of the churchyard which led into fields. Below them lay the town. They went on down the slope.

"He's got a decent room on the ground floor," said Peter presently. "He sits up for a bit in a chair already. We're hoping he may manage to wheel himself about in the garden by and by—in the spring perhaps."

"But he's got to get through the winter first," said Marcia.

They descended into the valley, crossed the narrow, winding river, followed it for a little way along the bank until they came to a mill; and then, turning away from the running water, they reached a wooden door which Peter opened, which led into a garden.

"This is the shortest way to the hotel," he said.

Marcia passed in. The place was full of autumn flowers and warmly inclosed with walls of mellow brick. They went through a kitchen garden to a wide stretch of lawn shadowed by an ancient yew tree.

"He'll be sitting in his window," said Peter. "It looks out this way."

Marcia stopped suddenly in the shelter of the yew tree. "Peter!" she said. "I wonder if you would go on and tell him I'm here. I will follow—in a few minutes."

"Yes—of course," said Peter, but lingered for a moment as if in doubt. "He's expecting you, you know. And—he isn't changed."

"No—no!" She spoke almost feverishly. "Still—if you don't mind—I would rather."

"Just as you like," said Peter.

He turned away with the words, and Marcia wheeled blindly, as if she would flee from the place, and stumbled back through the sunlit walled garden till she stood once more upon the path that skirted the mill stream.

HERE for a space she stopped, striving for self-control. He was the same; he had not changed. But she—it was as if eons had passed over her. The whole aspect of the world had become different since that terrible night when last she had seen him. The madness had passed long since; burnt out, as it were, by the searing flame of suffering, and she felt an unutterable reluctance to renew a relationship which fate and time had so completely severed. It could not be renewed, and yet—neither could she forsake him. Something was due from her who had brought him to this plight. She was bound—almost morally bound—to give what in her lay.

Resolutely she turned from the racing water.

She did not hesitate again, but pressed steadily forward until, passing between some more white posts, she emerged upon the open space in front of the hotel. Then, past a row of green tubs filled with ivy-leaved geraniums, she entered at the main door.

The first person she encountered was Dan Bellamy. He came forward to meet her, and, with an instinctive movement, she gave him her hand.

"So you've come at last!" he said. "I'm very glad to see you again, sister."

His mode of address and the friendly grasp of his hand helped her. "How nice of you!" she said.

He turned and led her along a passage at the end of which she saw the autumn sunshine gleaming through a conservatory. He stopped at a closed door halfway down.

"Look here, sister!" he said abruptly. "This isn't a hopeless job. They can say what they like. It isn't. But—I'm bound to say it—there's a lot depends on you. I'm doing my bit, and I know you'll do yours. We were all comrades together a few years ago. It's up to us to stand by each other now. At least, that's my way of thinking."

He spoke with a curious mixture of pride and appeal.

"It's my way too," she said gently.

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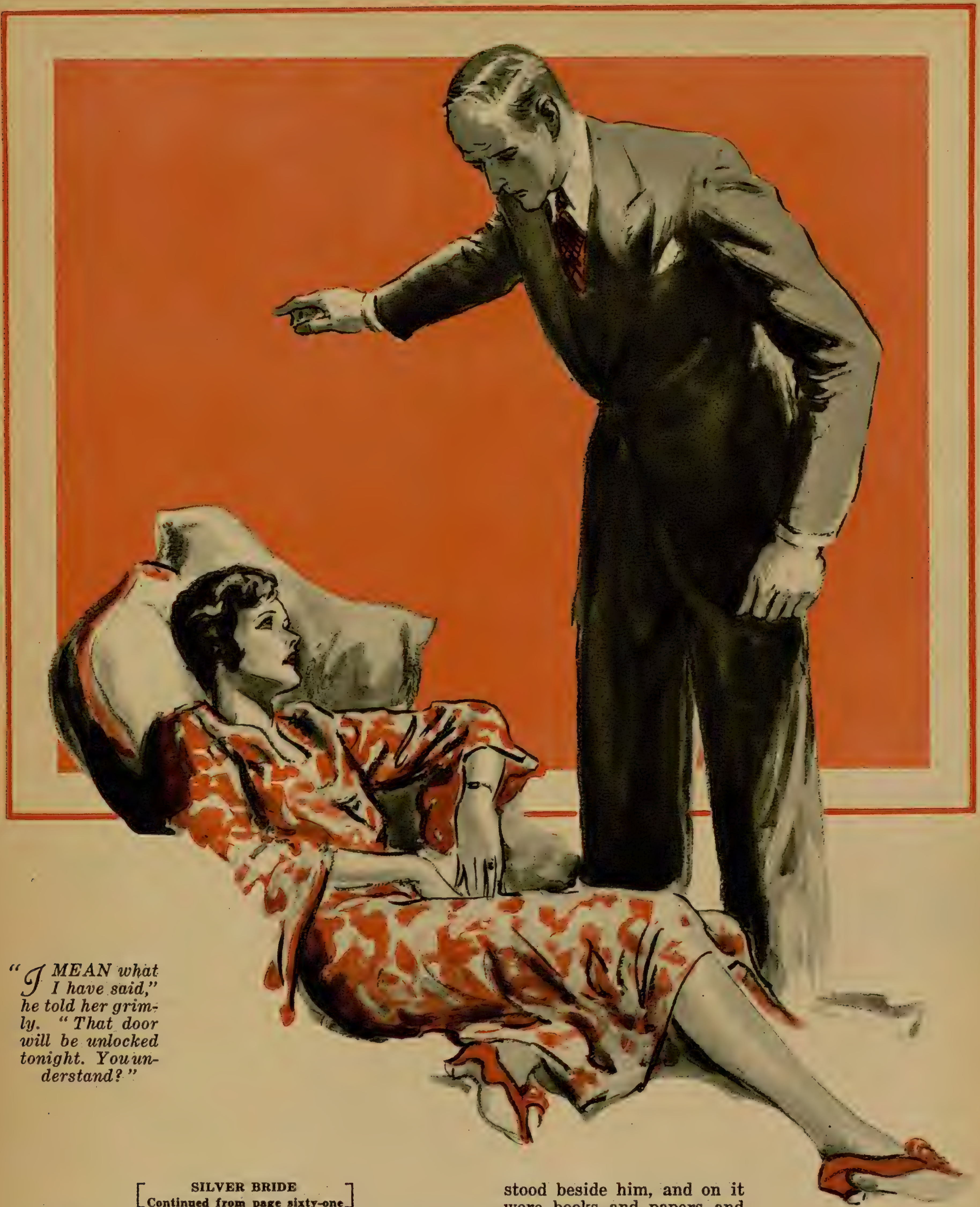

"I MEAN what I have said," he told her grimly. "That door will be unlocked tonight. You understand?"

SILVER BRIDE

Continued from page sixty-one

He stared at her for a second, then with a deferential gesture he turned and knocked upon the door and opened it. "She's come, sir," he said. "Go in, sister!"

She went into a flood of sunlight, and the door closed behind her. His face was turned toward her, and it was his face that she first saw—dark, not greatly altered, save for the eyes; and they were alight, fevered—the eyes of a famished man. Among all the many forms of suffering which she had seen, she had never looked upon starvation. But she looked upon it then.

He was lying in a great chair, propped by pillows, the lower part of him covered by a rug. An invalid table stood beside him, and on it were books and papers and cigarettes. The room was a large one, evidently a converted sitting room, with French windows that opened directly upon the lawn and its spreading yew tree.

His voice, bridging the space between them, put it into words. "So you've come," he said, "to see me in prison!"

She reached him; bent over him. "Oh, my dear!" she said.

His hand came up to her and held hers. He did not speak again. She saw that his lips were trembling.

"My dear!" she said again. "Oh, my dear!" And stooping lower, she kissed him.

His other hand clasped her—clung to her; and something in her that was deeply maternal moved her to take his head upon her breast.

"How terrible for you!" she whispered. "Eric—darling!"

He leaned against her in silence for a few seconds during which she felt that he was nerving himself to fight down his emotions. Then, at length, very gently he withdrew himself from her close embrace.

"It's an absolute joy to see you again," he said in a voice that shook but very slightly. "I can't tell you what it means to me. And you are just the same, Marcia? Not a whit the worse?"

"I am—perfectly all right," she assured him tremulously. "You didn't mind my coming—at last? I—couldn't have kept away."

"Thank you, dear," he said simply, and pointed to a chair close to him. "Come and sit by me and we'll talk." Then, as she complied, "I don't think you are quite the same, are you? You look tired—and very thin."

"I told you about—Dennis," she said.

"Yes, of course—yes! You've had a rotten time."

She looked at him, piteously smiling. "And what of you? Eric, I've never had—one easy moment—since that night."

He smiled also, but with a hint of restraint. "My dear, I'm used to hard knocks. You shouldn't have worried."

"I've thought of you," she said, "continually—sleeping and waking. To have left you like that. I don't know how I did it!"

"It was my wish," he said quietly. "It was—inevitable. How is Dennis?"

HE was pushing the cigarette box toward her along the table. To please him she took one, though her hands were trembling almost too much to light it.

"He is much better," she said; "practically well, in fact. He is back at school now."

"And you are free?" he said.

She held the cigarette box toward him, but she could not meet his eyes.

"I would have come sooner if I could," she said.

"My dear," he made quiet answer, "I think only an angel from heaven would have come at all."

"Oh, don't, Eric!" she protested. "It—hurts!"

"It shouldn't," he said. "I have never—voluntarily—hurt you in my life. I never will."

He took a cigarette and struck a match for them both. She bent forward and kindled hers at it, but her eyes remained downcast. It was as if a great gulf had opened between them, widening slowly but surely, which she was powerless to bridge.

He went on deliberately speaking, as though unaware of it. Or was he merely marking time till she should see and understand?

"It was very sweet of you to come—the sort of thing you would do. I needn't begin to tell you what it means to me. But—I'd like to be sure of one thing. Is it quite safe? You are running no risks?"

"None," she said. "None whatever."

"Because you never must do that," he continued. "If it meant that"—he paused, then ended very decidedly—"well, I simply wouldn't consent to it, that's all."

"It doesn't mean that," she said. "I arranged to take a quiet week on my own, and nobody knows where I am."

"Nobody?" He echoed the word sharply.

"Nobody, Eric," she repeated firmly. "I go my own way, you know, to a very great extent. And, after all, it is not so very unusual to take a rest cure in these days."

He nodded, looking across at her, the famished gleam still in his eyes. "And so—you've come to me—for a whole week?" he said. "There must be—no possibility of being found out. I don't know—if I ought to let you."

He coughed, with his hand over his face, and she knew instinctively that he was trying to hide something from her, trying to hide the depth of longing in his soul.

It moved her almost more than anything that had gone before. "You make me feel so worthless," she said, "so contemptible. Eric, I couldn't have borne to stay away.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page sixty-three]

Don't you understand? I simply had to come."

He took her hand and held it without looking at her. "That's—so like you," he said. "But—everything is different now. You've heard about me—a log for the rest of my life! I've nothing left to offer you."

A curious tremor of passion went through Marcia. It quivered in her voice as she made reply. "Eric, don't ever say that to me again! Don't you realize that it was just because you needed me that I came to you? Is your need of me any less than it was?"

He uttered a groan. "God knows it isn't!" he said. "But—you! I'm thinking of you."

"Then stop!" she commanded. "Let us think of you instead! It's my turn to offer now and yours to accept. Listen, Eric! Everything may be different, as you say. But not—dear, not our friendship. That at least is not going under like everything else. I refuse to contemplate such a thing. Sooner than that, I will give our secret away and come to you openly."

"Marcia!"

"I mean it," she said. "In some ways it would be a relief—a luxury—to tell the truth. But that's not why I say it. I say it because I, too, value our friendship, and—the only reason that would induce me to give it up would be because you thought—as you very well might—that it had cost you too much—had brought you—bad luck."

A sudden rush of tears came upon her with the words.

HIS voice, very low but deeply urgent, came to her through her weeping. "Marcia—darling—don't—don't! You couldn't bring anything but blessing to any man. It's only—only—I can't take a sacrifice from you. Don't you see?"

She slipped down upon her knees beside him, her face hidden against his shoulder, while he tenderly soothed and comforted her.

They remained for a space in silence; then, without apparent effort, he began to talk of other things—of Dan Bellamy, of the wrecked car, and, in casual terms, of himself, repeating what she had already heard from Peter, but suppressing all personal details. It was in what he suppressed rather than in what he uttered that Marcia sensed the desolation of his ruined life. For no complaint escaped him. He took his punishment unflinching, and in so doing he awoke in her an admiration—even a reverence—which she had never felt for him before.

Gradually, as she grew accustomed to the situation, there crept back into their intercourse something of the old careless friendliness which had made of their comradeship so easy and so unique a possession. When presently Peter appeared at the window with a blunt request to join them, it seemed to Marcia that it only needed the presence of the two children in the background to restore completely the happy springtide atmosphere of Pentreith. And in her heart she realized that this was exactly what Eric himself desired—to go back a little way along the path already trodden, since to go forward was forbidden.

III

"SO Lady Templeton is taking a holiday from family cares!" said Maurice Baronford with the suggestion of a smile on his smooth face.

He leaned back in his chair in Sir Everard's dining room, his fingers idly toying with the stem of his glass of port, his eyes half closed, quite inscrutable.

Sir Everard, at the head of the table, was peeling a walnut with considerable precision and frowning slightly over the process. "I think I told you," he said, "that our boy had a very serious illness some ten weeks ago. One of those unsuspected cases of appendicitis and an almost eleventh-hour operation. I was traveling north at the time and heard nothing of it until the worst was over, so that the entire burden fell upon her. She took charge of him during the holidays and was rather worn out after it."

"The ideal mother!" murmured Baronford, still watching the wine in his glass.

"Yes, she has always been that." Sir Everard's voice had a slightly defensive note. "At Eastertime it was measles. They were both down with it then. She took them down to Cornwall—a place called Pentreith."

Baronford nodded. "I've heard of it. Virginia was telling me—Virginia Freeman, you know. An uncle of hers has taken a medieval estate in the neighborhood. She was quite excited about it. I don't know quite why. But—well, you know Virginia."

Sir Everard vouchsafed a somewhat preoccupied smile. "She is the sort of girl who is always excited about something."

"A trifle unbalanced," commented Baronford. "She will have to improve considerably in that respect before—" He paused and finally decided to say no more.

Sir Everard finished peeling his walnut and glanced at him. "Quite so," he said.

Baronford laughed a little with a complacent sort of amusement. "She has her points," he said in the tone of one making a concession. "By the time she's thirty they may be worth considering."

"You're in no hurry, then," observed Sir Everard.

Baronford's smile became slightly more cynical. "It never pays, does it?" he said. "I am no believer in women marrying too soon. Let them sow their wild oats first!"

"I admire your philosophy," said Sir Everard.

The younger man looked at him with raised brows. "Well, as you know, I am fairly well acquainted with that side of human nature. And if I ever marry, it's going to be for good. I'm not for this quick-change business personally, even if I do make my living by it."

"There," said Sir Everard, "I'm inclined to agree with you. Have a peach!"

Baronford shook his head, smiling. "Too luscious, thanks. They don't keep well, do they? Peaches, Sir Everard, are only intended for occasional enjoyment and must be finished at once."

"Ah! The ordinary apple appeals to you more for every day," suggested his host. "There again—speaking in a general sense—I agree with you. But—it doesn't apply in every case."

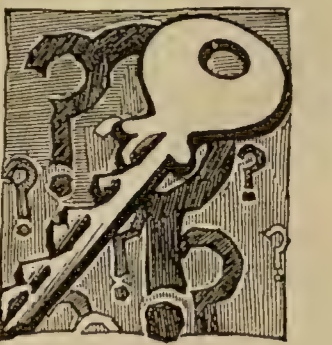
"You mean," said Baronford deliberately, "that some peaches can only be reached by means of the matrimonial ladder."

"DON'T you agree?" said Sir Everard.

"Not entirely." Baronford closed his eyes meditatively. "At any rate, I don't think Virginia Freeman is one of them."

"Possibly you're not in love with her," observed Sir Everard.

Baronford opened his eyes and closed them again. "I hope I have sufficient self-control to avoid that," he said. "My one theory, as a matter of fact, is that only the female ever falls in love—or, shall we say, ever needs to fall in love? The male, unless he is completely brainless, can get all he wants without."



Sir Everard ate his walnut and drank his wine without comment.

"You don't agree with me," remarked Baronford after the passage of several seconds.

Sir Everard smiled a little. "I may have done so—once," he said.

Baronford shook his head again. "No, you don't. You never did. But I'm sure you agree that there are very few women nowadays who can be relied upon to amuse themselves harmlessly while their husbands are busy in the market place. Looking after a wife when she's young is a whole-time job. You must admit it." Baronford's dark eyes held a half-sneering challenge as they met the other man's steady gaze.

"I never found it so," said Sir Everard. "My wife was only eighteen when I married her."

"And she is still young—and also attractive," remarked Baronford.

"And a most devoted mother," added Sir Everard.

Baronford raised the wine to his lips with a sweeping gesture. "And what happens when she is unable to exercise the maternal virtues? Does she lead a completely dormant existence except during the holidays?"

A certain steeliness shone in Sir Everard's eyes. "I think she fills in her time pretty completely with entertaining and so on," he said. "She has a great many friends."

"Do you know them all?" demanded Baronford keenly.

Sir Everard laughed a little. "My dear fellow, I really can't tell you that. Have another glass of port!"

BARONFORD refused with a wave of the hand. "There you are, sir! You don't know! That's how things begin. Ignorance on the one side; monotony and boredom on the other. Of course you can blind yourself to it. Anyone can do that. But for real peace and security—well, they're simply not to be had until a woman has had her fling. If she doesn't drag your name through the mire, you're lucky."

"Am I indeed?" said Sir Everard.

He spoke quietly, but his tone had a warning note which sent a quick gleam of comprehension across Baronford's face. He covered his point immediately.

"I can see you prefer to take things for granted," he said, "so it isn't for me to raise doubts."

"I think," said Sir Everard, rising, "that you are rather apt to forget that there is such a thing as virtue, as well as vice, even in these days."

"You speak as one who knows," said Baronford carelessly.

"I ought to—after fifteen years," his host rejoined with the determined composure of the man who refuses to be ruffled.

Baronford turned in his chair to regard him. "How on earth do you do it?" he said.

"Do what, my dear fellow?" Sir Everard stood on the hearthrug, looking down at him. There was a touch of conscious superiority in his pose.

"Bring yourself to consider any woman as above suspicion," explained Baronford, half laughing. "It seems to me extraordinarily rash. No, please don't think I'm making unpleasant insinuations!" catching a glint in the gray eyes above him that seemed to express a certain remote antagonism. "I'm only interested. You have been married for fifteen years. You have a wife who is an ideal mother—in the holidays. You admit that for the rest of the time she has to find her own amusements. She has friends whom you have never met. She comes and goes exactly according to fancy. At the present moment, for instance, you probably haven't the faintest idea

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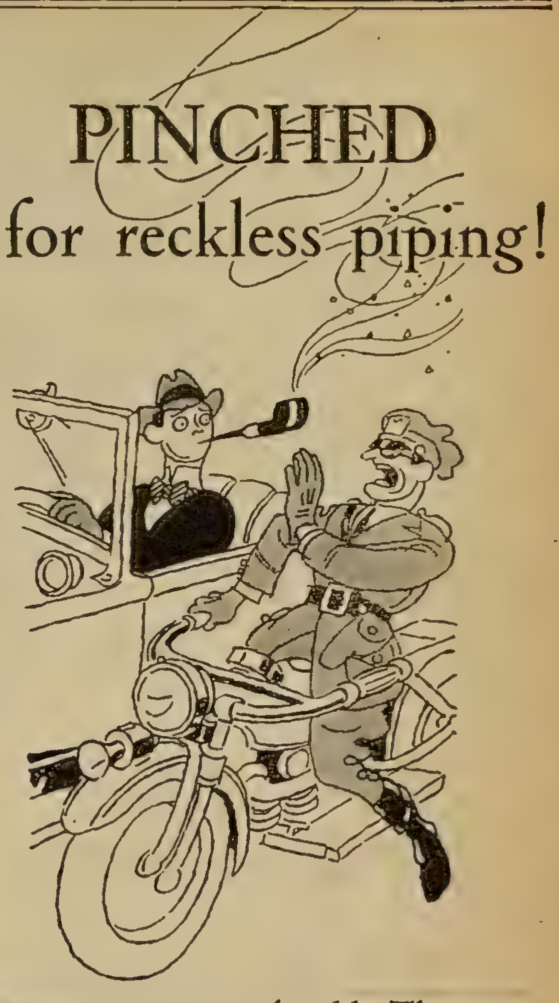

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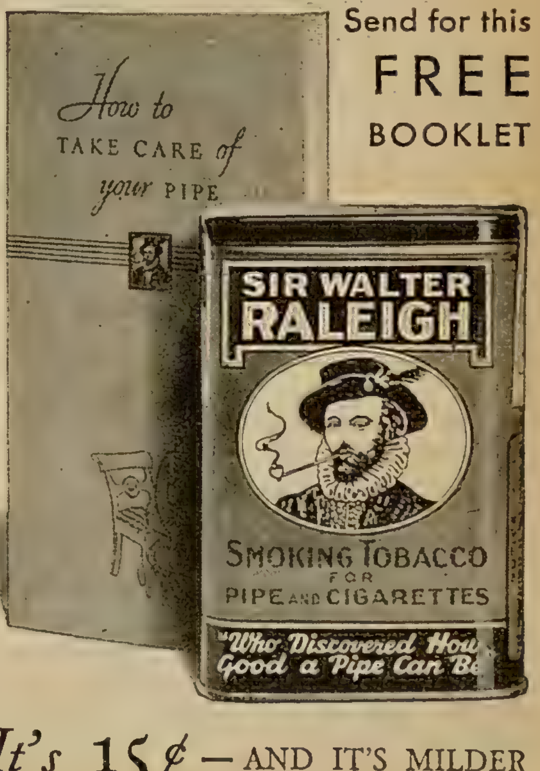

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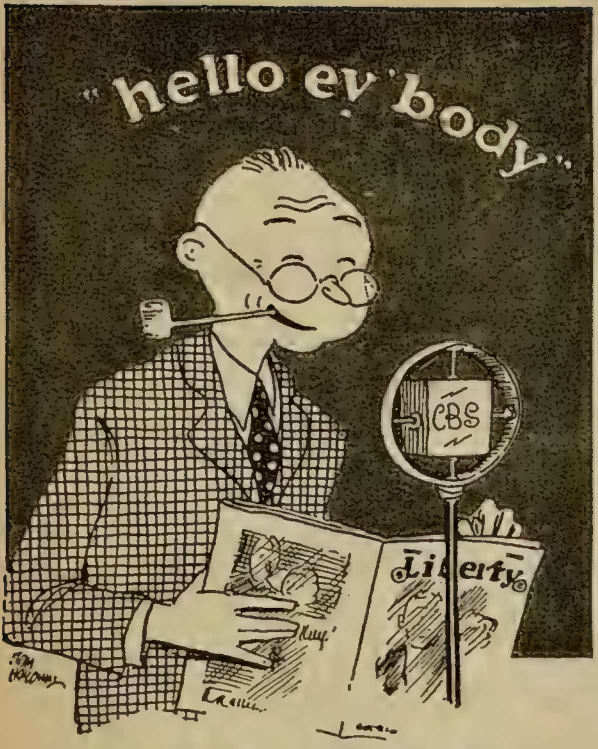

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EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT!

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page sixty-five

where she is." He paused. "Isn't that so?" he demanded unexpectedly.

Sir Everard made a faint gesture as if taken momentarily unawares, but immediately he was his own master again. "I'm afraid I'm not a very good subject for cross-examination," he remarked, smiling coldly. "I know too much of the tricks of the trade."

"You don't like that question," retorted Baronford, icily triumphant. "I draw the customary conclusion. You have not the vaguest notion where she is at the present moment. Now, how long is it since you saw her last?"

Sir Everard stiffened; his smile seemed to crystallize. "Really, Baronford," he said, "I begin to think the joke has gone far enough."

Baronford leaned his arm on the back of his chair in an argumentative attitude. "Is it a joke?" he said. "If it were—allow me to say I think you would treat it as one! If you refuse to answer that question also, I am compelled once more to draw the obvious conclusion. You have not seen her for a considerable period. Now—again I ask you—on what do you base your confidence? Mutual love and respect? Mutual fiddlesticks!"

"WELL," remarked Sir Everard dryly, "it seems to give you great satisfaction, anyhow."

"It does not," declared Baronford. "To my mind, the whole structure is so damned shaky that it would collapse at a touch. I should like to hear the lady's evidence."

"I am sure you would." Deliberate irony sounded in Sir Everard's voice. "You would like to pick to pieces and dissect every action and every motive—probable or otherwise—that could be ascribed to it. I know the process quite well, and I must say that I should be sorry to have it applied to anyone I cared for."

The door opened to admit the butler with the coffee tray, and Sir Everard relaxed his attitude as though he felt the interruption to be something of a relief.

Wilson approached, wearing a look of sedate importance. Having served the guest he turned ceremoniously to his master.

"Her ladyship has returned," he announced in a confidential aside. "She is having dinner sent up to her room."

"Oh! Thanks!" said Sir Everard quietly.

"She said she wouldn't disturb you, sir, as you had company," Wilson added.

"That's all right," said Sir Everard.

As the door closed, Baronford looked up again with an enigmatical smile playing about his smooth lips. "Won't you go and welcome her?" he said. "Don't let—the company stand in the way!"

Sir Everard's eyes came down to him and regarded him steadily for several seconds. They held a very definite expression of disapproval. But when at length he spoke his voice had its usual calm and friendly tone.

"Oh, no, Baronford! You're not in the way. Don't you worry yourself! You couldn't be if you tried. Have a cigar!"

It was late that night when Sir Everard softly opened the door that led from his own room into that of his wife and looked in.

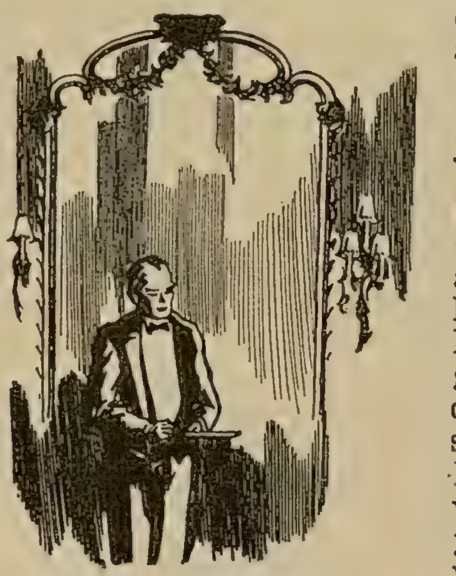
She was not in bed, but seated before the fire with a shaded lamp on a table beside her and a blotter on her knee which she closed and laid aside with the pen she held at his approach.

"Oh, Everard, come in!" she said. "Wilson gave you my message, did he? It was really too late to dress and join you. And I was sure you and Mr. Baronford wouldn't be wanting any frivolous interruptions."

She did not look frivolous as she sat there, only tired and rather anxious, in spite of the smile she raised to greet him.

He stooped and kissed her. "I think it was very wise of you," he said. "You would only have been bored."

"What an idea!" she said. Her hand slid down his arm and hesitatingly found his. She turned her face to the fire. "How is everything?" she asked. "I see you won your case at Cardiff. Is the matter of the judgeship settled?"



HE did not answer her immediately, and in a moment her hand slipped free. But he bent and took it gently back into his own. "Yes, practically settled," he said. "But I mustn't bore you with my affairs. Have you had a restful week?"

She glanced up at him quickly, nervously. "Everard! Of course I am not bored! Do tell me everything! I am longing to hear."

"My dear," he said, "there is very little to tell. I am not sure that you will find that being the wife of a judge is very much more entertaining than being that of a K. C., but I hope at least it will not be less so."

She leaned back again with a faint sigh. "I suppose I may be glad for your sake," she said.

"Thank you, my dear," he answered quietly. "It is certainly pleasant to gain what one has worked for—that is, if it does not cost too much."

She made a slight restless movement. "If it is the thing one wants the most of all, I suppose it couldn't," she said.

"I wonder," said Sir Everard.

He laid her hand down with a kindly pat and straightened himself.

Marcia spoke almost in the same moment. "I agree with you that there are very few things that come up to one's expectations, but I think we have ourselves to blame. We expect too much."

Sir Everard leaned against the mantelpiece and looked down at her thoughtfully. "It is certainly very easy to do so," he said. "On the other hand, it may be that some of us possess far more than we realize."

"Do you think so?" said Marcia.

Her eyes had gone back to the fire, and her voice had a weary intonation as though she would fain close an unprofitable subject.

"Don't you agree with me?" he said. "I am sure you do."

She spoke with an effort. "Well, of course. It is the obvious."

"Yes," he said gravely. "You are right. It is. But we are very apt to ignore it, unless something unusual brings us to our senses. But," he spoke impressively, "when that something happens, it is like a direct warning which it would be madness to ignore."

AGAIN he paused. Her eyes had suddenly flashed up to his, but they were lowered again immediately. Her face was very pale in the glow of the firelight. Her hands clasped each other very tightly.

He went on: "I am not a man to take warning very readily, I am afraid. I have always held that to get the best out of life one must work one's hardest. Slackness has never been a part of my creed. I believe that all who really love work for work's sake can find it. But even work can be a tyrant and demand too much. Perhaps you have realized that too?"

"I don't know quite what you mean," she said in a low voice.

"No?" he said. "And yet there was a time when you worked so hard that I scarcely saw you."

"You mean the war?" she questioned.

"Yes, I mean the war." He spoke somberly. "I let you go because I saw that I couldn't hold you back. It was a time for sacrifice. But that time is past. Perhaps you think it cost me nothing. Do you?"

"Why do you ask?" said Marcia.

"Because"—he spoke with a sort of tense suppression—"I have been asking myself lately if the woman who went—the woman who was my wife—ever really came back to me."

"Everard!" she said. Her eyes were raised now. She was gazing at him with a wide look that was almost of horror. "Why—are you saying this—to me?"

He came to her as she sat and laid a steady hand upon her.

"Marcia," he said, "do you remember a week ago—only a week ago—how you locked me out of this room?"

She turned as it were mechanically under his hand. She had begun to tremble. "Is—that it?" she said almost in a whisper.

"I wouldn't have it," he went on in the same level tone. "In fact, I believe I was rather brutal. Anyhow, you made me feel I must have been. I'm sorry if I was. You see, my dear, in spite of my work, in spite of everything, I am still a man, and I am still your husband. Perhaps you thought I had forgotten that?"

He paused, but she did not reply. She only sat, still gripping the arms of her chair to still her trembling.

"I still won't have it, Marcia," he went on. "I have been thinking about it all the week. It's been the longest week I have ever lived through, but every hour of it has made me more determined. I may have deserved it. I am not saying I didn't. But—it has brought me to my senses quite effectually. I can't live under the same roof with you and feel you are inaccessible to me. If," his voice suddenly sank, "your love for me is dead, well, it has got to come to life again—or—we must separate. There can be no half measures—no wife-only-in-name business for me." He paused again as if to steady

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

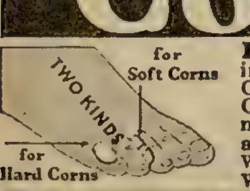
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

ALERT MEN—WANTED

50 year old firm will help start you in a fascinating, dignified business. Tested. Very profitable. A great popular confection specialty. Dealers prosper everywhere. All material and equipment furnished. No experience needed. Small investment. Terms. Write for "Book of Facts."

LONG-EAKINS COMPANY 957 High Street, Springfield, Ohio

Corns



End Corn Pains instantly with Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Cushioned, but not bulky. Oh; so comfortable. Treated with mercurochrome (HW&D). *Safe.* 10c and 35c package. **FREE SAMPLE.** Write for it. Send dealer's name-address. Wizard Co. 1629 Locust. St Louis Mo.

Wizard Corn Pads

[SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page sixty-seven]

himself, then continued more evenly: "You may think my need of you is small. That is where I have gone wrong. I take the blame. I have come to my senses. I have been reckoning up my possessions. And you—I can still count you as the first and foremost of them, Marcia?"

His voice had an urgent note. He was bending as if he would take her into his arms. But she still sat rigidly, fighting the tremors that assailed her.

Her head was bent, her face averted.

She spoke almost inaudibly, as he waited for her answer. "If you like to regard me—as such."

"Ah!" he said. "You haven't forgiven me yet. Perhaps that is a good sign. I couldn't wound your love—if it were dead."

"My love is not dead!" she said, and somehow, though the words were low, they sounded like a cry.

"Thank God!" said Sir Everard. And still he waited for her to turn to him. And still she did not turn.

He uttered a deep sigh at last and slowly straightened himself.

He moved back to his place by the mantelpiece and took up his stand there again as though determined not to press for that which she was not prepared voluntarily to offer.

For a space he was silent, contemplating her.

She had relaxed her rigidity and had sunk back in her chair as if exhausted. Her eyes were almost closed, and, watching her, a touch of pity came into his own.

"Have I made you—very unhappy?" he asked.

She answered him almost automatically: "I am used to it now."

He made an uneasy movement. "If I could only see into your mind, Marcia!" he said. "Surely you can't wish—to be a stranger to me?"

"I am not sure," she said, "that I can help it."

He turned from her with a gesture of despair and leaned upon the shelf, his head upon his hands. When he spoke again his voice was low and strained.

"Listen!" he said. "I can't stand much more of this. There must be a way back—for both of us. You say your love is not dead. Marcia, neither is mine! For the sake of our love, then—for yours and for mine—let us open this door that seems to have shut behind us—the door into the past—and get back—get back—somehow—to where we were before!"

His voice jerked into silence. His hands were clenched, as though the utterance of that appeal had been almost too much for him. It had moved him to the depths.

Can Marcia and Sir Everard open the door into the past, or have they lost the key. Next week's installment will let you look into their hearts.

AUG. 15 LIMERICK WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

A skilled harbor pilot was Lee.
He steered great ships safely to sea.
But in crossing the street
Lee was not with the fleet
Nor the traffic light either, by gee.

Lawrence C. Williams, Columbus, Ohio

$50 SECOND PRIZES

Too much "port" "amidships" had he.
Charles E. Stilson, Detroit, Mich.

The green light was lit—so was he.
Joe Rubin, Cleveland, Ohio

$25 THIRD PRIZES

These channels are tricky, sez he.
Mary S. Zercher, Greensburg, Pa.

His stern rose where prow ought to be.
Helen B. Breese, Williamsport, Pa.

Now first mate to Charon is he.
Mrs. Robert M. Norris, Mundy Point, Va.

There's TAR now where dirt used to be.
Frank E. LePierre, Chicago, Ill.

$10 PRIZES

Mrs. Louise Feltman, Ansonia, Ohio; Maud K. Waddock, St. Louis, Mo.; Howard R. Smith, Nutley, N. J.; S. H. Macvicar, Winnipeg, Can.; Mrs. W. H. Stultz, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. A. S. Boyd, Toronto, Can.; Delbert W. Henderson, Mt. Vernon, Ohio; A. F. Greaves, Clinton, N. Y.; Louis A. Levy, Scranton, Pa.; Robert D. Scott, Vancouver, B. C.; G. T. Kennedy, Seattle, Wash.; Raymond Wallace, Soddy, Tenn.; Mrs. J. F. Evans, Jr., Thomasville, Ga.; Mrs. M. Bjorklund, St. Paul, Minn.; R. G. Ovelman, Hagerstown, Md.; John Borlace, Negaunee, Mich.; C. C. Hanger, Chicago, Ill.; Florence M. Campbell, Battle Creek, Mich.; Cecelia M. Fitch, Kansas City, Kan.; June Hallagan, Detroit, Mich.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Chicken Soup?

Daddy was busy in the garden, so he sent little Barbara, who was playing near by, to fetch him a drink.

Barbara returned with a glass of clear cool water. She watched her daddy closely while he drank it.

"Did it taste all right?" she asked when he had finished.

"Why, yes," he replied, then, suddenly suspicious: "Where did you get it?"

"Out of the chicken dish," replied Barbara innocently.—Mrs. Naomi Goff, 9234 Commercial Ave., S. Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Imagine Father's Feelings

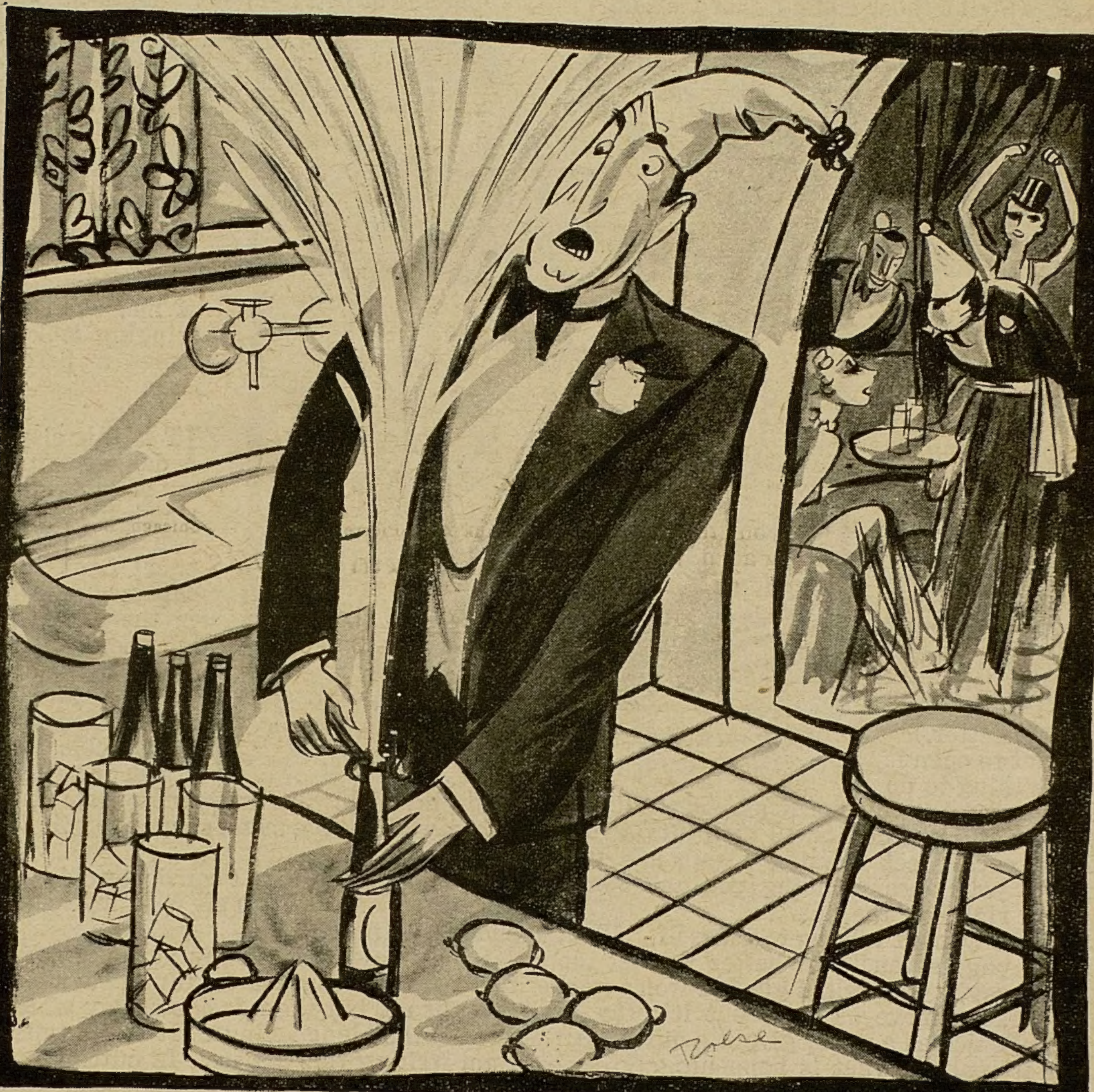
When four-year-old Ruth asked to go with her father when he went to plow, her father said:

"Why, Ruth, you couldn't follow me around all day!"

Ruth immediately replied:

"Don't the little chickens follow the old hen all day?"—Mrs. T. C. Holland, Box 117, Argonia, Kan.

The Real Public



A conspiracy to hurt me exists among household objects.

ENEMIES

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

(Reading time: 6 minutes 10 seconds.)

I HAVE now reached an age when I feel that I am pretty well able to take care of myself against animate enemies. By "animate enemies" I mean living people, like burglars, drunks, or police—people who set out with a definite idea in their minds of getting me. Mind you, I don't mean that I can lick these people in a hand-to-hand encounter, but I do know, in a general way, what to do when they attack me, even if it is only to run.

It is the inanimate enemies who have me baffled. The hundred and one little bits of wood and metal that go to make up the impedimenta of our daily life—the shoes and pins, the picture books and door keys, the bits of fluff and sheets of newspaper—each and every one with just as much vicious ill will toward me personally as the meanest footpad who roams the streets, each and every one bent on my humiliation and working together, as on one great team, to bedevil and confuse me and to get me into a neurasthenics' home before I am sixty. I can't fight these boys. They've got me licked.

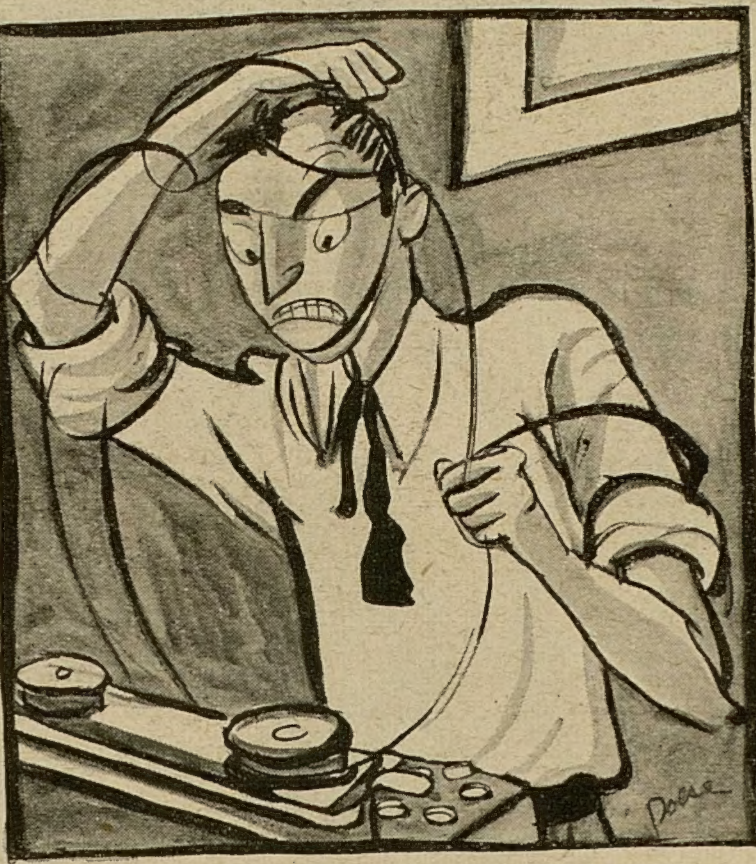
When I was very young and first realizing the conspiracy against me on the part of these inanimate things, I had a boyish idea that force was the thing to use.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

When a shoestring had clearly shown that it was definitely *not* going to be put through the eyelet, I would give it a yank that broke it in two, and feel that the bother of getting a new lace was not too much to pay for the physical pain which the old lace must have suffered. In fact, as I put in the new one I had an idea that it was pretty well frightened at the example of its predecessor and would jolly well behave itself or suffer the same fate.

But after years of getting out new laces and buying new fountain pens (my method, when a pen refused to work, was to press down on it so hard that the points spread open like a fork and then to rip the paper in a frenzied imitation of writing), I gradually realized that I was being the sucker in the battle and that the use of force didn't pay in the long run.


Ripping and tearing madly at a ribbon which long before I had rendered useless.

I then started trying subtlety. If there is one field in fighting in which a human ought to be able to win out over a piece of wood, it is in tricky maneuvering. Take, for example, when you are trying to read a newspaper on top of a bus. We will start with the premise that the newspaper knows what you are trying to do and has already made up its mind that you are not going to do it. Very well, Mr. Newspaper, we'll see! (Later on you don't call it "Mr. Newspaper." You call it "you —— —— —— ——!" But that is after you know it better.)

Suppose you want to open it to page four. The thing to do is not to hold it up and try to turn it as you would an ordinary newspaper. If you do, it will turn into a full-rigged brigantine, each sheet forming a sail, and will crash head-on into your face, blinding you and sometimes carrying you right off the bus.

The best way is to say, as if talking to yourself, "Well, I guess I'll turn to page seven." Or better yet, let the paper overhear you say, "Oh, well, I guess I won't read any more," and make a move as if to put it away in your pocket. Then, quick as a wink, give it a quick turn inside out before it realizes what is happening.

It won't take it long to catch on, but, thinking that you want to turn to page seven, as you said, it will quite possibly open to page four, which was the one you wanted.

BUT even this system of *sotto voce* talking and deceit does not always work. In the first place, you have to have a pretty young newspaper, who hasn't had much experience, for all the older ones will be on to your game and will play it back at you for all it is worth.

The only way to be safe about the thing is to take it all very calmly and try to do your best with deliberate fierceness, folding each page over under your feet very slowly until you come to the right one. But by that time you have got the paper in such a condition that it cannot be read—so you lose anyway.

Of course, after years of antagonizing members of the inanimate underworld, you are going to get an active conspiracy against you, with physical violence on *their* part as its aim. It then becomes, not an aggressive campaign on your part, but one of defense to save yourself from being attacked.

For example, I have a pair of military brushes which have definitely signed up to put me on the spot and will, I am afraid, ultimately kill me. I have taken those brushes from the bureau and held them in a position to brush my hair, without an unkind thought in my mind, and have had them actually fly out of my hands, execute a pretty take-off of perhaps a foot and a half, and then crash into my forehead with as deft a "one-two" as any heavyweight ever pulled on a groggy opponent.

I have placed slippers very carefully under my bed, only to have them crawl out during the night to a position where I will step into them the wrong way round when leaping out of bed to answer the telephone.

These things don't just happen, you know. They are proofs of a very clear conspiracy to hurt me physically which exists among household objects, and against which I have no defense. All that I can do is to walk about all day crouched over with one elbow raised to ward off the heavier attacks which are being aimed at me. This gives a man a cringing look which soon becomes a personal characteristic.

IT is this element of physical danger which has entered my struggle with these things which has got me worried. I will match myself in an unequal fight to open a can of sardines or a bottle of water, if the issue is to be merely whether I get it open or not. But I can't face the inevitable gashing and bleeding which always follow my failure. I will tackle the closing of a trunk or suitcase, but I am already licked by the knowledge that, no matter how the fight turns out, the metal snaps are going to reach out and nip my fingers.

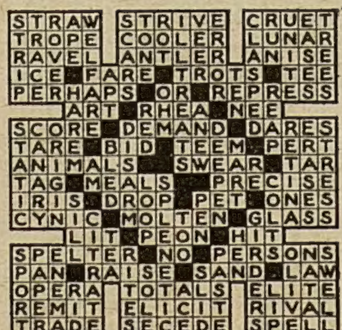
The only thing that I can do, as old age and experience bear down on me, is to sit with my hands in my pockets and try nothing.

I have said that, in my youth, I gave up the use of force when little things thwarted me. I *should* have given it up, but there is one enemy which I still lash out at in futile bludgeonings. It is the typewriter on which I am writing this article. In putting on a ribbon I lose myself entirely, and invariably end up completely festooned like Laocoön, ripping and tearing madly with ink-stained fingers at a ribbon which long before I had rendered useless. I am also thrown into raging fits of physical violence when, owing to some technical fault which I do not understand, the letters begin getting dimmer and dimmer, finally becoming just shells of their natural selves. On such occasions I start very quietly hitting the keys harder and harder, muttering, "Oh, you won't, won't you?" until I am crashing down with both fists on the keyboard and screaming, "Take that—and *that!*"

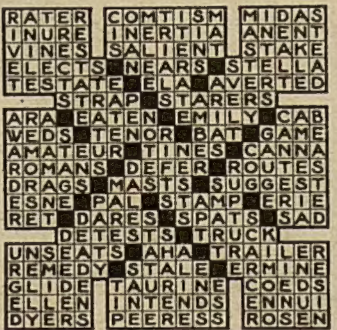
In fact, as I write this, I detect a weakening in the pigment of the ribbon, and, as I strike each key, less and less seems to be happening. I will try to be calm.

I must try to remember that it does no good to inflict pain on inanimate things and that the best that I can do is break the typewriter. . . . But really . . . after all . . . you xxxxx you xxxxxxxxxxxx take that xxxxxxxxxxxxxx and *that* xxxxxxxxxxxx.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.


STRAW STRIVE CRUET
TROPE COOLER LUNAR
RAVEL ANTLER ANISE
ICE FARE TROTS TEE
PERHAPS OR REPRESS
ART RHEA NEE
SCORE DEMAND DARES
TARE BID TEEM PERT
ANIMALS SWEAR TAR
TAG MEALS PRECISE
IRIS DROP PET ONES
CYNIC MOLTEN GLASS
LIT PEON HIT
SPELTER NO PERSONS
PAN RAISE SAND LAW
OPERA TOTALS ELITE
REMIT ELICIT RIVAL
TRADE SECEDE SPELL

Answer to the puzzle on page 50


RATER COMTISM MIDAS
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VINES SALIENT STAKE
ELECTS NEARS STELLA
TESTATE ELA AVERTED
STRAP STARERS
ARA EATEN EMILY CAB
WEDS TENOR BAT GAME
AMATEUR TINES CANNA
ROMANS DEFER ROUTES
DRAGS MASTS SUGGEST
ESNE PAL STAMP ERIE
RET DARES SPATS SAD
DETESTS TRUCK
UNSEATS AHA TRAILER
REMEDY STALE ERMINE
GLIDE TAURINE COEDS
ELLEN INTENDS ENNUI
DYERS PEERESS ROSEN

Answer to the puzzle on page 51

If YOU Can Afford to Pay PRE-DEPRESSION Prices

You may not be interested in this advertisement

IF *your* business has been exempt from the 30 per cent drop in commodity prices you may not care that magazine costs have also, on the average, been exempt.

But, within 60 days of April 1, 1931, $1,521,677 in new orders have poured in from 92 advertisers and 58 agencies who felt that Liberty's drop of 35 per cent in cost since 1926 was made to order for their Post-Depression problems.

A New Opportunity

On April 1, 1931, the management announced plans for Liberty's improvement *plus* continuance of bed rock rates.

It confirmed the continuance of the editorial policy of dramatic, newsy, concise stories and articles by famous authors and illustrators, which had been responsible for the most sensational circulation success on record.

But it added that $100,000 more a year would go into these editorial, manuscript and art activities.

Quality of physical presentation was also to be stepped up.

Within six weeks, two improvements had been made in paper stock.

Recently, newspapers carried the story of the biggest quality paper order ever placed by a single magazine, whereby Liberty, beginning January, 1932, will pay $160,000 more a year in the interests of better reproduction.

What This Makes Possible

Now advertisers, pressed to do 1928 type advertising jobs with 1932 model appropriations, are considering what 1932-styled, 1932-priced Liberty can give them.

They find that their magazine dollar buys:

Liberty	565 families
Average of 3 Weeklies	377 families
Average of 2 Monthlies	391 families
Average of 6 Women's Magazines	286 families

In other words, their advertising money can reach through Liberty:

50	per cent more families than in other Weeklies
45	per cent more families than in Monthlies
98	per cent more families than in Women's Magazines

This Is No Slight Advantage

But, then, neither is a million and a half dollars within 60 off-season days, slight recognition.

If 50 to 100 per cent more coverage is needed to make your 1932 appropriation do a 1928 job, you, too, will be among those fighting fire with fire—next year in Liberty.

Write without obligation on your business letterhead for booklet: "To every man with $1 to spend in advertising." Liberty Magazine, 2710 Graybar Building, New York City.

AMONG THE ADVERTISERS NOW APPEARING IN LIBERTY

American Safety Razor Corp.
American Tel. & Tel. Co.
American Tobacco Co.
Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co.
B. V. D. Co.
Barbasol Co.
Bauer & Black
Beech-Nut Packing Co.
Borden Co.
Bristol Myers Co.
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Co.
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.
Chi., Mil., St. Paul & Pac. R.R.
Chrysler Motors Corp.
Cluett-Peabody & Co.
Coca-Cola Co.
Columbia Pictures Corp.
Crosley Radio Corp.
R. B. Davis Co.
Jos. T. Dixon Crucible Co.
Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc.
Ethyl Gasoline Corp.
Florida Citrus Exchange
General Motors Corp.
Gillette Safety Razor Co.
Alexander Hamilton Institute
Hewes & Potter
Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.
Chas. E. Hires Co.
Houbigant, Inc.
Indian Refining Co.
International Mercantile Marine
Jantzen Knitting Mills
Johnson & Johnson
Kellogg Co.
Kolynos Co.
Kress & Owen Co.
Lambert Pharmacal Co.
Larus & Bros. Co.
Lever Bros. Co.
Mennen Co.
Philip Morris & Co.
Northwestern Yeast Co.
Norwich Pharmacal Co.
Parker Pen Co.
Pepsodent Co.
Pompeian Co., Inc.
R. C. A.-Victor Corp.
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Sinclair Refining Co.
A. G. Spalding & Bros.
Stanco, Inc.
A. Stein & Co.
Texas Co.
Vapo Cresolene Co.
Veldown Company, Inc.
Wander Co.
G. Washington Coffee Co.
L. E. Waterman Co.
R. L. Watkins Co.
Western Clock Co.
W. F. Young Co.
Zonite Products Corp.

Liberty . . . *a weekly for the whole family*

PRICED FOR *POST*-DEPRESSION

THE YARDSTICK OF CIRCULATION QUALITY

COMPARE

With Any Other Magazine

HOW MUCH?

Liberty averaged 2,401,416 weekly circulation for 1930, 2,405,313 for the first half of 1931.

WHO?

Liberty is deliberately edited for *both* men and women. It is read by 2,750,000 men and 3,009,000 women. Result records have been broken for men's and women's products alike.

80% of all Liberty families above $2,000 income class. 65.8% U. S. average.

52% own homes	37% U. S. average*
84% have telephones	39% U. S. average
58% have radios	46% U. S. average
50% have vacuum cleaners	37% U. S. average
34% have electric washers	29% U. S. average
15% have mechanical refrigerators	8% U. S. average

**In cities covered by Starch Survey*

WHERE?

Liberty concentrates three-quarters of its circulation in cities over 25,000 population. Liberty places more circulation here (where the greater part of all retail business is done) than any other magazine.

HOW READ?

Liberty is wanted enough by its readers, that 99% of them buy voluntarily week after week. No expensive subscription crews are necessary to sign up readers 6 months or a year or two in advance. 99% single copy circulation is 99% guaranteed-to-be-read circulation.

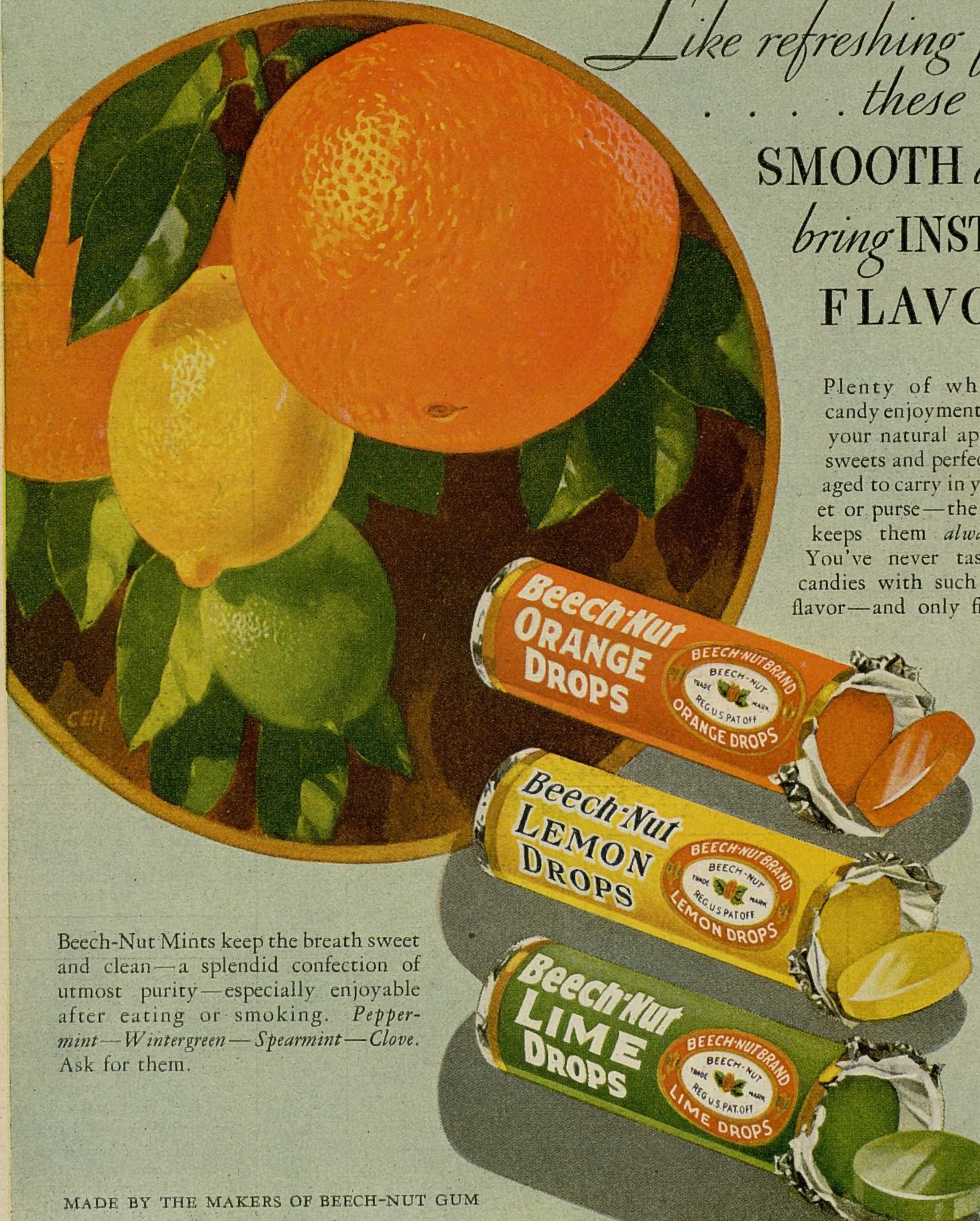
Then, instead of burying 90% of its advertisements after the start of the *last* story, Liberty alternates advertisements and story leads throughout the book. Surveys show this nearly doubles readers-per-advertisement.

THE NEW

Beech-Nut

FRUIT DROPS

Like refreshing fruit . . . . these new SMOOTH *drops bring* INSTANT FLAVOR!


CEH
Beech-Nut
ORANGE
DROPS
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ORANGE DROPS
Beech-Nut
LEMON
DROPS
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LEMON DROPS
Beech-Nut
LIME
DROPS
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LIME DROPS

Plenty of wholesome candy enjoyment to satisfy your natural appetite for sweets and perfectly packaged to carry in your pocket or purse—the *wax wrap* keeps them *always fresh!* You've never tasted fruit candies with such delicious flavor—and only five cents!

Beech-Nut Mints keep the breath sweet and clean—a splendid confection of utmost purity—especially enjoyable after eating or smoking. *Peppermint—Wintergreen—Spearmint—Clove.* Ask for them.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BEECH-NUT GUM